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CONTENTS

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FEATURES

14 **ROCKY MARCIANO: THE MAN NOBODY KNEW** *by Barney Nagler*
24 **LOS ANGELES—HOME OF THE BANTAMWEIGHTS** *by Michael Leahy*
28 **PULLING NO PUNCHES:** *Exclusive Interview with Michael Spinks*
32 **THE GREAT BENNY LEONARD** *by Budd Schulberg*
74 **MIAMI'S FIFTH STREET GYM** *by Tex Maule*
80 **THE ALI COMEBACK** *by Dave Anderson*

PROFILES

38 **NEW FACES** *by Randy Gordon*
40 **FIGHTERS OF THE MONTH:** *Hilmer Kenty & Saoul Mamby*
84 **THE LAST ROUND—U.S. AMATEUR BOXING TEAM** *by Jim Swan Jr.*

NOSTALGIA

22 **GREAT KO'S: MARCIANO-WALCOTT—THE SHORT SHOT HEARD 'ROUND THE WORLD**
73 **RED ALL OVER: THE NIGHT JOE LOUIS BECAME OLD** *by Red Smith*
82 **WHERE ARE THEY NOW? THE SAN DIEGO COLISEUM** *by Wayne Lockwood*

RINGSIDE REPORTS

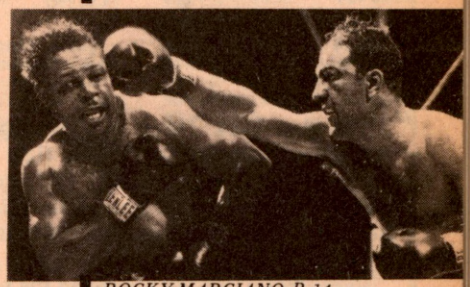
45 **FIGHT OF THE MONTH:** *Kenty-Espana*
46 *Mamby-Kim; Hearns-Espada; Davis-Fernandez; Spinks-Ronquillo; Pintor-Sandoval; Park-Arrozal; Kim-Ibarra; Finnegan-Tonna*
52 *RINGS AROUND THE WORLD*
72 *WORLDWIDE FIGHT RESULTS*

RATINGS

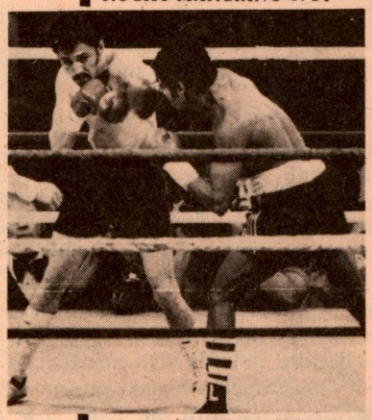
41 *THE RING'S NEW INTERNATIONAL RATINGS*
54 *UNITED STATES RATINGS*
64 *PANAMANIAN COMMISSION RATINGS*
67 *EUROPEAN RATINGS*
68 *BRITISH COMMONWEALTH RATINGS*
70 *ORIENTAL & PACIFIC BOXING FEDERATION RATINGS*
72 *AMATEUR RATINGS*

DEPARTMENTS

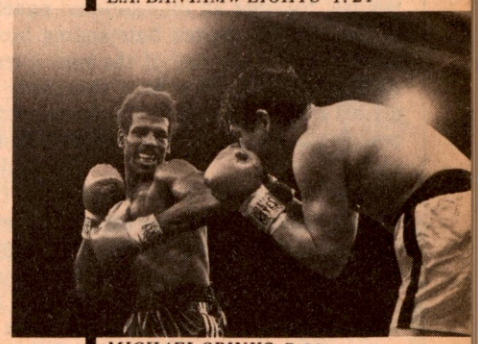
2 *RINGSIDE: EDITORIAL*
5 *ROUND ONE*
8 *COME OUT WRITING*
10 *QUESTIONS & ANSWERS*
12 *SWAP 'N' SELL*
21 *WIN, LOSE AND DRAW by Charlie McGill*
27 *INSIDE BOXING with "Sailor" Don Sauer*
71 *VETERAN BOXERS' BEAT by Harry Warren*



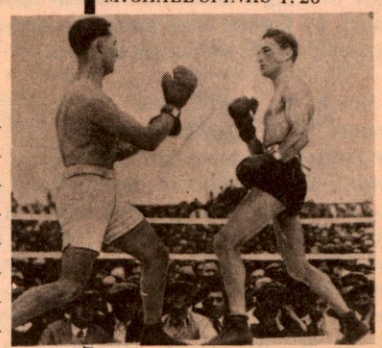
ROCKY MARCIANO P. 14



L.A. BANTAMWEIGHTS P. 24



MICHAEL SPINKS P. 28



BENNY LEONARD P. 32

RINGSIDE

The New York *Times,* in reporting the Wilfredo Gomez-Ruben Valdez fight last February 3rd, said, "Valdez, the second-ranked superbantamweight of the World Boxing Council, proved again that ratings are made to be ridiculed."

Ever since *The Ring* pioneered the rankings of fighters back in 1925, the ratings have been subject to criticism and controversy — and even some scandals. But ridicule? Never!

Now the WBC and the WBA have gotten into the ratings act and as sure as Mary's little lamb, ridicule was sure to follow. Take the heavyweight rankings: The WBA does not even list Larry Holmes in its top ten; nor the WBC John Tate in theirs.

But now, after 57 years of having one man — or one small group of men — rate the fighters, division-by-division, *The Ring* has decided to initiate an entirely new format — one which will make boxing history. For, beginning with this issue, *The Ring* has put together an international panel of experts to rate the ten outstanding boxers in each and every one of the twelve traditional divisions. (We have charitably excluded something called "Cruiserweights," completely unsure of their worth or meaning.)

The Ring Panel will poll upwards of fifty experts from around the world, men who have seen each of the world-class fighters in each division — in much the same manner as the UPI Coaches Football Poll — and each month exclusively bring you the results of Ring's new International Ratings Panel, by far the most ambitious and far-reaching ratings service yet devised.

●

When we started our *"New Faces"* feature, lo those seven issues ago, little did we realize how prophetic they were to become. For not only did the 18 New Faces go on to compile an aggregate record of 38-2 in their fights between being featured and the time this issue went to press, but one of those New Faces was Hilmer Kenty, the new WBA Lightweight Champion, whose profile included the line "Hilmer Kenty has everything. Expect him to become the first of Ring's *New Faces* to at least challenge for a world championship." Kenty did more; not only proving *Ring* right, but that you can read it here first in *The Ring.* Always.

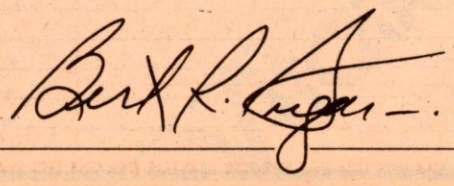
●

Back when punsterism, the lowest form of humor, held sway at the corner bar, the story was told of the man who stumbled across Leo Durocher, Congressman Emanuel Cellar and Chicago Cub infielder Ron Santo all asleep under a tree. "There," said the punster, "is Manny asleep between the Cub and the Lip."

As awful as the story is — or, as someone once said, "It was two-thirds of a pun, P.U." — it serves to reenforce the old saying that there is, indeed, many a slip between a promise and a performance, the proverbial cup and lip.

And when, in our very first editorial, we promised our readers that we would be "publishing the excellent stories . . . full of nostalgia, romance, (and) even 'soul'," that boxing, the most exciting of all sports, is known for, many readers took a wait-and-see attitude. They no longer have to wait: We have more than acquitted our promise with the inclusion in this issue of the finest story we have ever seen in any magazine, let alone a boxing magazine. It is a story written by Budd Schulberg — known by boxing fans as the author of "The Harder They Fall" and by fans everywhere for "Face in the Crowd" and screenplays like "On The Waterfront." We know you'll enjoy, just as we have, his story on another great, Benny Leonard, and hope that it is just the beginning of many more great stories in issues to come that you'll expect from *The Ring.*

But before it can be said that we're putting all our "begs in one askit", so to speak, this issue also includes the talents of such top-notch writers as Red Smith, Barney Nagler, Dave Anderson, and, for the first time, Tex Maule. Together with artwork of that modernday Hogarth, LeRoy Neiman, we're sure that you'll agree with us that this issue of *Ring* not only contains stories of the greats written by the greats, but, also, that it is one of our greatest issues. Ever.



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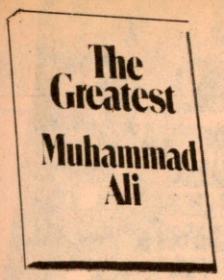

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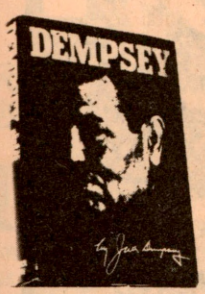

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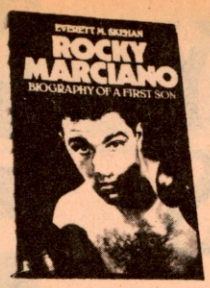

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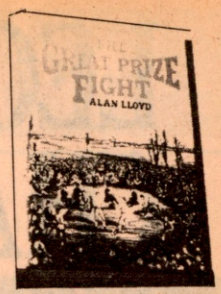

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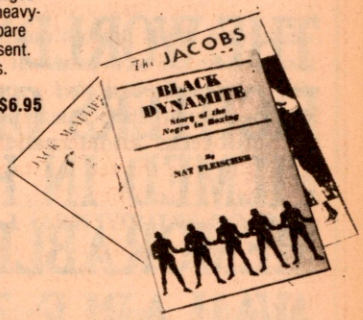

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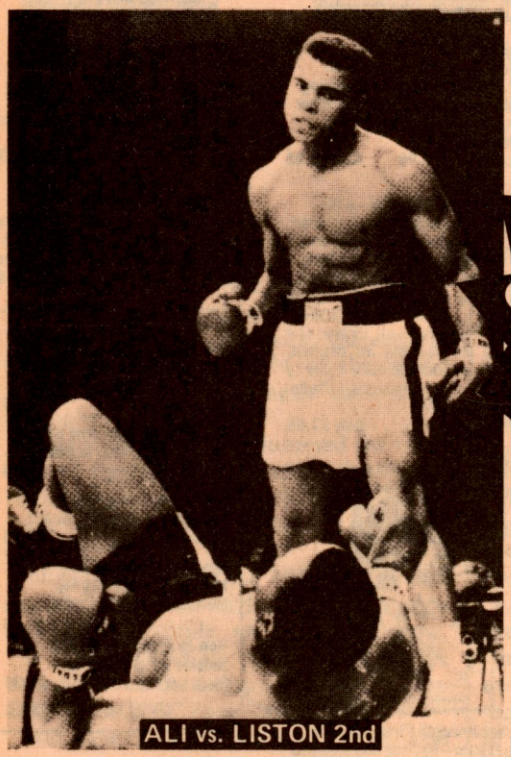

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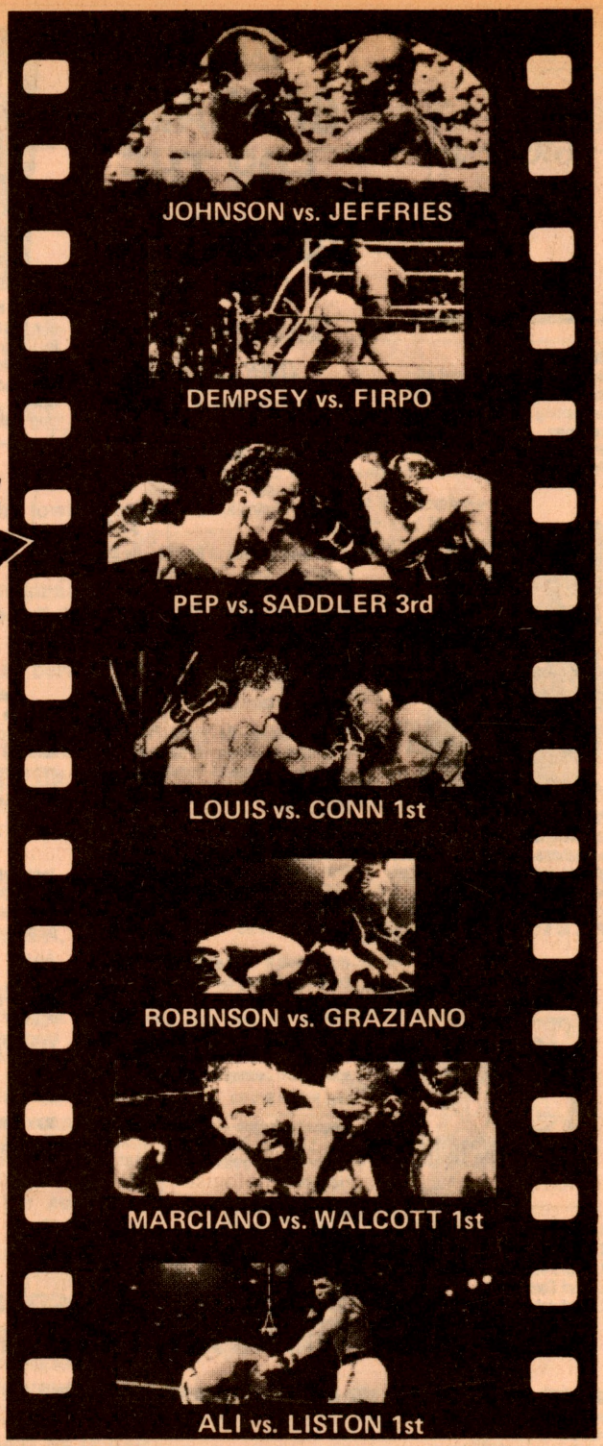

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ROUND ONE

WOULD RATHER SWITCH THAN FIGHT

Is wrestling to be the last chapter of the Ernie Holmes story? Perhaps, for it seems that Holmes has now decided he would rather be a wrestler than a boxer and has even signed a contract to wrestle in Lufkin, Texas. Apparently he feels that "boxing is too much of a hassle."

Holmes had signed a contract to box in Beaumont last Janury. However, he did not. Here are some of the reasons that have been used at one time or another by the promoters — or commission representatives — to explain his not fighting:

His opponent did not show up.

The fellow who had been contracted to fight him had been kayoed the previous night.

His eye exam hadn't been properly executed. Holmes had apparently visited an optometrist rather than an opthamologist and instead of having exam reports of his retina, he was presented with a letter stating that he did not need to wear glasses!

For whatever reason — or combination of reasons — the ex-Pittsburgh Steeler tackle-turned-boxer has now turned wrestler. He was introduced to the crowd at the card in Beaumont featuring Wilford Scypion and Norris McKinney with the promise that he would fight there in the near future. Looks like his only appearance in Beaumont — or anywhere else — will be on a wrestling mat.

CAUGHT IN HIS OWN DRAFT

Muhammed Ali announced that he favored draft registration and would be "the first to join" if America were attacked. Ali met with President Carter at the White House after his return from an African tour to report on his efforts to seek support for the proposal to move, cancel or postpone the Summer Olympics in Moscow.

Said Ali: "If America is in trouble, and the country said Russia is escalating . . . I will be first to join, and I will get a rifle, jump in an airplane and jump out."

Ali, who won a gold medal as a light heavyweight boxer in the 1960 Olympics, was the most celebrated objector to the Vietnamese war draft. But this time around he is dancing to a different drummer.

RIBS AROUND THE WORLD

Marvis Frazier, weighing in at 200 pounds, met his match in 98-pound, 14-year-old actress Brooke Shields. The two were both contestants in Rusty Staub's annual rib-eating contest. Frazier managed to wolf down 20 ribs in the three-minute period. But the pretty lit-

tle actress ate her way to first place by devouring 28 ribs!

Said Marvis, "That's two straight defeats for me," alluding to his recent defeat by Tony Tubbs.

SEEK AND YE SHALL FIND DEPT.

No sooner had World Boxing Council president Jose Sulaiman, in New York for a special WBC awards ceremony, uttered the deathless phrase "I openly invite anybody to destroy me," than he was served with papers charging the WBC with restraint of trade and "Manipulating" its ratings.

The suit, brought in Federal Court by former Madison Square Garden matchmaker Teddy Brenner, also charged Sulaiman with having "personally profited from the manipulation of these ratings."

Brenner charged that the WBC "coerced" contenders to enter into contracts "with favored promoters, providing that, should (they) win the title (they) would render (their) services as a professional boxer in title contests exclusively to the favored promoter."

Obviously feeling he was anything but a "favored promoter," Brenner, who has been unable to put together a championship bout since leaving the Garden in 1978, asked for damages in excess of $1 million.

It may be a long time before Sr. Sulaiman throws another open defi. Especially in New York.

(SEEK AND YE SHALL FIND . . . .)

And whom did the WBC hire to defend its case? The noted criminal lawyer, Edward Bennett Williams, whose past clients include Frank Costello and Jimmy Hoffa, that's who!

FOR SALE: 1 AUDITORIUM, NO FEE, SEE SUPT.

Los Angeles' Olympic Auditorium, which has housed weekly boxing for over thirty years, is up for sale. Frank Hathaway, who with his family owns the Olympic, declared that his decision to sell the Auditorium came after concluding that the "building no longer fits into our real estate plans." Commenting on a rumor that the asking price for the Auditorium is $5,000,000, Hathaway acknowledged that the figure is "in the ballpark.'

Olympic officials say it is unlikely that boxing will be affected by a sale of the Auditorium. Don Chargin, matchmaker for Olympic boxing, expects that a new owner will renew the lease under which boxing is presently conducted. Aileen Eaton, the longtime 71-year-old promoter of the Olympic, is likewise unalarmed by the prospect of a sale. According to a

spokesman for Mrs. Eaton, it is "highly doubtful the lease would not be extended."

THE DON OF BOXING

Remember the name — and the voice — of Don Dunphy? And what fight fan over 30 doesn't? Well, seems that the man who made Friday nights, and the Gillette Cavalcade of Sports come alive, is still at it, this time in the movies.

Coming on the heels of his cameo bits in Woody Allen's "Bananas," "Matilda" and "The Raging Bull,"Dunphy has just recreated a portion of his famous rendition of the Louis-Conn fight, circa 1941, as a backdrop for a new motion picture, "Final Countdown," starring Kirk Douglas.

The pilot line for "Final Contdown" involves a pilot on the U.S.S. Nimitz who, courtesy of a time warp, returns to 1941, just prior to Pearl Harbor. And what does he hear as the most flavorful memory-jogger of a year filled with just such memories (including, as Raymond Chandler employed in "Farewell, My Lovely," Joe DiMaggio's 56-game hit streak)? The Louis-Conn classic, of course, complete with Gillette commercial.

But while Don is leaving us his legacy in film-after-film, he has another legacy, equally as impressive, in the accomplishments of two sons.

Recently Don Dunphy Jr., Executive Producer of Special Reports for WABC's Eyewitness News, received an Emmy for a program on boxing called 'Inside The Square Ring."

At about the same time Don Sr.'s other son, Bob, who is a Director for CBS Sports Spectacular was directing the Las Vegas fight between Roberto Duran and Josef Nsubuga.

Seems as if there's enough of Don to go around — and go a long way, as well.

COMPETITION IS GOOD FOR THE SALE DEPT.

To be recognized by your followers is one thing; but to be recognized by your competitors is something else again.

Recently, *Boxing Digest* ran the following subscription ad: "If you don't subscribe to *Boxing Digest* then buy *Ring*. Sure we want you to sbscribe to *Boxing Digest*! Bringing you the best in world-wide fight coverage is what our business is all about. But competition is good! Good for us, good for boxing and good for you, the fight fan. *Ring* Magazine is now under new ownership and management and they aren't looking for help from me in telling you about it. But it looks to me (like) they are going to be pretty good."

To turn a phrase, with enemies like that, we don't need friends.

LOSE ONE FOR THE HOSTAGES

Legend, and the movies, would have you believe that it was either Knute Rockne or Pat O'Brien who inspired an underdog Notre Dame team, either before the game or at halftime (depending upon which version you accept), with a rousing pep talk which invoked George Gipp's deathbed request.

The request, again as legend would have it, was supposedly: "Sometime, Rock, when the team's up against it, when things are wrong and the breaks are beating the boys, ask them to win one for the Gipper. I don't know where I'll be then, Rock, but I'll know about it and I'll be happy."

Rockne invoked this tear-jerker before (or during) the 1928 game with a heavily-favored Army, and punctuated it with *"This* is that game." And the Irish responded to his histrionics by upsetting a stronger Army team 12-6.

But theatrics and dedications, like much else in the world, ain't what they once were. Ask Danny "Little Red" Lopez and Jimmy Clark, both of whom dedicated fights "TO THE HOSTAGES" in Iran. Both lost.

Maybe, if they had known that George Gipp was one hulluva amateur fighter as well as a football player, they could have used his deathbed speech to "hype" themselves up instead. Or, at the very least, send the hostages some of their wins. They could use them.

BARTENDER'S TRIVIA CORNER

Name the last heavyweight championship bout scheduled for *less* than 15 rounds?
(Answer in next month's Round One).

DOWN FOR THE COUNT

JERRY LUEDEE, 46, New Haven, Connecticut, of injuries sustained in a truck accident in California. Luedee, who fought during the fifties as first a middleweight and then a light heavyweight, compiled a professional record of 67-21-0 in 88 fights.

MARK FANNON, May 19, 1979, journalist who had written such articles as "Trainer and Handlers of Yesteryear," and during WW II wrote a column "Stray Punches In the ETO."

MUSHKY MCGEE, 69, in New York on Feb.27, real name Morris Krasnick. He worked for Madison Square Garden and the International Boxing Club.

PUNCH LINES

Roberto Duran was on his way to Vegas from Miami and the pilot made the mistake of asking him when he was going to fight Sugar Ray Leonard. Duran's response: "I'll kill Leonard and if you don't stop bugging me, I'll kill you."

After Michael Spinks' victory over Ramon Ranquillo in Atlantic City, the television people began to discuss the possibilities of Spinks fighting James Scott in Rahway State prison. Apparently Spinks had no major inhibitions about facing Scott, just "as long as I don't have to stay overnight!".

James Scott on being challenged by Michael Spinks: "Not only will I fight him, but I'll also fight his brother, Leon. I want to beat the whole family. If they're any other brothers I'll beat them too."

Sonny Werblin before Wilfredo Gomez's Madison Square Garden debut last year: "What the hell is a superbantamweight?"

E. J. Gary

FROM THE RING PHOTO SHOP

Boxing's greatest photos ever

NOW, IN RESPONSE TO HUNDREDS of requests *Ring* has selected the 10 greatest fights of all time so that you can have these one-of-a-kind glossies for your own.

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- ☐ *Baer, Max*
- ☐ *Benitez, Wilfred*
- ☐ *Braddock, Jimmy*
- ☐ *Burns, Tommy*
- ☐ *Carnera, Primo*
- ☐ *Charles, Ezzard*
- ☐ *Corbett, James J.*
- ☐ *Dempsey, Jack*
- ☐ *Duran, Roberto*
- ☐ *Fitzsimmons, Bob*
- ☐ *Foreman, George*
- ☐ *Frazier, Joe*
- ☐ *Gomez, Wilfredo*
- ☐ *Holmes, Larry*
- ☐ *Jeffries, James*
- ☐ *Johansson, Ingemar*
- ☐ *Johnson, Jack*
- ☐ *Leonard, Sugar Ray*
- ☐ *Liston, Sonny*
- ☐ *Louis, Joe*
- ☐ *Marciano, Rocky*
- ☐ *Patterson, Floyd*
- ☐ *Schmeling, Max*
- ☐ *Sharkey, Jack*
- ☐ *Shavers, Earnie*
- ☐ *Spinks, Leon*
- ☐ *Sullivan, John L.*
- ☐ *Tunney, Gene*
- ☐ *Walcott, Jersey Joe*
- ☐ *Willard, Jess*
- ☐ *And hundreds of others*

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Please add 50¢ for handling and mailing. New York State residents add 7% for tax, New York City residents, 8%.

COME OUT WRITING

DRAWING HIS OWN CONCLUSIONS

I would like to correct a comment made by Shirley Norman in the article on the Antuofermo-Hagler title fight. The author states that this was the first draw in a title fight since Fullmer-Tiger in 1963. Not true. In fact there have been three title fight draws since Fullmer-Tiger:

Shibata-Marcel on Nov. 10, 1971, Shibata kept featherweight title on a 15-round draw in Matsuyama, Japan.

Chionoi-Gonzalez on Nov. 20, 1971; Chionoi kept flyweight title on a 15-round draw in Caracas, Venezuela.

Foster-Ahumada on June 17, 1974. Foster kept lightheavy title on a 15-round draw in Albuquerque.

The 1979 Ring Record Book is my source of information. Love those record books!

FRANK A. SKILBRED, LEESBURG, FLA.

THE RING IS O.K. IN THE U.K.

We British fight fans unfortunately see little of world championship boxing, unless it involves an English participant — or is of heavyweight standing — due to the lack of commercial television and the miserliness of the Government channel. Your precise and imaginative reporting is more than an acceptable substitute, and, I might add, a very welcome unbiased evaluation.

N. ROBERTS, SURREY, ENGLAND

A FIGHTER'S RECORD IS MORE THAN JUST A LINE IN A RECORD BOOK

I was TKO'd after reading Arthur Rembert's article on James Scott in your January issue. I was not so much taken aback by Mr. Scott's statements as I was by the defamation of the characters of "no-names like . . . Freddie Brown."

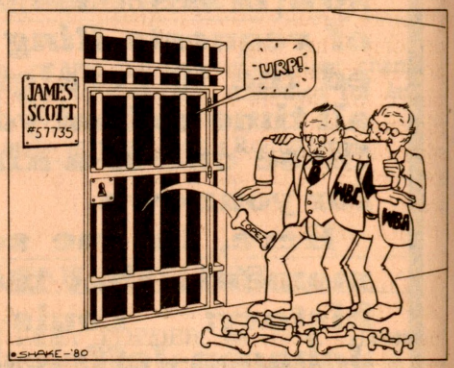
I would sincerely hope that Mr. Rembert's information is not firsthand knowledge and trust that he has looked only at the list of Scott's opponents as they appear in The Ring Record Book rather than the man himself. Sure, Freddie may never become the light heavyweight champion of this world, but he is most certainly the champion of Tidewater's young people. This man has given unselfishly to many of Tidewater's underpriviledged and the disgrace which Mr. Rembert has brought to him may never be quite undone.

G. F. MARTIN, NORFOLK, VIRGINIA

MAKING NO BONES ON THE SCOTT POLL

Here is my reply to your poll, "Should James Scott be allowed to fight for the title" in your January issue.

RON SHAKESNIDER, WASHINGTON D.C.



"THE HIT MAN" RANKS HIGH(ER) WITH THIS FAN

I have a gripe that concerns the welterweight ratings: I would like to know how Roberto Duran could be rated above Thomas Hearns? True, Duran was possibly the greatest lightweight champion of all time, but he is *not* 'great' as a welter. And, with the exception of his bouts with Palomino and Nsubuga, he has looked very average to me.

Hearns, on the other hand, has stopped Weston in a tough bout, Marcelle, Rojas, Muangsurin, and Murillo. All these boxers were rated in the top 10 by either the WBC, the WBA or your own publication until the "Hit Man" stopped them. Plus Hearns has defeated Mike Colbert, the No. 4 middleweight in the world by your ratings, knocking him down four times in the process!

With all due respect to Leonard and Cuevas — and I like Leonard very much and respect "Pipino," especially his punching power — Hearns is destined to become champion of the world. Watch out "Sugar Ray" and "Pipino" for the "Hit Man" is taking aim.

ALEX SHERER JR., SACRAMENTO, CALIF.

RETURN WITH US NOW TO THOSE THRILLING DAYS OF YESTERYEAR . . .

I recently had the great pleasure of doing something I hadn't done for years: I listened to a live blow-by-blow broadcast of a fight on radio. WCAU in Philadelphia carried an excellent broadcast of the Jeff Chandler-Javier Flores bout last Feb. 1st. With radio sports making a big comeback, let's hope one of the networks will soon be willing to try boxing on a regular basis.

CHARLEY HALL, RICHMOND, VA

THE SOUTH AFRICAN SCENE, IN TWO ACTS

I read your article on the South African heavyweight scene and it was very enlightening. The physical potential is there, but these new South Africans seem to need guidance. I really wish that Angelo Dundee or some other knowledgeable and enterprising manager would take over the careers of Coetzee and Abbott. If these fighters could fight, train, spar and use some of the more modern training methods available in the United States, I believe they would improve immensely.

PAUL ARMSTRONG, BAKERSFIELD, CA.

Doing an article on the heavyweights from South Africa is a discredit to the magazine and any American who believes in America. *Ring* further discredits itself by putting South Africans in its ratings. *Ring* is a known vehicle with clout and power. It is disgraceful for them to even tacitly aid and abet Apartheid. The fact that they put one Black in the story only served to expose their hypocrisy. Our mentioning this won't change them but we'd still like to be on record as being opposed to their biased, rose colored glass PR feature for South Africa and Apartheid. The story was a fraud.

BOOKER GRIFFIN, PUNCHLINES, L.A., CA.

Editors Note: We feel we are hardly aiding and abetting apartheid by rating South African fighters any more then we are aiding and abetting Black Muslimism by rating Black Muslim fighters or Socialism by rating fighters from Socialist countries. We are a boxing magazine — *the* trade paper of boxing — and the only "ism" we subscribe to is boxing-ism.

SHAME ON US

You people have done such a grand job of improving the reportorial and literary quality of your magazine that I am impelled, in hailing your efforts and in the spirit of friendship, to make the following contribution to the cause:

After being knocked out, a commission doctor conducted the mandatory examination of Donoghue in the dressing room.

The subject of this sentence, which appeared in the March issue's ROUND ONE, is a commission doctor. It was not he, as the sentence says, who was knocked out, but Roger Donoghue. Also, the item was lifted from a Red Smith column, so Red should have received acknowledgment. I trust you will accept this as it is sent, with my best wishes.

W.C. HEINZ, DORSET, VT.

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QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

Q Where can I get a cap with Muhammad Ali printed on the front? Also a jacket with his name printed on the back?
—Charles E. Buckner

A Both were given out by Ali to his handlers and intimate friends for major fights. Perhaps by writing to Ali care of Muhammad Ali Amateur Sports, 1024 Montana Ave., Santa Monica, Ca. 90403, you can find out if any more are available.

Q Which heavyweight champion reigned for the shortest period of time?
—James Acord

A Leon Spinks, who was heavyweight titlist from Feb. 15, 1978 to Sept. 15, 1978.

Q Can you give me the addresses of the World Boxing Association and The World Boxing Council? —Eric McGuire

A WBC, Jose Sulaiman (Pres.), Apartado 75-254, Mexico City 14, D.F. Mexico WBA; Rodrigo Sanchez (Pres.) Apartado 3526, Panama City, Republic de Panama.

Q Was Muhammad Ali the youngest heavyweight to ever win the title? Also, how old was he *each* time he won the championship? —Jeff Smith

A The youngest man to ever win the heavyweight crown was Floyd Patterson at the age of 21. He re-won the title at twenty-five. Ali was 22 when he first won the heavyweight title and was 32 when he re-won the crown the first time, 36 when he re-won the second.

Q Who is generally regarded as the hardest hitter among the heavyweights? A friend of mine states it's Earnie Shavers. —Sam Rosen

A No one can give a definite answer. There were so many hard hitters among the heavyweights; Max Baer, Cleveland Williams, Sonny Liston, Earnie Shavers, George Foreman and Luis Firpo, among many others. Take your pick.

Q What ever became of a great amateur named Forest Ward?
—Steve Miranda

A Ward turned pro on November 10, 1967, after winning the National AAU, Golden Gloves and the Pan Am heavyweight titles. Highly touted, Ward never lived up to his expectations. He drew with Charley Polite, was kayoed by Chuck Wepner and in his last professional effort was knocked kicking by Bill Drover.

Q What was the weight difference between Ceferino Garcia and Henry Armstrong in their middleweight title bout in Los Angeles on March 1, 1940?
—Robert Kowalsky

A Garcia, the middleweight champion, weighed in at 153½ to Henry Armstrong's 142. The bout ended in a draw over 10 rounds with Garcia retaining his title.

Q How many times were Sugar Ray Robinson and Carlos Monzon knocked down? And by whom?
—Jerry A. Bond

A Robinson was floored by Gene Fullmer, Rocky Graziano, Sammy Angott, Artie Levine and Tommy Bell. Monzon, to the best of our knowledge, was decked only once — by Rodrigo Valdes, in their second fight — although there are rumors that he was dropped in one of his earlier fights in Argentina.

Q The largest purse (Then known as a "stake") ever fought for in the bare-knuckle era was $22,500 between Wolf Bendoff and another gent. Who was he? And when did this event occur?
—Stephen Redfield

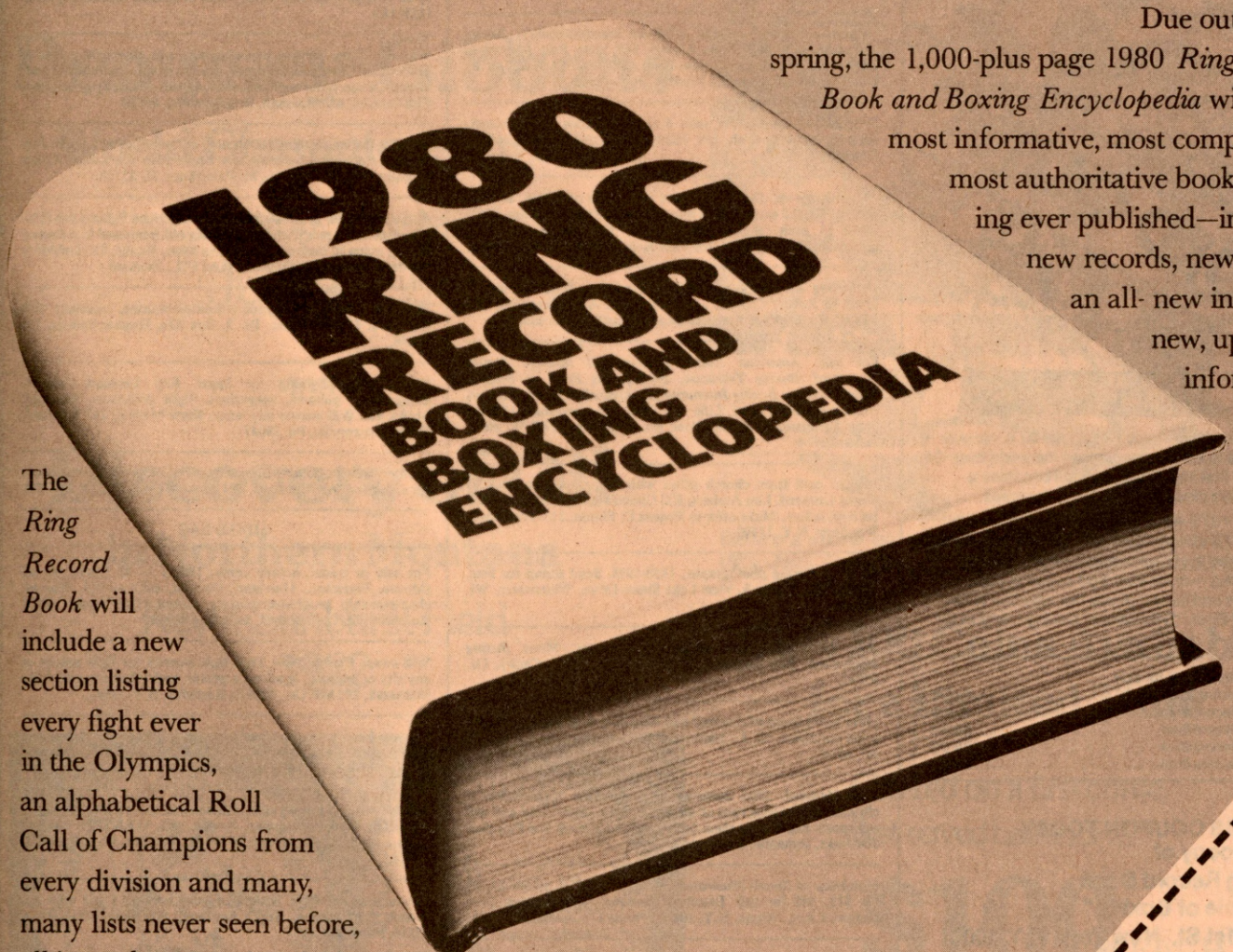
A The bout, held on July 29, 1889 at Port Elizabeth, South Africa, lasted 27 rounds (1 hour and 27 minutes) with Jim Coopier kicking out Bendoff.

Q Did Muhammad Ali and Rocky Marciano physically get into the ring together and act out the results of their computer "fight"? Or was the show put together from clips of previous fights?
—John W. Wright

A Clips were not used. Both Ali and Marciano climbed into the ring to act out the many possibilities dictated by the computer.

The Ring proudly announces the fortieth edition of Nat Fleischer's

Due out in early spring, the 1,000-plus page 1980 *Ring Record Book and Boxing Encyclopedia* will be the most informative, most complete and most authoritative book on boxing ever published—including new records, new listings, an all- new index and new, up-to-date information.



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Yes, I am a boxing fan and want the special 1980 edition of Nat Fleischer's *Ring Record Book and Boxing Encyclopedia*. I understand that by ordering before February 28, 1980, I can purchase "The Bible of Boxing" for just $18.95 (including postage and handling). Enclosed please find my check or money order for $_____.

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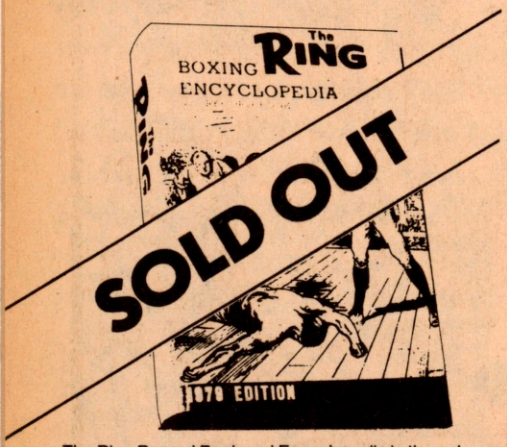

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Original lithograph of the pillar of indestructibility, Rocky Marciano, $75, and Eddie Arcaro, $45. Also *Ring Magazine,* Feb., April, May, June, July, Sept., all 1952, $5 each. A. R. Perrucci, 1513 William St., Merrick, N.Y. 11566.

20 x 20 boxing ring for sale, 4 ropes. Charles W. Clements, Ringside Athletic Club, 629 Thornapple Road, New Lebanon, Ohio 45345.

Ring Magazines, 1948-1980, some later years complete. $3 each before 1970. $2 each 1970 to present. Some *Ring Wrestling,* 1963-1980, $1 each. enclose SSAE. Add 50¢ postage for *each* magazine. M. Grossman, 565 Park Ave., New York, N.Y. 10021.

1954 *Ring Record Book,* excellent condition. Send $25 money order to Robert Crossin, 121 Van Buren Ave., Scranton, Pa. 18504. Also over 300 *Ring* and *Boxing Illustrated* for sale.

For sale: American *Rings, International Boxing, Boxing Illustrated, Boxing Yearbook, Boxing, Big Book of Boxing, World Boxing, Boxing International, Australian Rings, Fighter, Boxing Guide, Boxing Life,* 50¢ each, A1 condition. Photos. John Bathgate, 70 South Creek Rd., Dee Why, N.S.W. 2099, Australia.

Printed card from church affair with autographs on back of Benny Leonard, Lou Ambers, Kid Chocolate, Leach Cross, Jack Britton, others. Make offer to Eugene D. Simon, 31 Cedar Road, Westbury, N.Y. 11590.

For sale: boxing photographs, 1850-1975. Send stamp for lists. Bill Schutte, Route 3, West Lake Shore Drive, Whitewater, Wi. 53190.

Ring Magazines, most issues, 1959-current. Many *Boxing Illustrateds.* Bob Logsdon, 22838 S. Hwy., 99E., Canby, Or. 97013.

Have many issues of *Baseball* and *Ring Magazine* prior to 1939 in good condition. D. L. Meyers, 27218 Michigan Ave., Inkster, Mi. 48141.

Dick Hetschel, 2706 Bonanza St., Lawrence, Ka., 66044, is clipping several long runs of old newspapers (1900-1960) and will sell sports pages from them (also comic strip runs: Joe Palooka, Joe Jinks, Dynamite Dunn, etc.).

Hundreds of *Sports Illustrated* for sale, 1970-'79. 10 for $3, 50 for $12, 100 for $20. Excellent condition. Ben Sharon, 2420 Sedgwick Ave., Bronx, N.Y. 10468. Phone 212-364-0629.

Are you a real boxing and wrestling fan? Send $1 for list of films, books, magazines, novelties, etc., you'll want for your own. Dennis Wood, 5311-S 2375-W, Roy, Utah 84067.

WANTED TO BUY

Collector books, only subject boxing. Send list and asking price. Jack Malanphy, 28 Arch Drive, Shrub Oak, N.Y. 10588.

Wanted: *Ring Magazines,* 1970-1974. Arild Andersen, Skogholtet 4, 1713 Graalum, Norway.

Photos, clippings of Leon Spinks, Earnie Shavers, and Larry Holmes wanted. Jeff McNamara, 1625 N. 9th, Coeur d'Alene, Idaho 83814.

Wanted: March '63 issue of *Boxing Illustrated-Wrestling News.* Contact Eliot Saffir, 430 E. 63rd St., New York, N.Y. 10021, or call collect on weekdays: 212-838-5364, between 9 A.M.-5 P.M.

Wanted: *Ring* 1922-1949, single or bound. *Boxing Illustrated,* 1958-1872. *Boxing and Wrestling,* 1952-1966. Other publications and photographs. Top prices paid. Contact Jim Houlihan, 455 Central Park Ave., Scarsdale, N.Y. 10583. Mon.-Fri. 9-5 914-472-6070; home 914-725-0709.

WANTED: recording full 15 round on cassette or spool of Tommy Farr vs. Joe Louis fight 1937. Recordings taken from original will do. G. Wimsey, London Rd., Louth, Lincs., England.

Want to buy *Boxing* magazines from 1900 to 1920 or any 8 mm. films of the same period. Send detailed descriptions and price list to L. roberts P.O. Box 1273, Place D'Armes, Montral, Quebec H2Y 3K5.

Wanted: films, posters and clippings and especially magazine articles on Cleveland Williams, Lamar Clark, Bob Satterfield, Henry Cooper, and especially Mac Foster. Will pay good price. Tim Gonder, 432 Marshall, Brooklyn, Mi. 49230.

Posters, tickets, programs, photos, or anything to do with Bob Pastor, especially about his two fights with Joe Louis. Robert Schrade, 742 13th Ave. N., St. Petersburg, Fl. 33710.

Ring Magazines, pre-1940, photos of American fighters pre-1930. Also American pen friend 25-35 years old interested in collecting boxing material including the above items. Roake, 23, Ambleside Gardens, Wembley, Middlesex HA9 8TL, England.

Wrestling magazines in good condition wanted, especially '60's and '70's. Chris Spencer, Rt. 2, Box 326, Hughes Springs, Tx. 75656.

Would like anything on Sugar Ray Leonard: posters, autographed pictures, magazines, fight programs, clippings, books, etc. Will answer any letter. Drew Markol, 247 Brookside Drive, Feasterville, Pa. 19047.

Former amateur boxer wishes to buy 1942-43 *Ring Record Books* for collection. Am Carducci, 294 Route 10, Hanover, N.J. 07936.

MIXED BAG

For sale or trade: Arcade cards, 1950's — 32 boxers per set (Moore, Patterson, Marciano, Gavilan, etc.) — $15. Wanted: championship programs, posters, tickets. Bob Ryder, 29907 Rosebriar, St. Clair Shores, Michigan 48082.

Will swap: Central New York fight posters for fight posters of any city or country. Send me a poster, and I'll return one. Mike Matuszak, 295 MP Co., SEAD, Romulus, N.Y. 14541.

Do you keep your own world ratings? Want to exchange and discuss such, and boxing news? Write to Arild Andersen, Skogholtet 4, 1713 Graalum, Norway.

WILL TRADE: boxing cards Hassan and Mecca Ringside cards. Knockout cards. Programs, books, etc. WANTED: baseball cards prior 1970. Bert Reyes, R.D. #3, Box 341, Highland, N.Y. 12528.

If you send me fight posters of your country I will send you French fight posters. Andre Fournay, 94 Ave. Victor Hugo, 75116, Paris, France.

VETERANS' CLUB seeks good, used boxing equipment for community project for underprivileged boys, particularly 16 oz. training gloves, soft sheepskin lace type. Please help. William A. Brady, 112 E. 38th St., Wilmington, Del. 19802.

Wanted: Feb. 1922 *Ring Magazine,* also old boxing magazines, programs, autographed pictures, etc. Trade or buy, reasonable prices only. Send list with price and conditions to Steve Miranda, 2240 Larch St., Wantagh, N.Y. 11793.

BUY OR TRADE for following boxing and wrestling magazines: March-November 1953, February, July-December 1954, complete year of 1955. Write to L. Cari, 4830 Cibola Way, Sacramento, Ca. 95820.

Buy, sell, or trade: video tapes, Beta, or UHS — Duran, Lopez, many more. J. Cano, P.O. Box 197, Montclair, N.J. 07042. WANTED: Free boxing equipment, used or otherwise. Desperately needed: headgear and a 9x9 ring, for BOYS WITHOUT FATHERS CLUB. Send to J. Taylor, 47½ Calhoun, S.W. Wyoming, Mi., 49508. I will pay all postage.

Buy or trade for posters, pictures, anything on Carlos Zarate, Alfonso Zamora, Carlos Palomino and Jose (Pipino) Cuevas. D.C. Taylor, P.O. Box 554, Atlantic Beach, N.C. 28512.

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World Championship Fight

Shelby, Montana

July 4, 1923

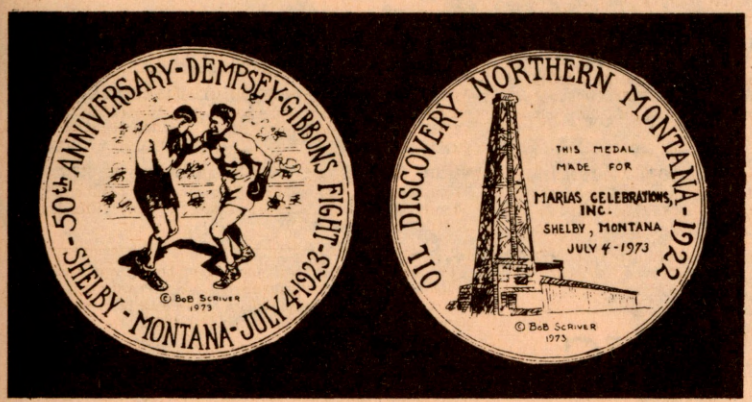
and the

Discovery of Oil

in Northern Montana

Kevin-Sunburst Field

1922



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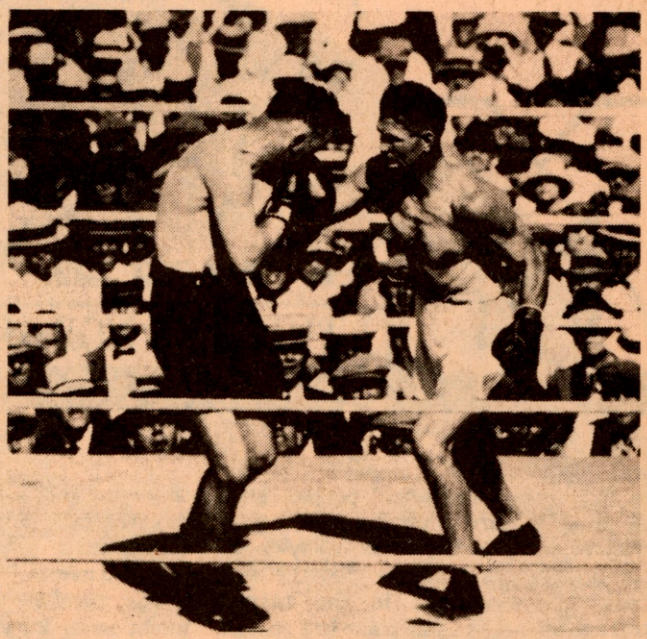

Before a straw hat crowd in Shelby, Montana, on July 4, 1923, Jack Dempsey nails Tommy Gibbons with a right.

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ROCKY MARCIANO

THE MAN NOBODY KNEW BY BARNEY NAGLER

It is a funny thing about people. They will honor a guy when he is alive — especially if he is the world heavyweight champion — but when he dies the way Rocky Marciano did, in the twisted wreckage of a one-engine plane in a remote woodland in Iowa, a long way from home, they choose to remember him for other things. They will talk about his sense of thrift and the unsupported notion that he buried his treasure here, there and everywhere, and left it untouched, its location his secret alone, now that he is dead and buried these eleven years.

He knocked out forty-three of the forty-nine pros he encountered in his career and remains unique in the history of the game — the only heavyweight champion to retire undefeated. Yet all they can give him credit for is that he was in love with money and squirreled it away for safekeeping; and did so good a job of it, nobody knows to this day where the money went, if indeed it was ever buried or put into banks under assumed names.

The peculiar thing is that Marciano might never have had the opportunity to win the heavyweight title if he had not demonstrated early in his career that next to his family, he loved money the most. That is not easy to believe, but it is the truth.

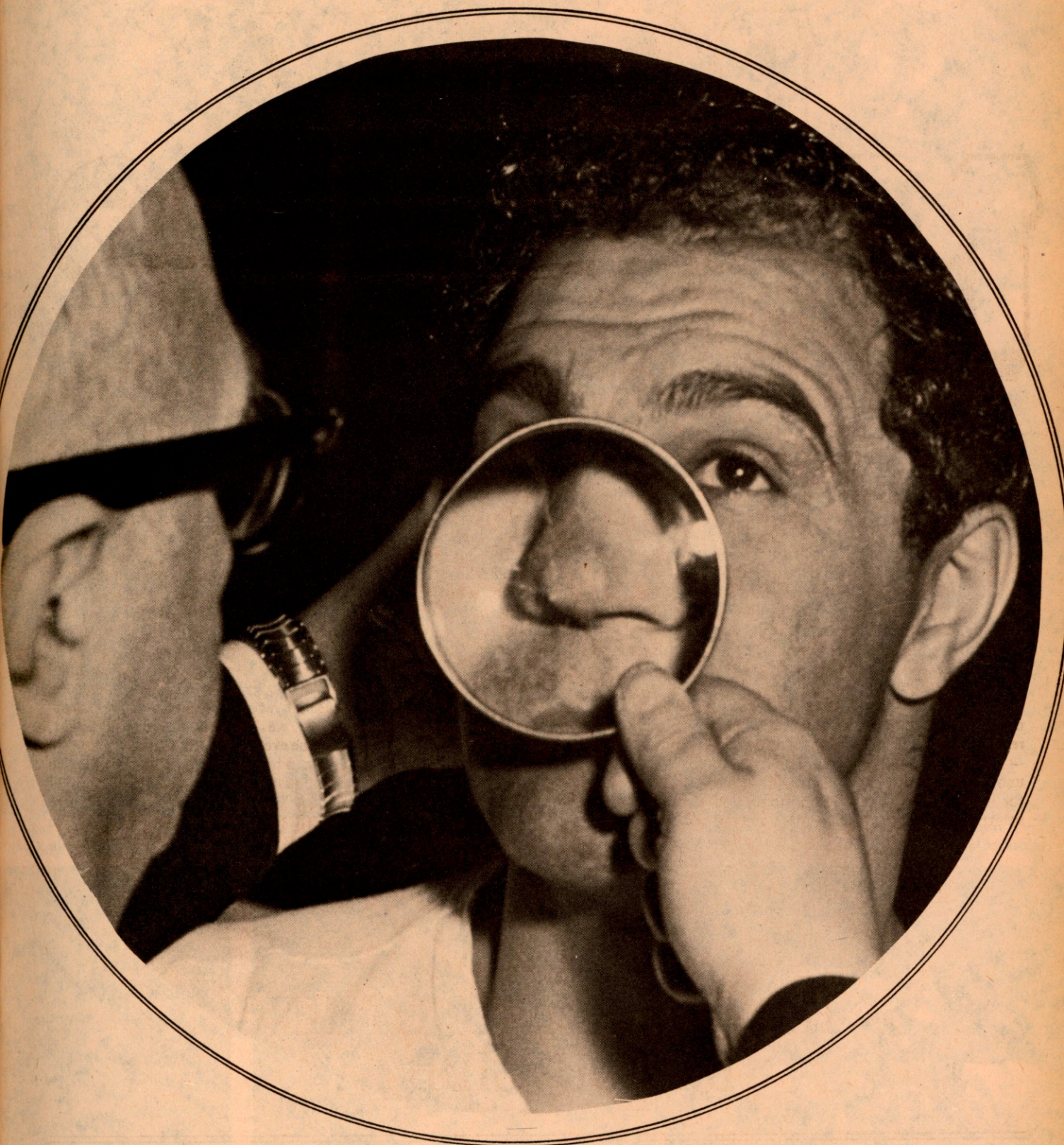
It was a theory held close to Al Weill's tight little heart that when it came to fighters, money was the root of all evil. If a fighter threw money around carelessly, Weill predicted his doom. In his view, the worst sin a fighter could commit was to gamble on horses. "A gambler thinks he can get money without working for it," he said frequently. When he managed Marciano, Weill said, "He's a nice boy. The dollar is his God." No higher compliment ever passed his lips. Yet Weill died broke. He lost a fortune trying to beat the horses. Marciano, it is said, lost his life trying to save a buck.

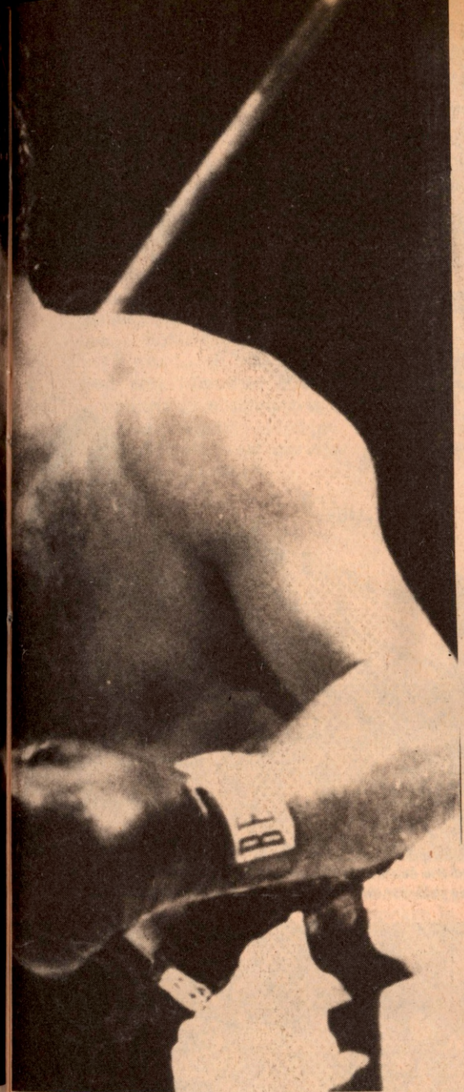
Once, after he retired, Marciano expressed his attitude toward thrift: "I come from poor people, around me, when I was in boxing, there were enough bad examples to remind me not to blow my dough."

The basic theme was always the same. He did not strive consciously after variety, because that would take his mind off money. And it was money — a piddlin' sum, really, in terms of the $1,700,000 in purses he earned in the ring — he apparently was thinking of on August 31, 1969, the eve of his 46th birthday.

He had been moving around, picking up loose change for personal appearances of one kind or another, and he was in Chicago when friends in Des Moines asked him to

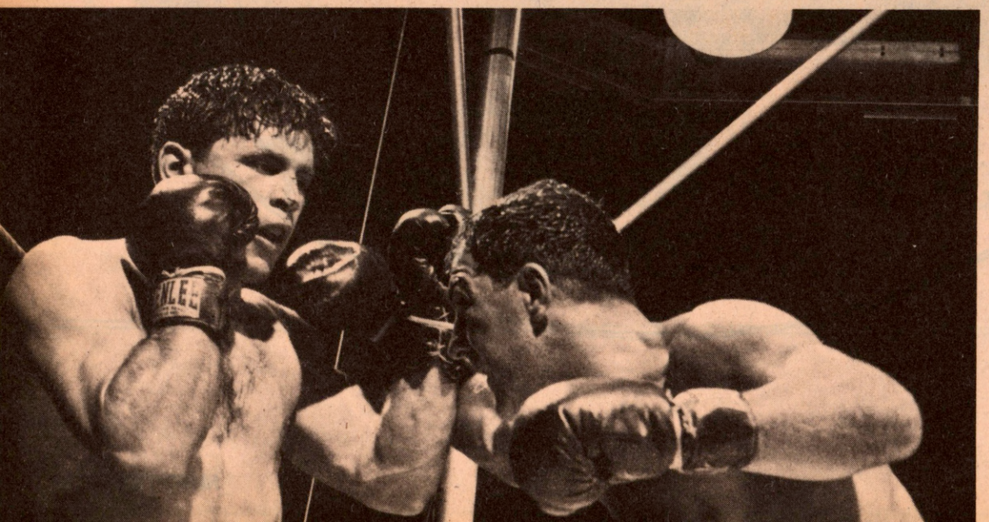
IN THE RING HE HELD BACK NOTHING. BUT OUTSIDE . . .

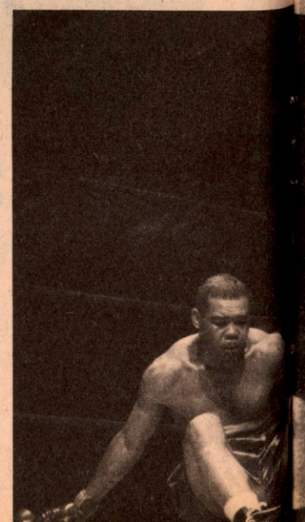


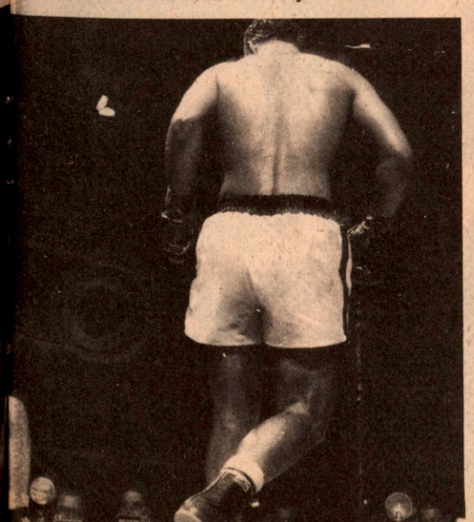


Top: Roland LaStarza lands a left on Rocky's nose in the second round of their title fight at the Polo Grounds, September 24, 1953. Bottom: Marciano crouches low in an early round of his second bout with Ezzard Charles. Rocky rallied to knock out the former champ in the eighth round, cut nose and all.

Top: A straight right to the head rocks Archie Moore at Yankee Stadium. Rocky won this, his last fight, by a kayo in the ninth. Bottom left: Marciano has LaStarza on the ropes. Rocky retained his title by stopping Roland at 1:31 of the 11th round. Bottom near right: The great Joe Louis hits the deck for the first of two knockdowns in the eighth round of his fight with Rocky. Marciano halted Louis in 2:36 of the session.







Top: Former welterweight champion Tony DeMarco, Boston mayor John B. Hynes, and Rocky lead the beantown Columbus Day parade in 1955. Bottom right: Marciano as king of the 39th Annual Sports Carnival at Grossinger's March 20, 1954. The young princess on his lap is Mary Ann, his then 15-month-old daughter.

come to their home for a birthday celebration the next day, September 1. Nobody can say what was in Marciano's mind at the moment. Assumption sets in at this point. Instead of flying to Des Moines on a commercial plane, Marciano accepted the offer of a free ride on a Cessna 147, owned by a Des Moines building contractor who also doubled as the pilot.

Their destination was Newton Airport, twenty-five miles from Des Moines. A few minutes out of Newton, the pilot communicated with the airport asking for landing instructions. That was the last word. Some time later, the smashed aircraft was found by searchers. A free ride had cost Marciano his life. His death contained an absolutely essential element of true tragedy: Marciano could have reached Des Moines one way, but picked another path instead.

His death aroused pity in the boxing world, which has come to think of the event as a symbolic forerunner of the disaster surrounding Marciano's faction.

Consider this: his wife, Barbara, died of cancer; Allie Colombo, who grew up with Marciano in Brockton, Mass., and was with him throughout his career in the ring, was mortally wounded when he was crushed between a truck and a loading platform while at his job; Weill died after a long, enervating illness, a fragile shell, speaking only French, a language he had learned as a child in his native Alsace-Lorraine and which he had seldom spoken in all the years of his glory.

Only Charlie Goldman went quietly to his tomb. He had been Marciano's trainer and had taught the fighter how to draw on his armory of fire-power in the ring.

When Marciano retired as the undefeated heavyweight champion on April 27, 1956, after a four-year reign, he told a gaggle of reporters at the Hotel Shelton in New York City that he was getting out of the business to spend more time with his family. There was a suggestion that he had suffered agonizingly as the result of a deep-seated back injury. Another theory, long held by this corner, was that he retired because of money — money he had come to believe he should have received and did not because of Weill's arcane activities.

Marciano won the heavyweight championship from Jersey Joe Walcott at Municipal Stadium, Philadelphia, on September 23, 1952. It was, using Joe Liebling's phrase, "One of the stubbornest matches ever fought by heavyweights." Marciano weighed 184 pounds, a dozen fewer then Walcott.

In the matter of strategy, it was a surprising bout. Walcott's tactics — tactics are strategy at work — were expected to involve a battle of evasion. Instead, the old crusty champion moved right to the attack, straight into the face of Marciano's right-hand armor. Within one minute, Walcott unleashed a smashing left hook to the jaw. Marciano went down. The count reached three, and when Marciano once again confronted the champion, he was hard-pressed to survive.

The second round brought more trouble for Marciano, but in the third round he got his game together. He hit Walcott with brutalizing punches which hurt no matter where they landed — on top of the head, the torso, the arms, the jaw. By the sixth round, a strong tide was running for Marciano. Blood washed the warriors' bodies in a red glaze: Walcott's from a cut over his left eye, Marciano's from an improbable scalp wound.

Marciano pressed forward, fighting at close quarters. Abruptly, he seemed to be in trouble, groping for a rope for support. He had not been hit, yet he was unaccountably in difficulty. Later, years later, he accused Walcott's manager, Felix Bocchicchio, of having rubbed capsicum Vaseline, a heat-producing petroleum jelly laced with pepper, into Walcott's left glove and on his torso. When Walcott jabbed, Marciano alleged, the capsicum Vaseline got into the challenger's eyes and caused them to smart.

By the eighth round, Walcott was in full command, but in the ninth, a slight tide began running in Marciano's favor. "The Rock" was twenty-nine, nine years younger than the champion, and stamina was his ally. Yet Walcott was surprisingly alert and in the tenth he took command once again.

In the past two rounds, Walcott added to his lead and the 40,370 persons huddled in the closed end of the huge concrete stadium were on the edges of their seat.

Coming out for the thirteenth round, Walcott appeared fresher than Marciano, but for reasons known only to him, he backed into the ropes for one destructive moment. Marciano started a smashing right to the jaw. It caught Walcott squarely, and as the old champion started to fall, Marciano came through with a grazing left to the side of the head that was vivid but unnecessary to Walcott's downfall. The fight was over after forty-three seconds of the thirteenth round.

Now Marciano was the champion, apparently the master of his fate. In fact, he was not. Walcott had a contract for a return bout and promoter Jim Norris was eager to put it on because the first fight had been so exciting, there was anticipation of a great profit from a second meeting.

At this point, Frankie Carbo moved into focus. Carbo was the underworld's overlord of boxing. Marciano insisted that he did not know Carbo and actually had spoken to him only once, during a chance meeting in front of Stillman's Gym on Eighth Avenue in New York. Yet Carbo actually had a "piece" of Marciano. Or, to put it another way, he had a piece of Weill's piece.

In boxing, Carbo was a shaker, moving behind the scenes to keep order while keeping his prehensile hands in everybody else's pockets. And he was friendly with Walcott's manager, the aforementioned Mr. Bocchiccio, who was, like Carbo, a man with a wide and personal familiarity with the penal code in various jurisdictions.

Together, Carbo and Bocchiccio put the squeeze on the promoter. They convinced Norris that the former champion would not fight Marciano again for less than $250,000, though he had received only $188,070 the night he lost to Marciano.

Everybody involved in the matter was pledged to secrecy. Marciano would have raged and stormed had he known that — by working on a percentage of the gate and gate receipts — he would earn less than Walcott.

The return bout was held at the Chicago Stadium, owned by promoter Norris, on May 15, 1953. It was a travesty. Walcott came out and flicked a jab or two at Marciano. The champion chased Walcott and they wrestled around for a while. Then Marciano threw a left hook, followed by a casual uppercut. Walcott went down and the referee, Frank Sikora, counted ten.

Walcott arose and took a walk to the other side of the ring. The customers reacted with a roar of derision. Walcott was suddenly outraged. He stamped around the ring and charged that he had received a fast count. It was all over. Walcott took his $250,000 and went back to New Jersey; Marciano's purse came to $166,030. The champion had been short-changed.

In time, he blamed Weill for failing to protect his interests. And, also in time, he found another reason to believe that Weill was feathering his own nest, above and beyond the call of duty.

The second cause for Marciano's concern was connected with the penultimate fight of his career — against Don Cockell, a Briton, in Kezar Stadium in San Francisco on May 16, 1955. Marciano knocked out Cockell in the ninth round of a dreary bout.

Soon thereafter, the Federal government started antitrust proceedings which led eventually to the dismemberment of Jim Norris's International Boxing Club. Boxing was in difficulty across the land. In California, Governor Goodwin J. Knight ordered a special committee to investigate the state of the game in the state of

ROCKY MARCIANO

Born: September 1, 1923, Brockton, Mass. **Died:** August 31, 1969, Newton, Iowa. **Height:** 5'10½" **Weight:** 186 pounds

1947

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
March 17	Lee Epperson	Holyoke, Mass.	KO 3

1948

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
July 12	Harry Bilazarian	Providence, R.I.	KO 1
July 19	John Edwards	Providence, R.I.	KO 1
Aug. 9	Bobby Quinn	Providence, R.I.	KO 3
Aug. 23	Eddie Ross	Providence, R.I.	KO 1
Aug. 30	Jimmy Weeks	Providence, R.I.	KO 1
Sept. 13	Jerry Jackson	Providence, R.I.	KO 1
Sept. 20	Bill Hardeman	Providence, R.I.	KO 1
Sept. 30	Gil Cardione	Washington, D.C.	KO 1
Oct. 4	Bob Jefferson	Providence, R.I.	KO 2
Nov. 29	James Patrick Connolly	Providence, R.I.	KO 1
Dec. 14	Gilley Ferron	Philadelphia, Pa.	KO 2

1949

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
March 21	Johnny Pretzie	Providence, R.I.	KO 5
March 28	Artie Donato	Providence, R.I.	KO 1
April 11	James Walls	Providence, R.I.	KO 3
May 2	Jimmy Evans	Providence, R.I.	KO 3
May 23	Don Mogard	Providence, R.I.	W 10
July 18	Harry Haft	Providence, R.I.	KO 3
Aug. 16	Pete Louthis	New Bedford, Mass.	KO 3
Sept. 26	Tommy DiGiorgio	Providence, R.I.	KO 4
Oct. 10	Tiger Ted Lowry	Providence, R.I.	W 10
Nov. 7	Joe Dominic	Providence, R.I.	KO 2
Dec. 2	Pat Richards	New York City, N.Y.	KO 2
Dec. 19	Phil Muscato	Providence, R.I.	KO 5
Dec. 30	Carmine Vingo	New York City, N.Y.	KO 6

1950

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
March 24	Roland LaStarza	New York City, N.Y.	W 10
June 5	Eldridge Eatman	Providence, R.I.	KO 3
July 10	Gino Guonvino	Boston, Mass.	KO 10
Sept. 18	Johnny Shkor	Providence, R.I.	KO 6
Nov. 13	Tiger Ted Lowry	Providence, R.I.	W 10
Dec. 18	Bill Wilson	Providence, R.I.	KO 1

1951

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
Jan. 29	Keene Simmons	Providence, R.I.	KO 8
Mar. 20	Harold Mitchell	Hartford, Conn.	KO 2
March 26	Art Henri	Providence, R.I.	KO 9
April 30	Red Applegate	Providence, R.I.	W 10
July 12	Rex Layne	New York City, N.Y.	KO 6
Aug. 27	Freddie Beshore	Boston, Mass.	KO 4
Oct. 26	Joe Louis	New York City, N.Y.	KO 8

1952

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
Feb. 13	Lee Savold	Philadelphia, Pa.	KO 6
April 21	Gino Buonvino	Providence, R.I.	KO 2
May 12	Bernie Reynolds	Providence, R.I.	KO 3
July 28	Harry (Kid) Matthews	New York City, N.Y.	KO 2
Sept. 23	Jersey Joe Walcott (Won World Heavyweight Title)	Philadelphia, Pa.	KO 13

1953

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
May 15	Jersey Joe Walcott	Chicago, Illinois	KO 1
Sept. 24	Roland LaStarza	New York City, N.Y.	KO 11

1954

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
June 17	Ezzard Charles	New York City, N.Y.	W 15
Sept. 17	Ezzard Charles	New York City, N.Y.	KO 8

1955

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
May 16	Don Cockell	San Francisco, Calif.	KO 9
Sept. 21	Archie Moore	New York City, N.Y.	KO 9

1956

April 27 Announced retirement as undefeated world heavyweight champion

Summary

BOUTS	WINS	LOSSES	DRAWS	KO'S
49	49	0	0	43

from *The Ring Record Book*

California.

In the course of that investigation, it was disclosed that Jimmy Murray, the co-promoter of the Marciano-Cockell bout, had drawn a check for $10,000 in Weill's name. The check had been cashed in a way to hamper detection. Marciano did not know of its existence, nor did he share in the proceeds. Apparently, the money had gone to Weill under an oak table.

Only brief days after "The Case of the Missing $10,000" surfaced, Marciano announced his retirement as the undefeated heavyweight champion of the world. Thereafter, he was not Weill's friend.

Some time later, Marciano came to Teddy Brenner, who had only lately taken over as matchmaker at Madison Square Garden. The Garden had a major bout coming up and Marciano was on the hunt for a dozen tickets for free, of course!

"A dozen comps?" Brenner squealed in response to Marciano's request. "That's a big number. I'll give them to you with one condition. That's all you're going to get. Don't come back for more."

"That's a deal," Marciano said. "I won't be back for more."

A few days later, he returned to Brenner's office. "Hey, Teddy, I got some guys I got to take care of. Can you let me have six more comps for the fight?"

"I told you not to come back for any more."

"Come on, Teddy," Marciano pleaded. "You wouldn't turn me down, would you?"

"Listen," Teddy responded, "when you fought you expected to get paid. How the hell are we going to pay the fighters if we give the tickets away? But, anyway, I've got something else for you."

The matchmaker reached into a desk drawer and brought forth a check. "Here, Rocky," he said. "You probably didn't know you had this coming, but here's a check for royalties from TV residuals on your fights for the Garden."

Marciano grabbed the check. It was for some $9,000. "Geez, this is great, Teddy, but do me a favor. Don't tell Weill about this. He'll want a piece of it."

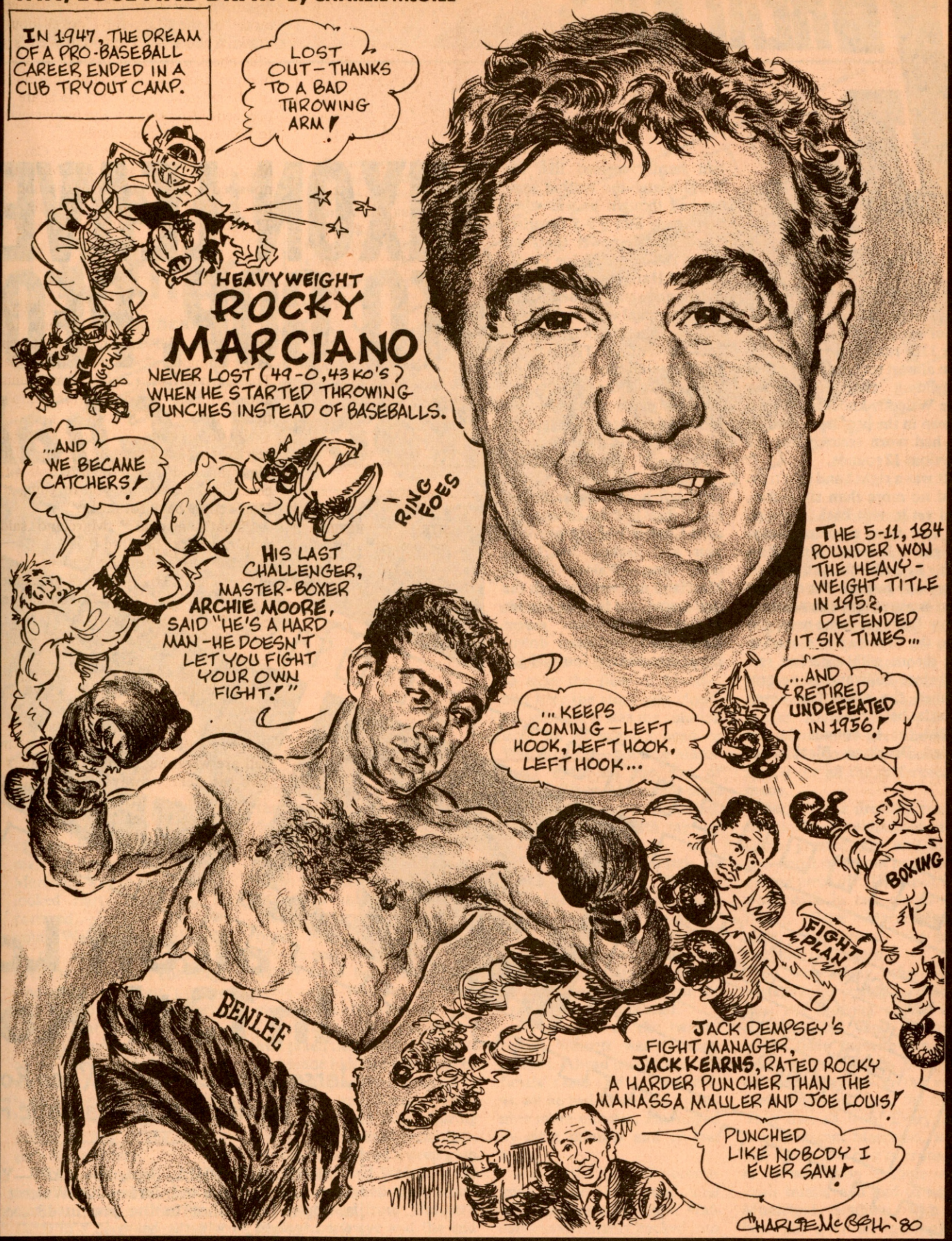
Then, as he moved toward the door, the former heavyweight champion of the world turned back and moved toward Brenner's desk once again. "How about those six tickets?" he said.

"I just gave you a big check you never expected to get," Brenner said, "and you're still trying to bum some more comps. Don't you ever pay for anything?"

"Aw, come on," Marciano said. A grin crossed his nice open countenance. "We're pals, ain't we?"

Brenner gave Marciano six more tickets. They were free, of course. ■

WIN, LOSE AND DRAW By CHARLIE McGILL



GREAT KO'S

NIXON LEAVES IT TO GOP, PEOPLE

Story on Page 2

Rocky Champ'

Story on Page 44

Walcott Retires

By RALPH BERNSTEI

PHILADELPHIA, S

(AP)— A heart-b

Walcott s

ing

Surrounded by photographers, reporters and well-wishers, the 38-year-old veteran of the pri fight ring sat dejectedl dressing room table knockout defea ciano.

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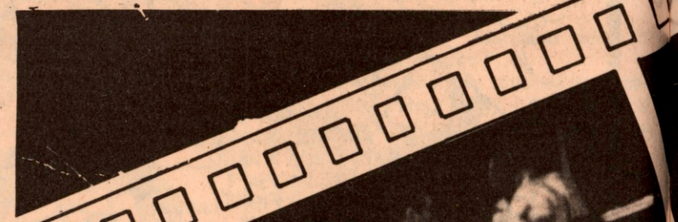
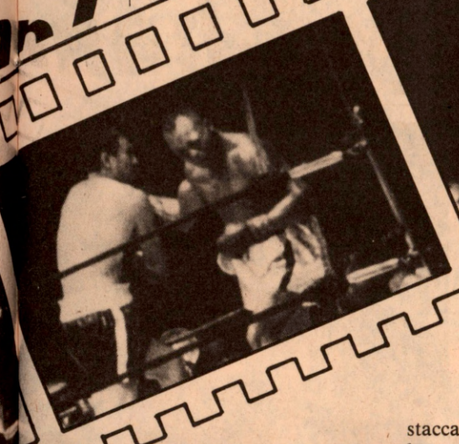
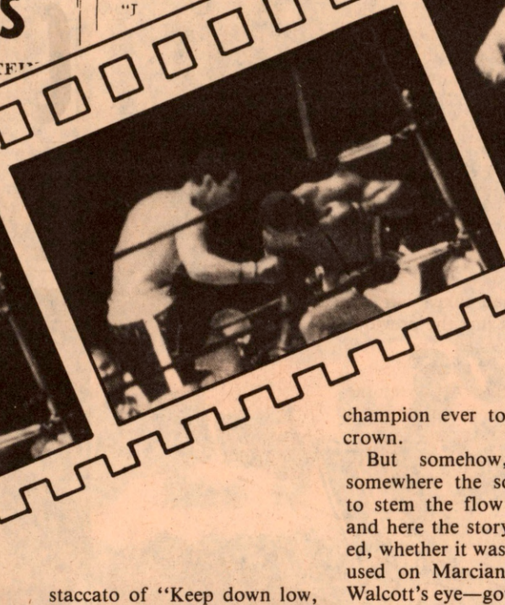
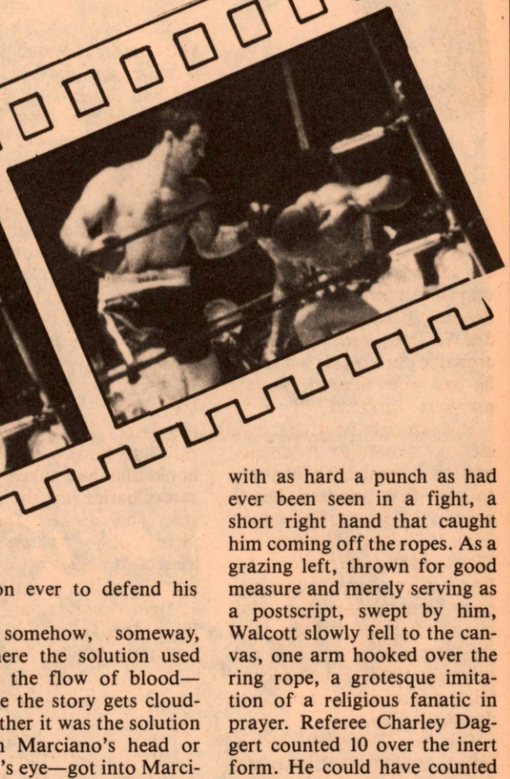
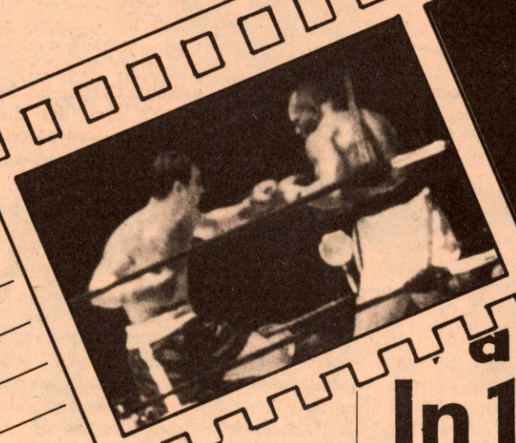
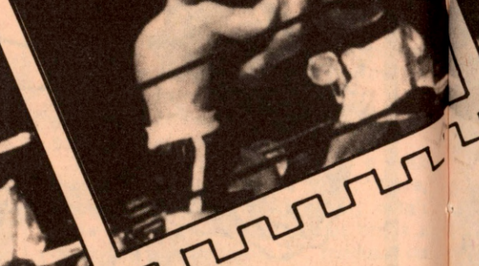












MARCIANO—WALCOTT
THE SHORT SHOT
HEARD 'ROUND
THE WORLD

Walcott Loses In 13th Round

Jersey Joe Leading When Rocky Scores; Fight Ends In Dramatic Fashion

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 23—(AP)—Young Rocky Marciano knocked out old Jersey Joe Walcott with a spectacular right hand shot to the jaw in 43 seconds of the 13th round tonight to win the heavyweight championship in a bloody won the championship from Ez-

BY JIMMY JACOBS

WITH ONE DEEP-DISH BEAUty of a right at 43 seconds of the 13th round, Rocky Marciano almost tore the head off of defending champion Jersey Joe Walcott, knocking off his crown in the process—a crown he had worn securely for the previous 12 rounds.

It was a right hand that traveled no more than six inches, and yet it went back 70 years, to the first modern heavyweight, Boston Strongboy, John L. Sullivan. And with it, Marciano became not only the first heavyweight champion to come from the same area, but also the first man to ascend to the throne with a perfect record since Sullivan had accomplished the same feat seven decades before.

But for 12 rounds the so-called Brockton Blockbuster had hardly seemed like the world-beater the betting society had thought he was when they made him a 9-5 favorite. The same firepower that had ended the career of Joe Louis, stopped Harry (Kid) Matthews in two and sent Carmen Vingo to the hospital was totally ineffective in stopping Jersey Joe—or Father Time, Walcott's greatest ally.

Right from the opening bell Walcott made a liar out of those naysayers who said he was too old and those who said "The Rock" was too much for the champ. Throwing his powerful left hook—the same left hook that had taken out Ezzard Charles just the previous year and decked Joe Louis three times—Walcott floored Marciano midway through the first round, the first time in his 43-fight professional career Rocky had ever been down. Up at the count of four ("I got up fast because I was more mad at myself than hurt," Marciano was to say later), he looked hurt. Eschewing his patented shuffle, the 198-pound Walcott went right back to the attack, swarming all over the 184-pound challenger who tried to swap punches with his adversary, staggering him again at the bell.

The second round was more of the same, with Walcott on the attack, even planting a left hook somewhere south of the border of Marciano's beltline, further adding to the challenger's discomfiture.

Rocky, trying to stem the tide of battle and turn the momentum, came out for Round Three in a deep crouch as his manager, Al Weill, kept up a staccato of "Keep down low, keep down low." But again Walcott found his way through the challenger's defense, landing another clean left to the chin. But despite repeated meetings of his chin with the champion's right, Marciano showed that even though he lacked polish and finesse, he possessed a chin of granite and a heart to match, as he came back to exchange shots with Walcott, as both men fought after the bell.

By Round Six "The Rock" had taken the battle to Walcott and made him fight his kind of fight, backing the champion to the ropes and blazing away with rights and lefts. During one of their heated exchanges, Marciano suffered a deep gash on his head and Walcott a cut eyelid. As the bell rang, blood flowed freely from Walcott's damaged left eye and the end looked imminent for the oldest champion ever to defend his crown.

But somehow, someway, somewhere the solution used to stem the flow of blood—and here the story gets clouded, whether it was the solution used on Marciano's head or Walcott's eye—got into Marciano's eyes. By the end of Round Seven Marciano came back to his corner hollering, "I have trouble with my left eye. I can't see."

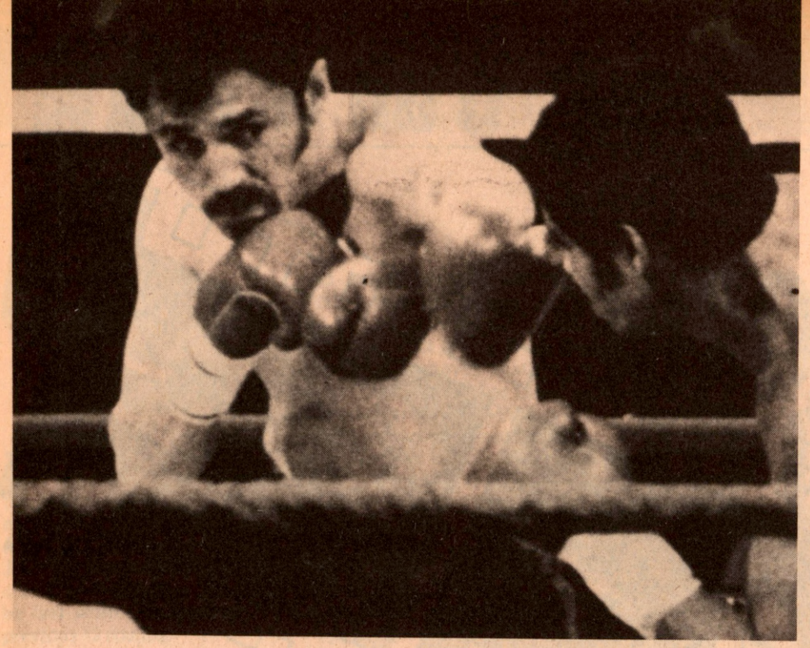
For three more rounds he couldn't see, and Walcott made the most of them, using all his guile and ring knowledge as he made Marciano miss repeatedly and countered with his own lefts and rights, cutting Marciano between the eyes and on the forehead.

By the end of the twelfth round Walcott was in total control. Ahead on all three officials' cards (7-4-1, 7-5 and 8-4), all he had to do was "last" nine more minutes. He missed by eight minutes and 17 seconds.

For with just 30 seconds gone in the 13th round, and with no punches thrown, Walcott unexplainably backed into the ropes; there to be caught with as hard a punch as had ever been seen in a fight, a short right hand that caught him coming off the ropes. As a grazing left, thrown for good measure and merely serving as a postscript, swept by him, Walcott slowly fell to the canvas, one arm hooked over the ring rope, a grotesque imitation of a religious fanatic in prayer. Referee Charley Daggert counted 10 over the inert form. He could have counted to 100 for all the difference it made.

Back in his dressing room, the thoroughly exhausted Marciano greeted his well-wishers—most of whom had had a getting piece of "The Rock"—while over in one corner his father, Peter Marchegiano, wept. "I'm proud," he said over and over again.

So were many other well-wishers who couldn't make it into the dressing room, but still crowded into the ring where their favorite son—26 years after Tunney had dethroned Dempsey in the very same ring—had won the title. They had all won. Everyone, that is, except Marciano, who had lost a new pair of trousers in the confusion to some souvenir hunter and had to leave Municipal Stadium with a bathrobe over an incomplete suit. ■



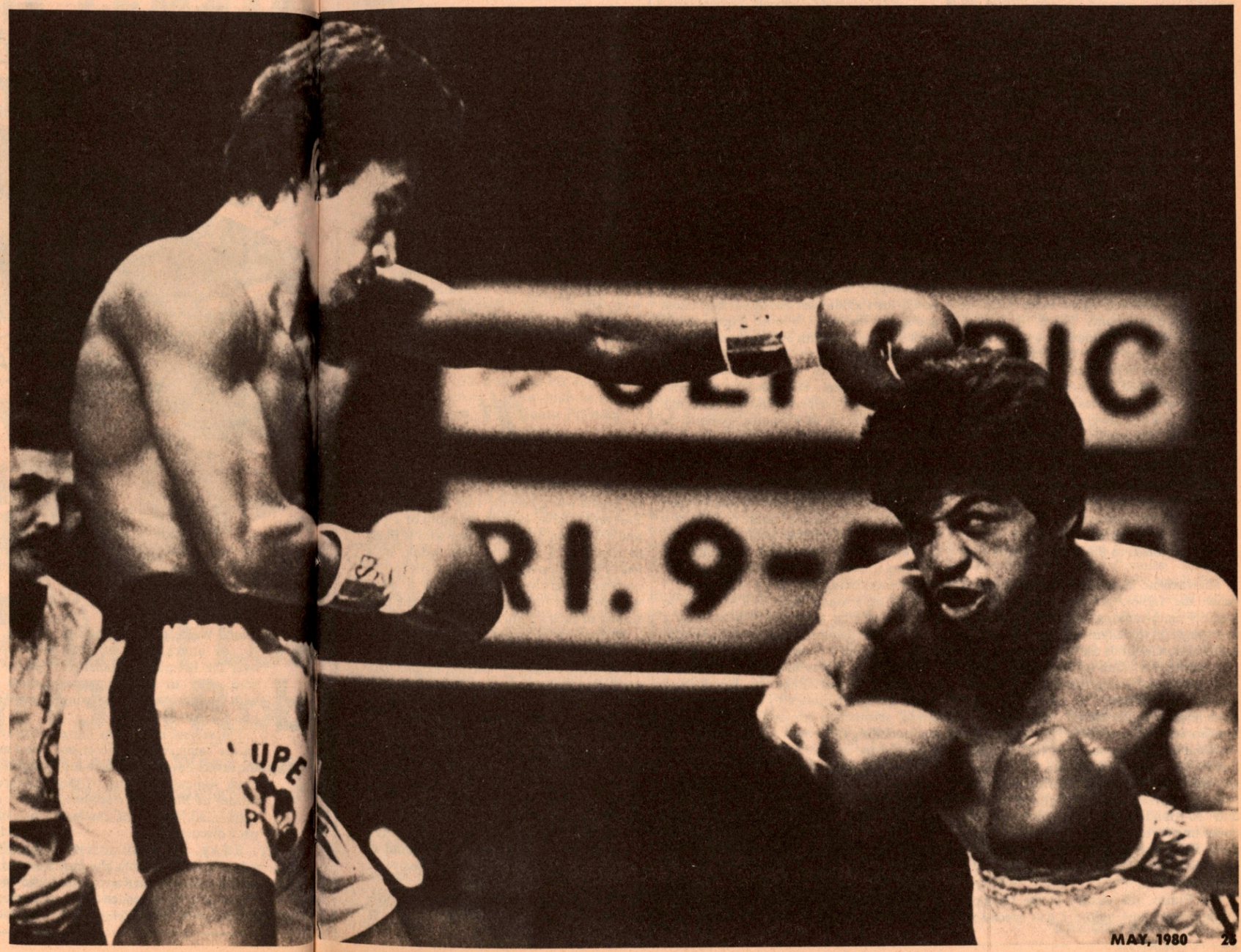
By MICHAEL LEAHY

Los Angeles, Home Of the Bantamweights

To be a bantamweight, even a bantamweight champion, is to live in anonymity. Ask Jorge Lujan. On September 15, 1978, fighting on the undercard of the Ali-Spinks rematch in the New Orleans Superdome, Lujan successfully defended his WBA bantamweight championship with a narrow victory over Alberto Davila. An hour later, showered and dressed in a sweat-top with his name emblazoned on the back, he strolled out into the vast crowd, ready to hold court, awaiting congratulations. He was ignored. Few in the crowd knew who Jorge Lujan was. "I think," said one man who turned from his 48-ounce, vat-like Superdome beer to reflect on the stranger's name, "I've heard of him somewhere. He handles Spinks, don't he?"

WHERE LITTLE MEN WHO COULD POSE FOR AMERICAN EXPRESS ADS ARE RECOGNIZABLE HEROES

The bantamweight division has always suffered from an identity crisis. It is a division whose fighters should do American Express commercials. Rarely taller than 5′ 4″ and never heavier than 118 pounds, the best bantamweights look more like jockeys than fighters. And they don't exactly inspire awe when you see them up close. "It's hard to think of shelling out $50 for a fight,' said an onlooker watching a work-



out of former WBA champion Alfonso Zamora, "when the fighters are shorter than your little sister."

Out of the ring, in street clothes, they are not imposing specimens. It is shocking to see Lupe Pintor, the WBC bantamweight champion, in shorts and a nylon jacket. His legs are like thin pipes, so skinny they resemble the limbs of a small 12-year-old. But off comes the nylon jacket, revealing an upper body so massive that it looks alien amid the pipe-legs and small head. It is the physique of the prototypical bantamweight, the kind of svelte body which does not have to worry about pacing itself. There is an axiom in boxing: the less a fighter's muscle bulk, the greater his resistance against fatigue. Well-conditioned heavyweights are often forced to coast through middle rounds awaiting their second wind. Good bantamweights fight fiercely from start to finish.

That non-stop bantamweight action brings fight fans out in the tens of thousands to the Forum and Olympic Auditorium in Los Angeles, where bantamweights receive as much attention as heavyweights. Los Angeles is the escape hatch for bantamweights who wish to escape from anonymity. There, for the best of the bantams, adulation awaits from fight fans who, like the fighters, are predominantly Chicanos and Mexican-Nationals. Indeed, the most familiar sound at a bout in Los Angeles is a chant: "May-hee-co . . . May-hee-co." Simultaneously, strings of firecrackers explode in the balconies; Mexican flags sway; feet pound the aisles so loudly that one has the sense of an arena swaying. It is an electric moment. And the impact on a fight is immediate. One can see the Mexican fighter struggle a little harder, punch a bit faster. It is a bizarre testimonial to the power of mob support.

The favorite bantamweights of the area relish the fervor. Alberto Sandoval, the world's tenth-ranking bantamweight, who has fought at the Olympic since his start as a professional, lauds the fans for their support during his climb up the ranks. "They have gotten me going some nights when I haven't been sharp," he says. "You feel them helping you in there." Sandoval is 24, handsome, and articulate. After a recent workout before the public at the Olympic, Sandoval charmed spectators by speaking to them in both Spanish and English. After years of paying dues, of fighting prelims and 10-rounders against unknowns, of compiling a record of 31-3 with 21 knockouts, Sandoval recently fought Pintor for the WBC crown, losing by knockout in the 12th round.

For Pintor, the victory at the Olympic Auditorium came before 8,656 spectators whose loyalties seemed equally divided between the Mexican-National Pintor and the American-born Sandoval. Sandoval entered the ring to the accompaniment of firecrackers, as did Pintor. Sandoval's name was drowned out by stomping feet and squealing fans during the introductions. So was Pintor's. Sandoval had the backing of street gangs from his hometown of Pomona. Pintor had some Charles Bronson types from the old country. Everything was even until the first round — and then the evening became a one-sided affair.

Sandoval, a boxer without a prodigious punch, who fights at his best while on the move, at a safe distance from the opponent, simply did not have the firepower to keep Pintor away. By the third round Pintor had bulled Sandoval against the ropes, where he dazed the challenger, then pounded him at will for the round's final minute. When the bell sounded, Sandoval stood limply for a moment before wobbling to his corner. His fate was certain.

The end finally came at 1:41 of the 12th round, after Sandoval had taken another fearful pounding against the ropes, when his manager, Jackie McCoy, signaled referee Carlos Padilla that Sandoval had taken enough. Afterwards, Pintor, whose record improved to 41-7 with 34 knockouts, spoke of future challengers. There was talk of a possible fight with fourth-ranked Shuchi Isogami of Japan. His handlers also acknowledged that Alberto Davila, who like Sandoval resides in Pomona, remains in the title picture.

The third-ranked Davila has had opportunities. Besides his loss to WBA champion Lujan at the Superdome, Davila was knocked out in the seventh round by then WBC champion Carlos Zarate in February of 1978. He realizes that a third shot at the title would likely be his last. Sometimes he wonders if the chance will ever come at all. While wondering he keeps fighting. "I have to take tough fights if I'm going to stay sharp," he says. In 1979 he won a hard-fought decision over seventh-ranked Eddie Logan in a brawl at the Olympic. At 5′ 2″, Davila fights nearly everyone at a significant disadvantage in height and reach. He compensates by fighting on the inside, smothering his opponents' attack, and pounding their sides and midsection. It is a style that has led Davila to a record of 31-6, with 22 knockouts.

A major question for Davila and other contenders is: Who will be holding the title when they are ready to challenge? Aside from the Sandoval fight, Pintor has not fought impressively since winning the championship. Last December, he lost to unheralded Manny "Topo Gigio" Vasques in a non-title bout. Current feeling runs heavy that his WBC title could fall into other hands at any time.

Whose hands? There are other contenders besides Davila and Isogami. Eddie Logan, another Los Angeles bantamweight, who recently catapulted into the world rankings with a stunning ninth-round knockout of Alfonso Zamora, is rumored to be in line for a title shot before the end of 1980. And then there is Carlos Zarate, loser of his crown to Pintor in June of 1979, who insists he would knock out Pintor if the two were to meet again. Once considered to be one of the greatest bantamweights ever — if not the greatest — Zarate is today the greatest of question marks. Though still young at 28, he has been on the decline since October 25, 1978, when as a 2-1 favorite, he was destroyed in five rounds by world super bantamweight champion Wilfredo Gomez. Eight months later against Pintor, Zarate dominated the early action, even floored Pintor, but had nothing left when the fight was on the line in the final two rounds. He is reported now to be in woeful shape. A veteran of over 70 fights, Zarate may have fought too many wars; may have left his best days behind him.

The division's only certainty is the continued brilliance of its WBA champion, Jorge Lujan. They might not know of Lujan in the New Orleans Superdome, but Los Angeles fans still remember the ease with which Lujan dominated and then knocked out Alfonso Zamora in the tenth round of their championship fight at the L.A. Sports Arena.

Tall for a bantamweight, 5′ 5″, Lujan makes full use of his height and reach advantage by employing a long jab that piles up points while keeping foes at a distance. Fast and elusive, he is in the mold of a Pep and a Saddler, a classic boxer who is likely to reign for a long time. He would be a heavy favorite over Pintor in a fight for the undisputed crown. However, in a sport with constant jurisdictional strife, the possibility of such a fight is remote.

So the two champions, Lujan and Pintor, will battle not each other but highly capable challengers — Davila, Logan, Isogami, and perhaps, Zarate. Indeed, no other division, aside from the welterweights, possesses so many fine contenders, or promises so many exciting title fights.

And most of the fights will be in Los Angeles, where the money and the spotlight pour down on the best bantamweights, where their mere workouts sometimes draw as many as 3,000 people.

It is the city, too, where a 6′ 5″ man waits patiently in line to shake the hand of a 5′ 4″ fighter, and then says excitedly: "I got it, man. Got his autograph."

In Los Angeles, land of fantasy, the little men have become big. Very big. ■

INSIDE BOXING

BOXING FATHER-AND-SON TEAMS rarely make it to the top. There always seem to be arguments, ill feelings, and usually, in the end, a split. Such is the case of former WBA light heavyweight champ Mike Rossman and his father, Jimmy DePiano. DePiano just sold the remaining half of his interest in his son to Vincent Carlisemo, an olive oil dealer from New Jersey. Only five years ago Jimmy unloaded the other half of his interest in the 23-year-old ex-champion. Mike's first trainer was Carmen Graziano, replaced by Slim Jim Robinson. Now veteran Jimmy Arthur has taken over this role. Rossman still trains at his father's gym, however, where brother Andrew is in charge of the gym — the South Philadelphia Boxing Club on Percy Street.

While on the subject of father-and-son teams, Young Ray Lunny, son of former lightweight contender Ray Jr., received his journeyman papers as a plumber after retiring from the ring game. The plumbing trade apparently did not agree with Ray, and he is now a member of the Burlingame, Calif., Police Department. There have been three generations of Lunnys in boxing: Young Ray's father coached boxing at Stanford University for 27 years after retiring from active ring competition and Young Ray's son, Ray III, lost his quest for a world title at San Juan, Puerto Rico on Sept. 18th, 1976, to WBC junior lightweight champion Alfredo Escalera.

Where are all the southpaw middleweights coming from. It seems the division is flooded with them! Look at Sugar Ray Seales, Alan Minter, Maurice Hope, Tony Chiaverini, and Marvin Hagler — all top performers. Said ex-middleweight Lou Brouillard: "When I was boxing in the thirties, I was the only southpaw around. Now look at the middleweight division!"

Former heavyweight king Muhammad Ali says he will endorse Jimmy Carter for President and quipped, "I'll deliver him 10 million votes . . ." Congratulations to old-time fight manager and trainer Joe Herman. Joe recently celebrated his 81st birthday. We wish him many more! Co-owner of the famous Newman-Herman Gym in Frisco for years, Joe sold his half of the gym to Billy Newman, his partner, four years ago . . . And while on birthdays, our very best to the oldest fight manager alive today — Baron Henry von Stumme. The Baron, now living in North Hollywood, Calif., celebrated his 91st birthday this past January. His Frau Johanna will be 91 in September — a grand old couple. The Baron has given his life to the fight game.

Look for Alexis Arguello, WBA junior lightweight champ, to move up to the lightweight division. Arguello has been plagued with weight problems and had trouble making weight for his last successful title defense against previously undefeated Ruben Castillo in Tucson, Arizona. Arguello rates right up near the top along with the likes of Roberto Duran, Sugar Ray Leonard and Wilfredo Gomez as the best overall fighter today. He now sports a 65-4-0 pro ring record.

Veteran Los Angeles fight promoter Aileen Eaton, now 71, was recently in the UCLA Hospital for tests. Eileen, the widow of former promoter Cal Eaton, took over when Cal passed away and was instrumental in bringing many top "names" in boxing to the L.A. Olympic. Jerry Quarry was her biggest heavyweight attraction. Although Jerry never won a world title, he mingled with the very best in the division for years, challenging for the world title many times.

WBC heavyweight champion Larry Holmes has taken his matrimonial vows, marrying longtime girl friend Diane Robinson last fall . . . Latest west coast "name" for the future is Babe Griffin's welterweight Sal Lopez, who is mowing 'em down in and around Sacramento. Griffin brought welterweight Pete Ranzany into the fistic limelight. Then Pete split with Babe — and has fizzled ever since.

In the last 10 years of boxing, the name of Roberto Duran stands alone. Now the new boxing scribes are trying to compare Duran with the likes of Benny Leonard. There is no comparison whatsoever; Leonard would win hands down! . . . Earl Mastro, a darn good Chicago featherweight in his hey-day, is now driving a school bus in Los Angeles. His brother Dick, who published a boxing magazine for years, is back on the mend after surgery in California . . .

Back in 1933, I can remember five great Jewish fighters training at Lou Stillman's gym in New York at the same time: Barney Ross, Sid Terris, Al Singer, Leach Cross and Benny Leonard — all of them now deceased. Leonard was on his comeback at the time. Today there are very few Jewish fighters around. Mike Rossman is half Jewish, his mother being Jewish and his father, Italian.

Times have changed in boxing, as they have in everything. Years ago a manager did nothing but manage his fighters. This was his livelihood. Today most of the newcomers to the game manage fighters as a sideline or a hobby. And lawyers have infested the fight game. Their knowledge is limited, boxingwise, but they realize that this is where the big money lies. Hence, there will be lawyers!

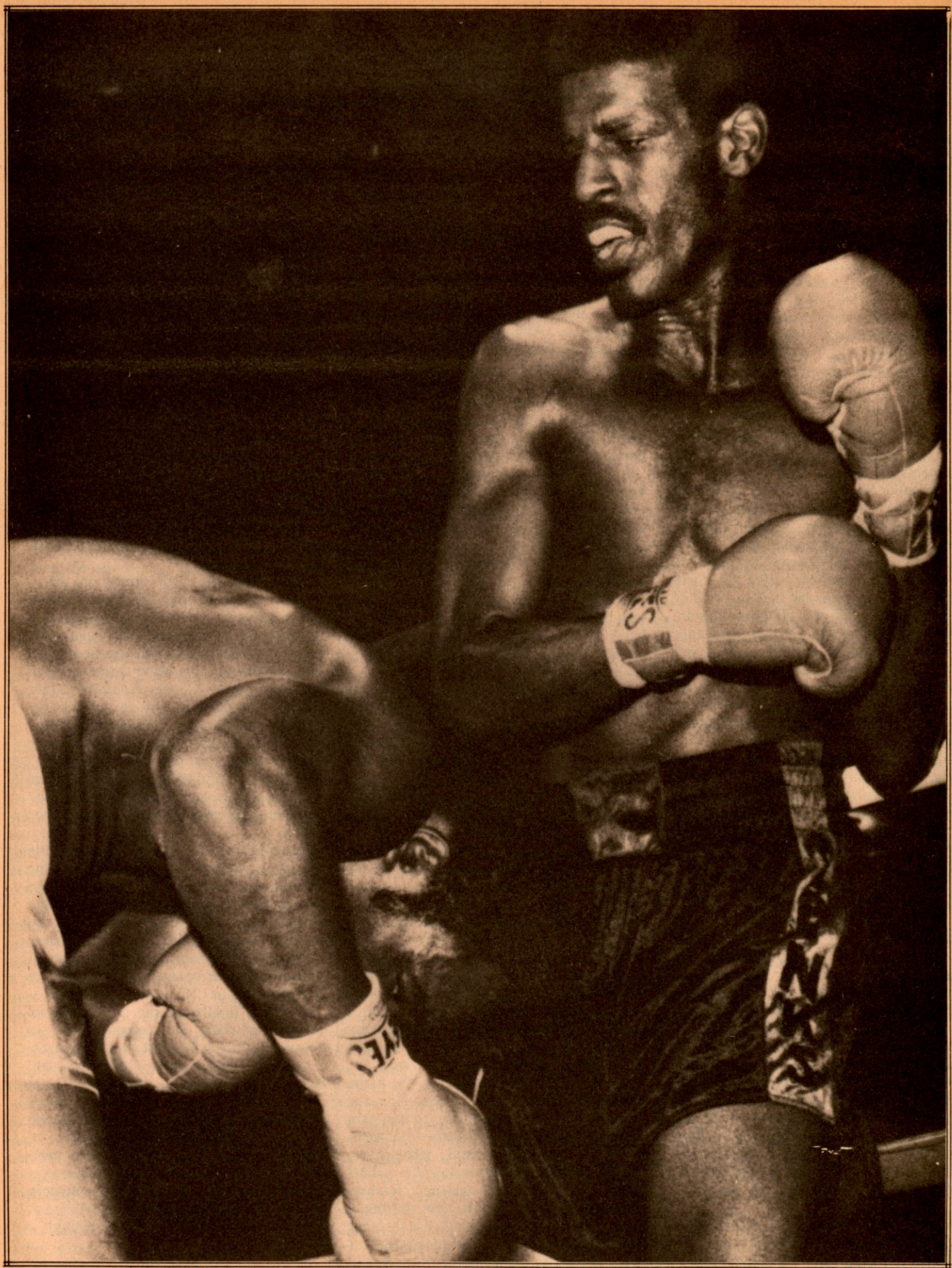
Joe Daszkiewicz, who holds the managerial reins of 31-year-old Scott Ledoux, still believes he has the next champ. But Ledoux, a very ordinary heavyweight, has never been able to win when he needed to. The promising new white hope today is Gentleman Gerry Cooney from New York. Cooney has not met any formidable opposition yet, but his complete demolition job of veteran John "Dino" Dennis would indicate that he just might be "the goods." He must meet ranked foes — only then can a true assessment be rendered — and quit "ducking" everyone with two legs and two hands.

Texas heavyweight Buddy Scott recently passed away. Buddy was 63 years old and had mingled with many "names" in the heavyweight division from 1936 until after WW II. He fought Tony Maxim — all top notchers in their day. Jay D. Turner, another native Texan, attended the funeral. Scott and Turner boxed five times — twice in 1939, again in 1940, in 1943 and 1944.

Has time finally run out on 37-year-old Bennie Briscoe? He recently lost to newcomer Richie Bennett at the 69th St. Forum in Philadelphia. Bennie's pro record is now 63-20-6 — not bad at that . . . Evelyn Lake, wife of veteran Philadelphia trainer and cornerman Ralph Lake, is on the mend after surgery . . . Young Joe Louis, a Chicago biffer who sports a 19-0 ring slate, is considered a good prospect and is expected to blossom in 1980. His real name is Eddie Taylor . . .

See you next month — keep punching!

"SAILOR" DON SAUER



Michael Spinks throws his then uninjured right at the head of Eddie Philips, as he won TKO in 4th round, Dec. 16, 1978

MICHAEL SPINKS ANSWERS THE RIDDLES OF THE SPINKS AND MORE...

After weeks of gruelling training, weeks of hard sparring, ice-packs in the mornings and runs before dawn, Michael Spinks says he begins to wonder: "Is all the punishment really worth it?" Then he thinks of his childhood, spent in the poverty-stricken, rat-infested streets of the Pruitt Igoe projects in St. Louis, and he knows the answer. The haunting memory of his impoverished childhood — breakfast and lunch consisting of a glass of water and a doughnut — is enough to make Michael Spinks want to train all day.

Boxing has been Spinks' ticket out of the ghetto. Spinks is sure it is a one-way ticket.

"I've turned my head and ain't never goin' back there again," said the younger, less well-known brother of Leon. "In its own way, it was like prison. Except the ghetto doesn't release a person like the prison systems do after a person serves time. The ghetto holds onto you forever. The only way to get out is to escape."

Michael, who was born on July 22, 1956, began to plan his escape in 1970, while still in high school.

"It wasn't safe on the streets, and it wasn't safe in Vashon High School," recalls Spinks. "Can you imagine that?, not even in the high school. Somebody was getting mugged or beaten up every day."

On more than one occasion, Kay Spinks, who was forced to raise her seven children after being deserted by her husband, had to chase young thugs down litter-cluttered streets and dark alleys after they ripped off Leon and Michael's food money.

"Mama always caught up with them," chuckled Michael. "And when she did, she gave them the whupping of their life.

Michael and Leon were never bad children, "just a bit mischievious," according to the principal of Vashon High School.

"Their precious mom was always coming into my office," stated principal Cozy Marks. "But she never blamed the school. She would say, 'I know my boys don't always follow the rules. I try to make a good world for them at home. And you do the same thing here. But in between we have to turn them over to that other world."

"That other world" forced Michael and Leon to learn how to protect themselves. And they learned very quickly. Principal Marks recalls that the Spinks and two other boys formed a protective unit to watch out for themselves and other innocent people.

"They never picked on anybody," said Marks, "but by the time they got to high school, neither did anybody pick on them. I never heard of anybody bothering them."

Realizing there was a future for them in boxing, Michael and Leon began visiting a nearby recreation center and putting on the gloves. Before long, each began competing in national tournaments. Soon after, it was international competition.

By the time his amateur career was finished, Michael had won 88 out of 93 fights, capturing a National Golden Gloves title in 1974 and another in 1976, as well as the middleweight gold medal in the '76 Olympic Games.

Spinks' victim in the finals of those Games — Rufat Riskiev of the Soviet Union — was impressed with Michael's ability to control a fight. And also with his power. Riskiev later said, "Spinks is very good . . . and will make lots of rubles in your country."

The rubles have not torn holes in Michael Spinks pocket yet, and neither have the dollars. But they will. His long, hard job, potent hook and devastating right hand — which he calls the "Spinks Jinx" — appear to be taking the 6'2" light heavyweight closer to the top of his division.

While relaxing in the New York apartment of his close friend and promoter, Butch Lewis, Spinks recently talked openly with *The Ring's* Associate Editor, Randy Gordon.

Upon entering Lewis' apartment, the maid looked at Spinks curiously.

"Aren't you the fighter, uh, the one from the Olympics? Oh, what's your name?"

"It's Spinks, ma'am," said Michael, almost shyly.

"Spinks. That's it!" shouted the maid. "Spinks. Leon Spinks."

Michael Spinks smiled and turned to his interviewer.

"That's what happens when ya' have a more famous brother."

PULLING NO PUNCHES

MICHAEL SPINKS: LEON'S "LITTLE" BROTHER STEPS OUT OF THE SHADOW TO TALK ABOUT HIS LIFE, HIS FUTURE, DRUGS . . . AND LEON.

RING: *Are you much different than your brother, Leon?*

SPINKS: Yes, much different. Leon is outgoing, a real party man. He likes having people around him. I don't mind being around people, but I'm just as happy being alone. I get along good with myself. People even mistake me for Leon. Either that or they'll say, "Aren't you Leon Spinks's brother?" But I don't mind. Look, Leon is the former heavyweight champion of the world. He beat the great Ali. When people hear the name Spinks, they think of Leon. They also think of Leon wining a gold medal in Montreal before they think of me winning one.

RING: *Was that one of your proudest moments, winning that medal?*

SPINKS: Yes it was. That's because I was underrated. I was a nobody. Winning that medal was quite a thrill.

RING: *Here's a rumor you can kill right now or confirm. Stories have it that when the Olympic team went out for their morning roadwork, Leon would sometimes hide under a bed or in the bathroom. Then, when the team returned, Leon would splash water on himself, making it look like he was sweating. Is there truth to the story?*

SPINKS: (He smiles, then laughs) No. (A sly grin crosses his face.) Well, he did a little bit, but not in Montreal. He did that in training camp in Vermont, during the box-offs. He tried it in Montreal, but there was no way he was going to get away with it there. Sarge Johnson and the rest of the coaches would come in and check. Sometimes they'd even be waiting for us when we got back.

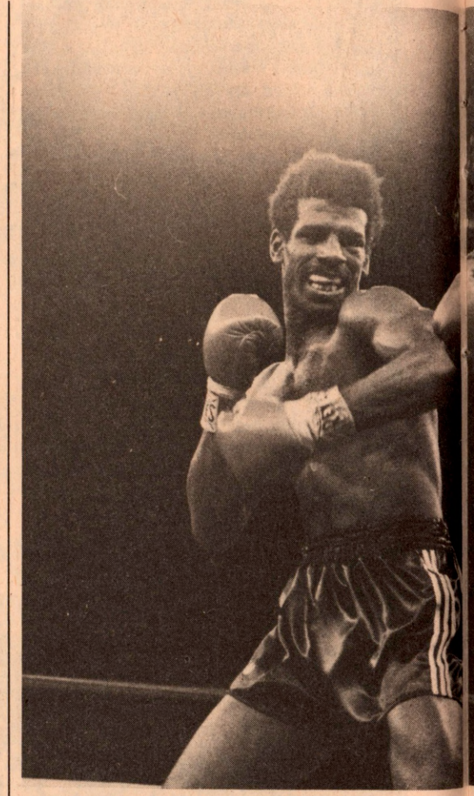
RING: *There's no question you love Leon. He's your own flesh and blood. But can you honestly say Leon has never been a headache to you?*

SPINKS: No, he hasn't been a headache to me. He's been a heartache. I've tried so hard to reach him, but he just won't listen. He's been going along with people who don't give two hoots about him. They're only around him because of the big money. Going into that first fight against Ali (in February 1978), Leon looked at Muhammad as just another fighter. I told him, "Leon, you got what it takes to beat Ali. You're tough, strong, determined and in great shape. You also can give Ali something he can't stand — pressure." He put it all together that night and beat Ali. Then all the backslappers — the leeches — came around. They are the lowest form of life I've ever known. Leon didn't know how to handle it. He listened to lots of advice, but it was all wrong. The leeches didn't want his friendship; they wanted his money. Leon thought they were his friends, so he let them stay around. I wanted to get rid of all of them — and they knew it. So they started badmouthing me and my mom to Leon. They told him "Your mom and Michael are family and you should love them, but family and boxing don't mix." They told him I was going to steer him wrong, that I was too protective. His head got all messed up. I ran all around the country after him. When we were alone, things seemed to be all right. But when he was around his new friends, he treated me different — like he didn't want me around, like he didn't trust me.

RING: *Are any of those "leeches" still around him?*

SPINKS: (His eyes drop) Yes. Yes.

RING: *On the night Leon won the title, you fought and beat Tom Bethea. You did not fight again for 10 months. In December 1978, you fought again. Ten months inactive, you were still sharp in stopping Eddie Phillips in the fourth round. After that fight you said you intended to stay active and win the light heavyweight title within one year. Suddenly, you disappeared and did not fight for 11 months. What happened?*



SPINKS: I was trying to save Leon, but I wound up nearly destroying myself with heartache. You see, the problems had not ended. The shysters and fast talkers were all around him. They were like flies around food at a picnic. They were all over him. They came from all sides. There was no stopping them, even after he lost to Ali.

RING: *Was there anybody besides yourself who tried to reach Leon?*

SPINKS Yeah. Butch Lewis. He tried, and Leon listened. But there were just so many shysters you needed an army to keep them away.

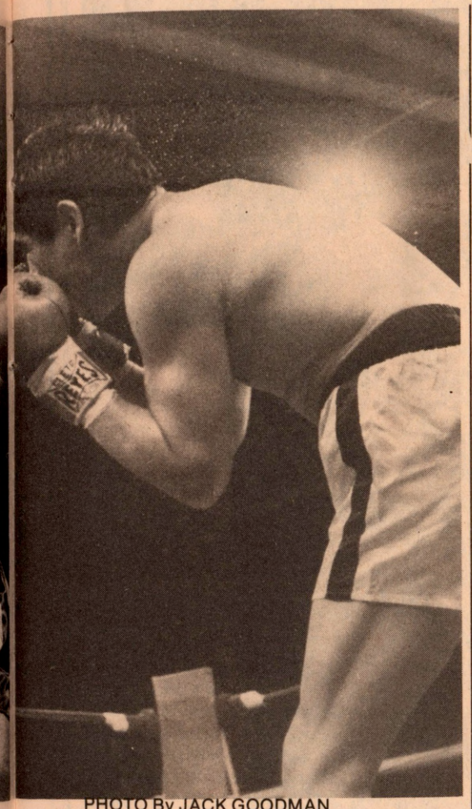


PHOTO By JACK GOODMAN

RING: *By the time the rematch against Ali rolled around, Leon had been stripped of xqthe title by the WBC for not signing to fight top contender Ken Norton. Was he depressed by this?*

SPINKS: Yes. I think that put a damper on some of his sunshine. But he had too many people around him giving him advice to be concerned with what the WBC was doing. Everybody wanted to be his best friend. He met a lot of them when he was popping from state-to-state, from party-to-party.

RING: *Speaking of parties and popping, to your knowledge did Leon ever pop pills or use drugs?*

SPINKS: I've never known Leon to do any of that. He did do some drinking; but never in training camp. Well, he did drink in training camp — if you consider beer. But he drank beer with eggs mixed in. Remember, Leon is a small heavyweight, under 200 pounds. Beer with eggs is nutritious and it puts on weight. It is also good for a person if he works out as hard as Leon is capable of working out.

RING: *Did Leon train hard for the rematch against Ali?*

SPINKS: Yes, he did. But remember, the leeches were with him. They took his mind off the fight, off the things he was supposed to do. He wasn't as dedicated as he was for the first bout.

RING: *There was total confusion in Leon's corner that night of the rematch. What was going on?*

SPINKS: It seemed everybody had pushed his way into the corner to give advice. I was in Leon's corner that night, and supposed to do the talking. Leon specifically wanted me to give him instructions. It got ridiculous — lots of yelling and (cupping his hands around his mouth) "Leon, listen to me" — by the fifth round. George Benton, who was working with me to give advice, got fed up and left. If it wasn't my brothers' corner I was working, I would have left, too.

RING: *Was Leon depressed after the fight?*

SPINKS: Yes, very. The depression continued in the days and weeks that followed. During that time he was longing for a friend. But the leeches were still there. Leon came to Philadelphia and we talked, but he was talking crazy. He really frustrated me. I was trying to reach him, but he wouldn't listen. He just said, "Man, you're deep, you're deep." I wasn't talking deep. I was just talking sense. I was frustrated, and kicked him in the leg. Leon just looked at me and said, "You do that again and I'm gonna beat your butt!" I said, "If it makes you happy, go ahead. But don't go tellin' me I'm deep just because I care." I told him the good Lord cared for him and got him where he was. I told him to wake up. I think I got through.

RING: *Did the knockout loss to Gerrie Coetzee shock you? And did it depress Leon?*

SPINKS: It sure shocked me, but Leon wasn't depressed. He was a little sad. But he got over it quickly. I think he'll be back, and I think he'll be better than ever.

RING: *In his first fight after being stopped by Coetzee, Leon fought Alfredo Evangelista. What did you think of him in that fight?*

SPINKS: You're not gonna believe this. My mom and I missed the fight because we were praying. We were late coming down from our room as it was. Then, as we were leaving, my mom said, "Michael, let's pray." We joined hands and prayed. When we left the room, a maid said, "Where are you going? The fight's over." I got really mad, but then calmed down and thanked the Lord. After all, that's what we were there for — to be with Leon, not to watch a fight.

RING: *Do you think he'll ever regain the title, especially with all the young tigers such as Michael Dokes, Gerry Cooney, Greg Page, Pinklon Thomas and others coming up?*

SPINKS: The real Leon Spinks will beat all of them.

RING: *And what about the real Michael Spinks?*

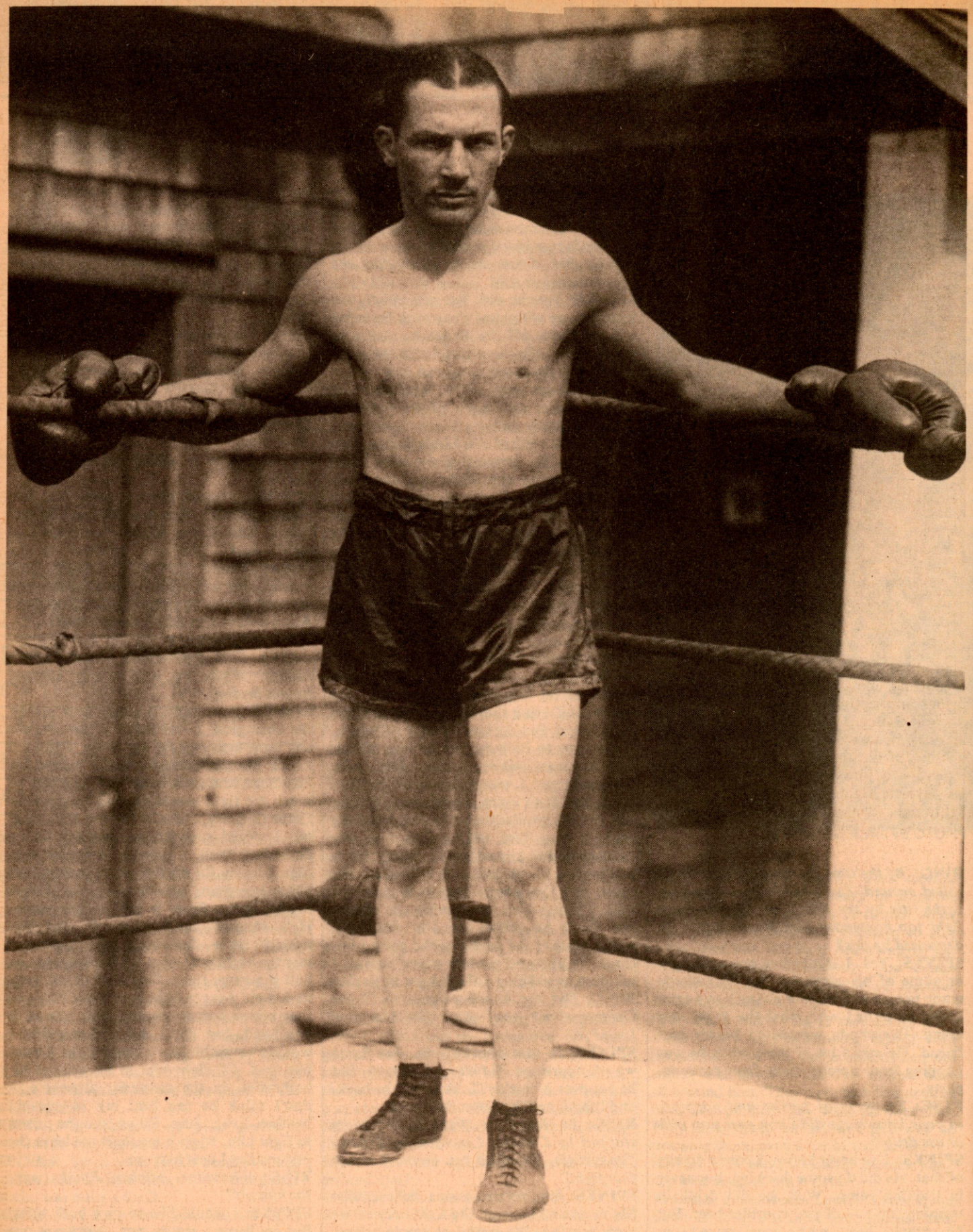
SPINKS: You've always seen the real Michael Spinks. You saw the real Michael Spinks knock Ray Elson cold with one right hand. You saw Michael Spinks destroy Ramon Ronquillo virtually one-handed, the same Ramon Ronquillo who stopped former champion Mike Rossman. And I believe I'm only getting better.

RING: *Make up a list of light heavyweights. Give us your own personal world ratings. Where do you believe Michael Spinks belongs?*

SPINKS: Truthfully, I would rate myself the champion. I feel that I'm better than any light heavyweight out there. I feel I'd knock Marvin Johnson out; I believe I'd bust Saad Muhammad up — I'd hit him so much the fight would have to be stopped; Eddie Gregory, I would have to trick him, but I would stop Eddie Gregory; Victor Galindez? Well, I watched Johnson beat him. I know I'd do the same, only easier; Mike Rossman, first round! And James Scott? James Scott is talking too much. He's shootin' his mouth off that I'm nothin' more than a skinny, blown-up middleweight and that he'll break me in half if we ever fight. That kind of talk only makes me want to fight him more. I'll go to that prison tomorrow and beat him with one hand, just like I did to Ronquillo. I wouldn't even hit him with my right. I want him bad. I'll fight him in his cell, in his bathroom, in the cafeteria, anywhere. I don't think he can beat my 14-year-old brother, Evan. Sure, I'll go into the prison to fight him. I just hope thqet me leave the prison after I beat him up!

RING: *What does Michael Spinks want for himself?*

SPINKS: I would like to own both titles. But not being a greedy man, whichever one I can get my hands on first, I'll be satisfied.



THE GREAT

B·E·N·N·Y L·E·O·N·A·R·D

A MASTER WRITER REMEMBERS A MASTER BOXER

BY BUDD SCHULBERG

In 1920, when my father B.P. was organizing one of the pioneer film companies and setting up shop at the (L.B.) Mayer-Schulberg Studio in downtown Los Angeles, he was a passionate fight fan. An habitue of the old Garden on Madison Square — before our western migration — his favorite fighter had been the Jewish lightweight Benjamin Leiner who fought under the nom-de-boxe of Benny Leonard. On the eve of my seventh birthday, my hero was neither the new cowboy star Tom Mix nor the acrobatic Doug Fairbanks. I didn't hoard the trade face cards of the current baseball stars like the other kids on Riverside Drive. Babe Ruth could hit fifty-four homers that year (when no one else had ever hit more than 16 in the history of the League) and I really didn't care. The legendary Ty Cobb could break a batting record almost every time he came up to the plate but no chill came to my skin at the mention of his name. That sensation was reserved for Benny Leonard.

He was doing with his fists what the Adolph Zukors and William Foxes, and soon the L. B. Mayers and the B. P. Schulbergs, were doing in their studios and their theaters, proving the advantage of brain over brawn, fighting the united efforts of the *goyim* establishment to keep them in their ghettos.

Jewish boys on their way to *schule* on the Sabbath had tasted the fists and felt the shoe-leather of the righteous Irish and Italian Christian children who crowded them, shouted "You killed our Christ!", and avenged their gentle Savior with blows and kicks. But sometimes the young victim surprised his enemies by fighting back, like Abe Attell, who won the featherweight championship of the world at the turn of the century, or Abe Goldstein, who beat up a small army of Irish contenders on his way to the bantamweight title. But our superhero was Benny Leonard. "The Great Benny Leonard." That's how he was always referred to in our household. There was The Great Houdini. The Great Caruso. *And* The Great Benny Leonard.

My father gave me a scrapbook, with a picture of Benny in a fighting stance on the cover, and I recognized his face and could spell out his name even before I was able to read. In 1920 he was only twenty-four years old, just four years younger than my hero-worshipping old man, but he had been undefeated lightweight champion of the world ever since he knocked out the former champion, Freddie Welsh, in the Madison Square Garden.

B. P. knew Benny Leonard personally. All up-and-coming young Jews in New York knew Benny Leonard personally. They would take time off from their lunch hour or their afternoon activities to watch him train. They bet hundreds and often thousands of dollars on him in stirring contests against Rocky Kansas, Ever Hammer, Willie Ritchie, Johnny Dundee, Pal Moran, Joe Welling . . . He was only five-foot-six, and his best fighting weight was a few pounds over one-hundred-and-thirty, but he was one of those picture-book fighters who come along once or twice in a generation, a master boxer with a knockout punch, a poised technician who came into the ring with his hair plastered down and combed back with a part in the middle, in the approved style of the day, and whose boast was that no matter whom he fought, "I never even get my hair mussed!" After his hand was raised in victory, he would run his hand back over his sleek black hair, and my father, and Al Kaufman, and Al Lichtman, and the rest of the triumphant Jewish rooting section would roar in delight, as half a century later Ali's fans would raise the decibel level at the sight of the Ali Shuffle. To shake in his invincibility. To see him climb into the ring sporting the six-pointed Jewish star on his fighting trunks was to anticipate sweet revenge for all the bloody noses, split lips, and mocking laughter at pale little Jewish boys who had run the neighborhood gantlet.

One of my old man's pals practically cornered the market on the early motion-picture insurance business. But all through his life he would be singled out as the unique amateur boxer who not only had sparred with Benny Leonard, but had actually knocked Great Benny down! Every time Artie Stebbins came to our house, my father prefaced his arrival by describing that historic event. Artie Stebbins had a slightly flattened nose and looked like a fighter. He would have gone on to a brilliant professional career — B. P. had convinced himself — except for an unfortunate accident in which his opponent had died in the ring. No matter how modestly he dismissed the legendary knockdown of Benny Leonard — "I think Benny slipped . . ." or "I just happened to tag him right" — that knockdown remained with him as a badge of honor. My father would say with a note of awe, "He might have been another Benny Leonard!"

But when I was going on seven, there was only one Benny Leonard; my scrapbook fattened on his victories. In those days fighters fought three or four times in a single month. Benny had been an undernourished fifteen-year-old when he first climbed into the professional ring, getting himself knocked out by one Mickey Finnegan in three rounds. A year later he was knocked out again by the veteran Joe Shugrue. But from the time he reached the seasoned age of eighteen, he had gone on to win more than a hundred and fifty fights, in an era in which the lightweight division was known for its class. The Great Benny Leonard had gone to the post twenty-six times in 1919 alone, and almost every one of his opponents was a name known to the cognoscenti. As for me, I had only one ambition, to become a world champion like The Great Benny Leonard. Or rather, two ambitions, for the second was to see The Great Benny in action.

When I asked my father if he could take me to the Joe Welling fight, he said he thought I was a little young to stay up so late. Instead he had promised to tell me all about it when he came home. That night, I waited for Father to bring news of the victory. In what round had our Star of the Ghetto vanquished the dangerous Joe Welling? How I wish I were in Madison Square Garden — old enough to smoke big cigars and go to the fights like my father!

I have no idea what time Daddy got home that night. Probably three or four in the morning. Where had he gone with his pals after the fight? The Screen Club? The Astor? "21?" A dozen other speaks? The apartment of a friendly young extra girl who hoped to become a Preferred feature player? When my father finally gave me the blow-by-blow next evening, he admitted that our hero had underestimated Welling's appetite for punishment. B.P. and the rest of the young Jewish fancy had bet that Welling would fall in Ten, as Leonard had predicted. But Welling was nobody's pushover, and he had even fought the referee who finally stopped the fight. B. P. was out five hundred smackers. He and his pals had gone back to the dressing room to see the triumphant Benny, and the fistic Star of David, still proud of his hair-comb, apologized for leading his rooters astray. B. P. told Benny about my scrapbook, and the Great B. L. promised to autograph it for me. Then the boys went out on the town to celebrate Jewish power.

When Father told me about the Joe Welling fight and helped me paste the clippings into my bulging scrapbook, I begged him to take me with him to the next Great Benny Leonard fight. "When you're a little older," he promised.

In the early weeks of 1921, he brought me the news. Great Benny had just signed to defend his title against Richie Mitchell in the Garden! Now Richie Mitchell was no ordinary contender. He was a better boxer than Joe Welling, and a harder puncher. He was three inches taller than Benny Leonard, in the prime of his youth, strength, and ability at twenty-five, and had more than held his own against all the good ones and some of the great ones: Wolgast, Kilbane, Tendler, Dundee, Charlie White, Joe Rivers . . . Only once in his impressive nine-year career had Richie Mitchell been knocked out. The Great Benny Leonard had turned the trick when I was three years old. My old man had taken the train to Milwaukee to see it, and had come back flushed with victory and victory's rewards.

Now it was time for the rematch, and Richie Mitchell had come to New York confident of reversing the only loss on his record. The day of the fight I boasted to my classmates, "I'm g-g-going to M-M-Madison Square Garden tonight t-to s-see the -G-G-Great B-B-Benny Leonard!" Even if they had been able to understand me, I don't think the other kids would have known what I was talking about. When it came to boxing they were illiterates. They simply had no idea that the Rematch between the Great Benny Leonard and the Number One Contender Richie Mitchell was more of an earth-shaker than the election of a new President, the arrival of Prohibition, or the publication of *This Side of Paradise.*

When the moment arrived, Mother helped me dress for my mid-January adventure. I was wearing long white stockings and a blue velvet suit with fur-lined coat and hat. All that was lacking was one of my father's big Cuban cigars. But it didn't matter. I would smoke it vicariously as I sat beside him in the front ringside seats near out idol's corner that B. P. always got from the Great Benny Leonard.

"Well, Buddy," my father said as we got out of the cab near the crowded entrance to the Garden, "I kept my promise. Your mother thought you were still too young. I wanted you to see the Great Benny Leonard in his prime. It's something you'll remember the rest of your life."

There were thousands and thousands of big people, a lot of them wearing derbies, a lot of them puffing on big cigars, a lot of them red-faced from winter wind and the forbidden but ever plentiful alcohol, bellying and elbowing their way toward the entrance to the Garden.

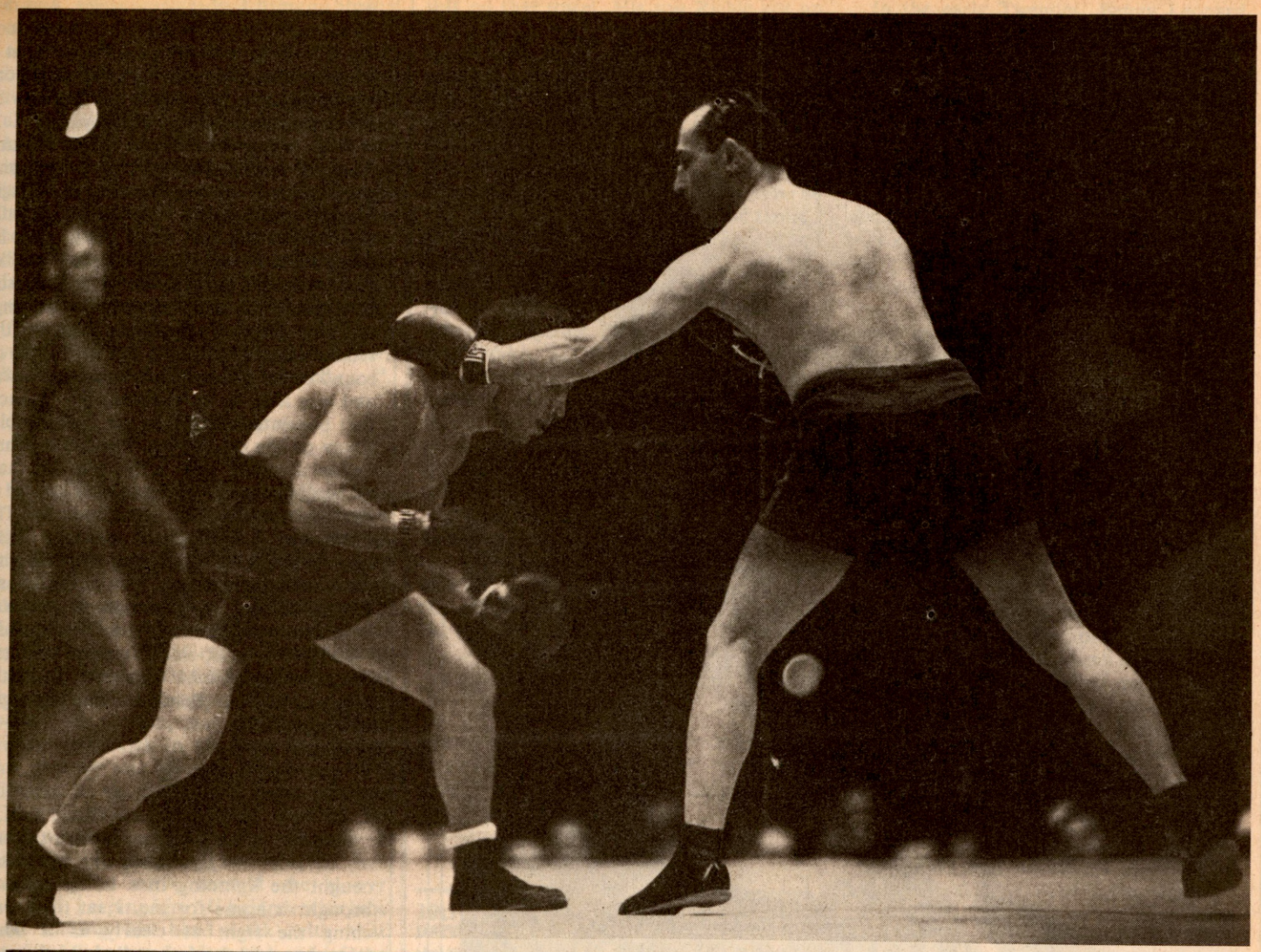
As we reached the turnstile, my father urged me ahead of him and held out a pair of tickets. A giant of a guard in uniform glanced at him, then looked in vain for the holder of the other ticket. When he saw where Father was pointing, his voice came down to me in a terrible pronouncement: "What are ya, nuts or somethin'? You can't take that little kid in here; Ya gotta be sixteen years old!"

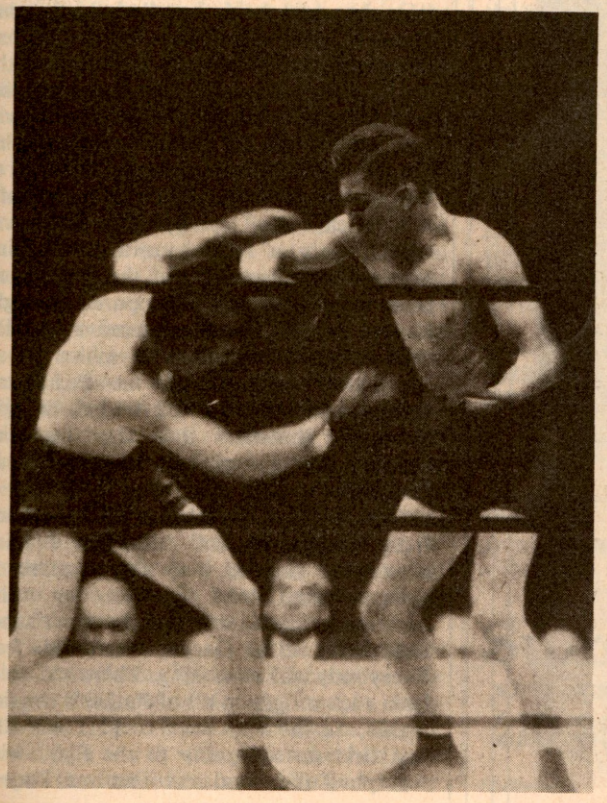
My father argued. He bargained and bribed. But in a city known for its Jimmy Walker-like corruption, we had come upon that rare bird, an honest guardian of the law.

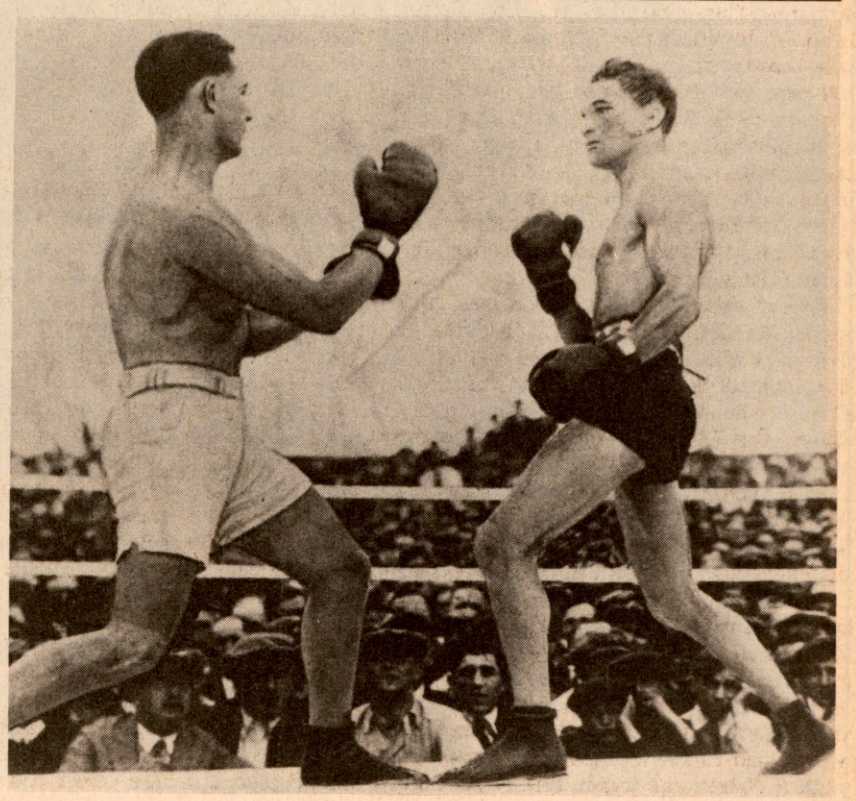
By this time Father was telling me to For Christ sake, stop crying! He was frantic. The preliminaries had already started, and in those days before television and radio, there were no extra bouts standing by to hold the audience until the pre-announced time for the Star Bout. If there were early knockouts in the prelims, B. P. ran the risk of missing The Great Benny. And we were all the way down on East 23rd Street, miles from home on Riverside Drive near 100th Street. If traffic was heavy he might miss the event of a lifetime. But there was nothing for it but to hail a cab, tell the cabbie to speed across town and up the West Side, wait for him to dispose of his sobbing and expendable baggage, and race back to the Garden. Delivered to my mother, awash with tears, I stammered out my tale of injustice. I would have to wait ten long years to be admitted to the Garden, and by that time our champion would be retired from the ring. Now I would never see him, I cried, never in my whole life!

Mother tried everything in her repertoire of child psychology to console me. But it was too late. For me life simply had come to an end at that turnstile into Madison Square Garden.

To ease the tragedy, I was allowed to







wait up until Father came home. And this time, sensitive to the crisis, he did not linger with his cronies over highballs at a friendly speakeasy. He came directly from the Garden, his fine white skin flushed with the excitement of what had happened.

B. P. had given the taxi driver an extra five-spot to disregard the speed limits and get him back to the Garden on a magic carpet. As he rushed through the turnstile and looked for the aisle to his seat, he heard a roar from the crowd that was like the howl of a jungle full of wild beasts. Everybody was standing up and screaming, blocking his view. A frantic glance at the second clock told him it was the middle of round three. When he got closer to his seat and was able to see the ring, the spectacle that presented itself was the Unthinkable. There on the canvas was The Great Benny Leonard. And not only was his hair mussed, his eyes were dimmed as he tried to shake his head back to consciousness. The count went on, "Six . . . seven . . . eight . . ." Thousands of young Jews like my father were shouting "Get up! Get up, Benny! Get up!" And another multitude of Irish and anti-Semitic rooters for Mitchell, "You got 'I'm, Richie! You got that little mockie sonuvabitch!" But just before the count of 10 Great Benny Leonard managed to stagger to his feet.

No, I wasn't there, but my father had caught the lightning in a bottle and had brought it home for me. I sat there watching the fight as clearly as if home television had been installed thirty years ahead of time. Our Benny was on his feet but the quick brain that usually directed the series of rapid jabs and classic right crosses was full of cobwebs. Billy Mitchell was leaning through the ropes and cupping his old fighter's hands to urge his son to "move in, move in Richie, finish 'im!" And Richie was trying, oh how he was trying, only a split second from being Lightweight Champion of the World, one more left hook, one more punishing right hand . . . But Benny covered up, rolled with punches, slipped a haymaker by an instinctive fraction of an inch, and managed to survive until the bell brought Leonard's handlers into the ring with smelling salts, ice, and the other traditional restoratives.

In the next round Richie Mitchell sprang from his corner full of fight, running across the ring to keep the pressure on Leonard and land his bruising combinations while he still held the upper hand. Everybody in the Garden was on his feet. Everybody was screaming. There had never been such a fight in all of Father's ringside nights, all the way back to 1912 when he had first started going to the fights with Adolph Zukor and the Famous Players

crowd. Benny was retreating, boxing cautiously, gradually beginning to focus on Mitchell's combative eyes. "On his bicycle,' they called it, dodging and running and slipping off the ropes, using all the defensive tactics he had learned in his street fights on the lower East Side and in those one hundred and fifty battles inside the ropes. And as he retreated he was talking to Mitchell (shades of Ali half a century later!), "Is that the best you can do? I thought you hit harder than that? Look, I'll put my hands down, what do you wanna bet you can't hit me? Come on, if you think you've got me hurt, why don't you fight? You look awful slow to me, Richie, looks like you're getting tired . . ."

That round had been more of a debate than a boxing match, with Benny winning the verbal battle and Richie swinging wildly and futilely as he tried to chop Benny down. At the end of the round the ferocious Richie Mitchell did look tired and a little discouraged. The drumfire of backtalk from Leonard had disconcerted him. He had let Benny get his goat, exactly what the champion wanted. Some remorseless clock in his head was telling him that he was blowing the chance of a lifetime. In the next round Benny was the Great Benny again. His head clearing, his body weathering the storm, he was ready to take charge. Back on his toes, he was beginning to move around the slower Mitchell, keeping him off balance with jabs and rocking his head back with that straight right hand. Near the end of the round Mitchell went to his knees.

How many times Father refought Round Six for me over the years. Benny Leonard's hair was combed straight back again. There was no more talking to distract the near-victorious opponent. Benny was all business. Lefts and rights found Mitchell's now unprotected face. Both eyes were cut and blood dripped from his nose. Caught in a buzzsaw of fast hard punches that seemed to tear his face apart, the brave Irish brawler went down. But he took his count and rose again to face more of the same. Now it was not boxing but slaughterhouse seven and the more humane among the crowd, including the Benny Leonard fans who had bet a bundle it would be over in eight, were imploring the referee to "Stop it! Stop it!" For Mitchell was down again, and he seemed to be looking directly into his own corner, but there was so much blood running down into his eyes that he was unseeing.

"I was watching his father, Billy Mitchell," my father told me. "I could see the whole thing being fought out in Billy Mitchell's face. He was holding a bloody towel, the towel with which he had just wiped the face of his son. His own blood was on that towel. His son Richie got up again. God almighty he was game. He would look at Benny as if to say 'you're going to have to kill me to stop me.' And Benny, he told us this a lot of times, he loved to win but he doesn't like to punish them once he knows he has them licked. He was hoping the referee would stop the fight. But the ref waved him on. Maybe he was betting on Mitchell. Maybe he figured anyone with the punch of a Richie Mitchell deserved that one extra round to see if he could land a lucky or a desperate punch. Now it seemed as if the entire Garden was chanting together 'Stop it! Stop it! For God's sake, STOP IT!' And then as the slaughter went on, as The Great Benny Leonard went on ripping Richie Mitchell's face to bloody shreds, finally Billy Mitchell, that tough Mick, couldn't stand it any longer. He raised the bloody towel and tossed it over the top rope into the ring. And then, while Richie's kid brother Pinky and another handler climbed into the ring to revive their battered contender, Pop Mitchell lowered his head into his arms on the apron of the ring and cried like a baby."

BENNY LEONARD

Born: April 7, 1896, New York City, N.Y. **Died:** April 18, 1947, New York City, N.Y. **Height:** 5'5" **Weight:** 133 pounds

TITLE BOUTS

1917

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
May 28	Freddie Welsh (Won World Lightweight Title)	New York City, N.Y.	KO 9
July 25	Johnny Kilbane (Retained World Lightweight Title)	Philadelphia, Pa.	KO 3

1920

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
July 5	Charley White (Retained World Lightweight Title)	Benton Harbor, Mich.	KO 9
Nov. 26	Joe Welling (Retained World Lightweight Title)	New York City, N.Y.	KO 14

1921

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
Jan. 14	Richie Mitchell (Retained World Lightweight Title)	New York City, N.Y.	KO 6

1922

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
Feb. 10	Rocky Kansas (Retained World Lightweight Title)	New York City, N.Y.	W 15
June 26	Jack Britton (For World Welterweight Title)	New York City, N.Y.	LF 13

1923

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
July 24	Lew Tendler (Retained World Lightweight Title)	New York City, N.Y.	W 15

Summary

BOUTS	WINS	LOSSES	DRAWS	KO'S	*ND
210	89	5	1	71	115

*No Decision

from *The Ring Record Book*

In the early Twenties, Benny Leonard was enjoying the sweet fruits of Summer, his harvest season of success. On the New Year's Eve of bountiful 1925 he had saved enough money to announce his retirement as undefeated lightweight champion of the world. Still only twenty-nine, he could look forward to a life of ease as a coupon clipper who could keep one eye on his investments and the other on his physical fitness as he played golf and handball and traveled south for the winter. He was enjoying the autumn of his life. but winter set in prematurely with the Crash of 1929. Leonard saw his ring savings shrink, dwindle, and finally disappear.

In 1931, at the age of thirty-five, he announced his comeback to the ring. After beating a string of nobodies he was matched with Jimmy McLarnin. Back home in Los Angeles I had watched "Baby Face" Jimmy fight his way to the top of his profession, from bantamweight to welter, against top fighters like Fidel LaBarba, Bud Taylor, and Joey Sangor. He seemed to specialize in destroying illustrious Jewish lightweights: Jackie Fields, Sid Terris, Al Singer, Ruby Goldstein . . .

From Dartmouth College, where I was then a freshman, I phoned my father in Hollywood for an extra fifty dollars to go to New York to see The Great Benny Leonard, at last, against our hometown sensation, the still baby-faced twenty-four year-old hailed by western sportswriters as a coming champion. With excitement building in me as on the day of the Leonard-Mitchell debacle, I promised to phone B. P. at the studio after the fight.

But when I got back to my hotel from that chill October fight night I didn't have the heart to place the call. I felt like getting in my Chevy and driving the long winding miles back to New Hampshire. The Great Benny Leonard, when I finally caught up with him ten years too late, was a rather paunchy over-the-hill lightweight with thinning hair, a tentative jab, and uncertain footwork, no match for the fast, young and lethal Jimmy McLarnin who toyed with him before knocking him out in six of the saddest rounds I ever saw.

Our Great Benny Leonard never should have been in there with a gifted young champion like Jimmy McLarnin. In the Fall of '32 old Benny was the Ghost of Chanukah Past. Fifteen years later, after serving as Lieutenant Commander supervising boxing in the Navy, Benny Leonard would be in the ring refereeing a fight in the wonderfully decrepit St. Nicholas Arena when he received a knockout blow more deadly than anything Richie Mitchell or Jimmy McLarnin could inflict. Felled by a heart attack, he died there in the ring he had dominated throughout my childhood. To this day I can still hear that guardian of the turnstiles who stopped me from seeing The Great Benny Leonard in his glory years. ■

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NEW FACES

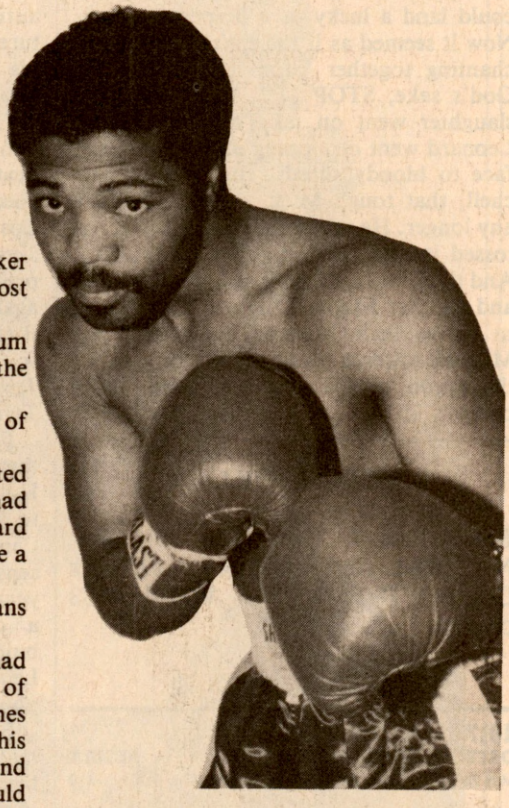


PHOTO By JACK GOODMAN

AARON PRYOR

Madison Square Garden matchmaker Gil Clancy calls Aaron Pryor "the most avoided lightweight in the world."

Promoter-matchmaker Don Elbaum calls Pryor the "best lightweight in the world."

And Aaron Pryor agrees with both of them.

The man who would have represented the United States in the 1976 Olympics had it not been for a loss by decision to Howard Davis Jr. in the Olympic Trials is as fine a lightweight as there is in the world.

Aaron Pryor. Only a number of fans know the name. Even less know the face.

"Everybody would have known me had it been me going to the Olympics instead of Davis," said the man who lost just 16 times in 220 amateur bouts, counting among his amateur victims Thomas Hearns and Hilmer Kenty. "I would be known. I would be rich. And I would be a champion. Now I'm just a struggling contender looking for a break, waiting for some top name to fight me."

(Editor's Note: As we go to press, Pryor was only days away from boxing highly-regarded Julio "Diablito" Valdez.)

"I have nothing against Davis. In fact, we've become pretty good friends. He made me a vegetarian. I eat no red meat at all. Any of the old-timers who believe abstaining from meat weakens a fighter can ask any of the guys I have fought if they think I'm weak. Davis is also a vegetarian. Keeping away from meat doesn't seem to slow him down or weaken him any, either. I believe he'll win a piece of the lightweight title, but I also see him retiring a year later. My main concern is not with Davis, though. It's getting somebody to fight me; some top contender. If it has to be Davis, fine. If it's Kenty, Watt, Espana — or anybody else — that's fine, too. I fought Kenty seven times in the amateurs. I stopped him on five of those occasions. He's improved a great deal and now he's a champion. But he's not the only one who has improved a lot. All I want is a chance to prove myself."

A resident of Cincinnati, Pryor has become the city's hottest fistic attraction since the days of Ezzard Charles. Manager Buddy LaRosa, a self-made success in business, says, "Pryor can out-punch the punchers and out-box the boxers. He knows what he's doing in that ring. I don't know of a lightweight in the world who can beat him. He's just too much. He will become world champion the first time he fights for the title."

Pryor likens himself to Rocky Balboa of "Rocky," but "only in heart and determination, not in skill," he is quick to point out. "The things that happened to Rocky Balboa happened to me. After fighting Apollo Creed the first time, everybody wanted to shake Rocky's hand and slap him on the back. But nobody wanted to give him a job. After I lost to Davis in the Olympic Trials, everybody was there to say, 'Hey, great fight.' But when it came to giving me a job, the best people could say or do was, 'You're a great fighter, Aaron. Keep going . . . Sorry I can't offer you a job.' I'll bet half of Cincinnati has job applications from me. But I just keep plugging away, just like Rocky. Ernesto Espana once was offered $100,000 to fight me in Cincinnati. He said 'no.' He wanted to fight me in his home country of Venezuela. I should have taken it. I'll fight anybody, anywhere. That title means as much to me as it did to Rocky."

And just like Rocky, Pryor is prepared to take a beating if it means fighting for and winning a world championship.

"I'm not going to quit," says Pryor. "I don't care how hard a fight may be. My eyes are going to have to be closed. My nose is going to have to be broken, and I'm still going to keep coming." Just like "Rocky."

AARON PRYOR

Height: 5'6½" **Weight:** 135 pounds **Born:** Oct. 20, 1955 **Amateur Record:** 204-16

1976

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
Nov. 12	Larry Smith	Cincinnati	KO 4

1977

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
Feb. 1	Larry Moore	Cincinnati	KO 4
Feb. 24	Harvey Wilson	Cincinnati	KO 1
Mar. 12	Nicky Willis	Lincoln Heights	KO 1
Mar. 26	Isaac Vega	Cincinnati	KO 2
May 7	Jose Resto	Cincinnati	W 8
Sept. 3	Melvin Young	Covington	KO 4
Oct. 7	Johnny Summerhays	Cincinnati	W 8
Nov. 4	Angel Cintron	Cincinnati	KO 3

1978

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
Jan. 16	Robert Tijernia	Cincinnati	KO 2
Mar. 1	Ron Pettigrew	Dayton	KO 5
Mar. 10	Al Franklin	Cincinnati	KO 3
May 3	Scotty Foreman	Miami Beach	KO 6
July 18	Marion Thomas	Dayton	KO 8

1979

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
Mar. 16	Johnny Copeland	Cincinnati	KO 7
Apr. 13	Norman Goins	Cincinnati	KO 9
Apr. 27	Freddie Harris	Dayton	KO 3
May 11	Al Ford	Cincinnati	KO 3
June 23	Jose Fernandez	Cincinnati	KO 1
Oct. 20	Peppermint Frazier	Cincinnati	KO 5

1980

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
Feb. 24	Juan Garcia	Las Vegas	KO 1

Summary

BOUTS	WINS	LOSSES	DRAWS	KO'S
21	21	0	0	19

from *The Ring Record Book*

RAY MANCINI

"I watch every step that this man takes,
I listen to every sound that this man makes."
Those are the opening lines of a poem written by Ray Mancini in 1974. The poem is about his father, Lenny Mancini, the former lightweight contender of the 1940's. To understand the love, admiration, adulation and respect Ray has for his father is to understand the force that drives Mancini towards great heights as a professional boxer.

"I touch every part of this man's face,
I hold this man's body when we embrace."

Ray Mancini has not chosen professional boxing as a career because he had no other road to turn to. As a student in Youngstown, Ohio's Cardinal Mooney High School, Mancini was an honor student, a talented artist, an all-around athlete and class president.

Neither has Mancini turned to the land of flat noses out of the frustration of a broken home and a childhood deprived of love. Mancini has more respect, is closer and more in love with his parents — Lenny and Ellen — than any young man you can find.

"I cry every tear that this man cries,
"I try every task that this man tries."

Then why has Mancini – who looks like a young John Cassavettes — chosen to spend the prime years of his life as a boxer where the demands are great, a social life is unheard of and the rewards are only for the very talented or very lucky?

"It's something I have to do," said Mancini. Something he has to do out of devotion and respect for his father.

"I keep every memory that this man keeps,
I leap every mountain that this man leaps."

In 1941, Lenny Mancini was *The Ring's* top lightweight contender. In May of that year, he fought lightweight champion Sammy Angott in a non-title 10-rounder in Cleveland. Mancini, nicknamed "Boom Boom" because of his exciting, walk-in-and-begin-punching style, lost a split-decision to Angott. A rematch—but this time for the title—was signed. Many experts believed Mancini would beat Angott the second time around. But before the bout could be held, Mancini was drafted into the United States Army. He saw extensive combat in Europe, and was awarded a Purple Heart. The United States had won their greatest battle. Mancini would never get to win his — the lightweight championship of the world.

"That's what I'm all about," said Ray. "I intend to win the title my father never did."

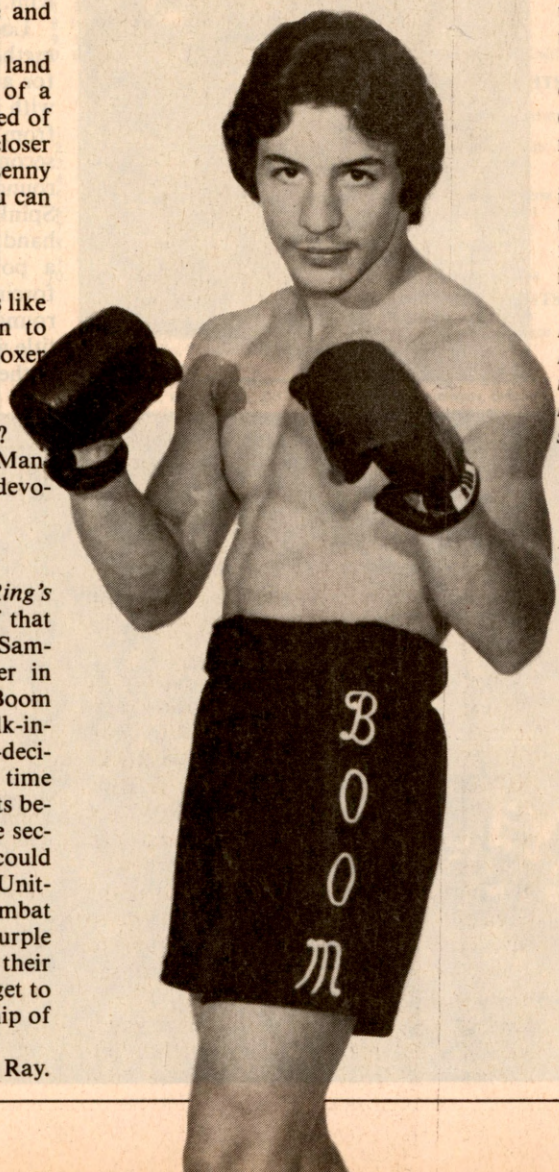
"I want to be like this courageous man,
For I love this man the best way I can."

Mancini was discovered by trainer Murphy Griffith in early 1979, at the Golden Gloves national in Indianapolis.

Sent there by author-writer-fight manager Dave Wolf to scout young talent, Griffith — a cousin of former five-time champion Emile Griffith — called Wolf after watching Mancini fight.

"I've found a little Rocky Graziano," said Griffith excitedly. "He's so exciting to watch that you're gonna have a drawing card right off the bat."

Meeting with young Mancini and his parents, Wolf signed "Boom Boom Jr." to a professional contract, one that Wolf expects will carry Mancini not only to the lightweight championship, but to the junior welterweight and welterweight titles as well.



"I love you dad, I really want you to know,
I want to be like you, and walk in your shadow."

"I've seen a lot of fighters," said Wolf, "but never one as exciting as 'Boom Boom.' He doesn't just knock his opponents out, he sends them flying. Four of his opponents were sent to the hospital after Mancini got through with them. And the beautiful thing about him is that he doesn't just come out and start winging shots from all over. He boxes beautifully, inching his way in close. Once inside, he throws short, picturesque punches. We could probably rush him and have him fighting for the title by the end of this year, but we're not going to. He's young and we're going to take our time."

Lenny Mancini has always been interested in Ray's athletic prowess, but was never overly excited with his son's pugilistic aspirations.

"He actually tried to talk me out of turning pro," said the younger Mancini. "He told me how lonely a life it is and how painful. I know all about that. But I told him I intended to do it. Do it for him."

"I want to feel this man's pains,
I want to be locked in this man's chains.
I want to be his model, and live with his great name;
For I am this man's son, and I'll never bear shame."

RAY MANCINI

Height: 5'6½" **Weight:** 135 pounds
Born: Mar. 4, 1961 **Amateur Record:** 43-7, 23 Knockouts

1979

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
Oct. 18	Phil Bowen	Struthers	KO 1
Nov. 13	Lou Daniels	Phoenix	W 6
Nov. 24	Rick Patterson	Washington	KO 2
Dec. 14	Roberto Perez	Dallas	KO 1

1980

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
Jan. 15	Dale Gordon	Youngstown	KO 1
Jan. 22	Charlie Evans	Indianapolis	KO 2
Jan. 26	Romiro Hernandez	Jackson	KO 3

Summary

BOUTS	WINS	LOSSES	DRAWS	KO'S
7	7	0	0	6

FIGHTER OF THE MONTH

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PAUL GUEZ, PRESIDENT.

KENTY & MAMBY

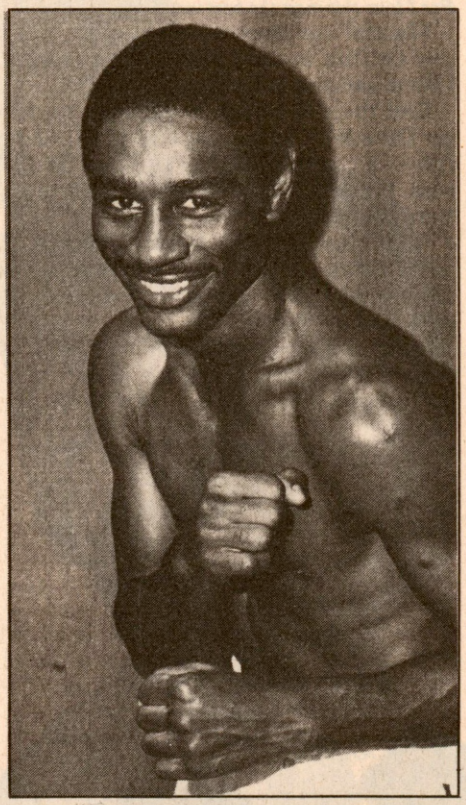
In a rare move, *The Ring* has selected two boxers as "Fighters of the Month." They are Detroit's Hilmer Kenty and New York's Saoul Mamby.

Kenty, in his 17th fight, lifted — or rather, punched — the WBA lightweight crown off the head of titleholder Ernesto Espana of Venezuela in nine of the most brutal rounds the lightweight division has ever seen.

Kenty never bothered to take a moment to "feel out" the champion. At the opening bell he swarmed all over him, firing shots intended to knock him out. Midway through the round, Kenty carelessly hung his chin in front of an Espana right, and went down. Up immediately, Kenty moved right back into the champion, still willing to swap blows. From there on in, the fight belonged to Kenty.

Saoul Mamby was considered such an underdog against WBC junior welterweight king Sang-Hyun Kim, that his handlers were less than enthused about making the trip to Korea with him. The only person with any confidence in Mamby was the fighter himself.

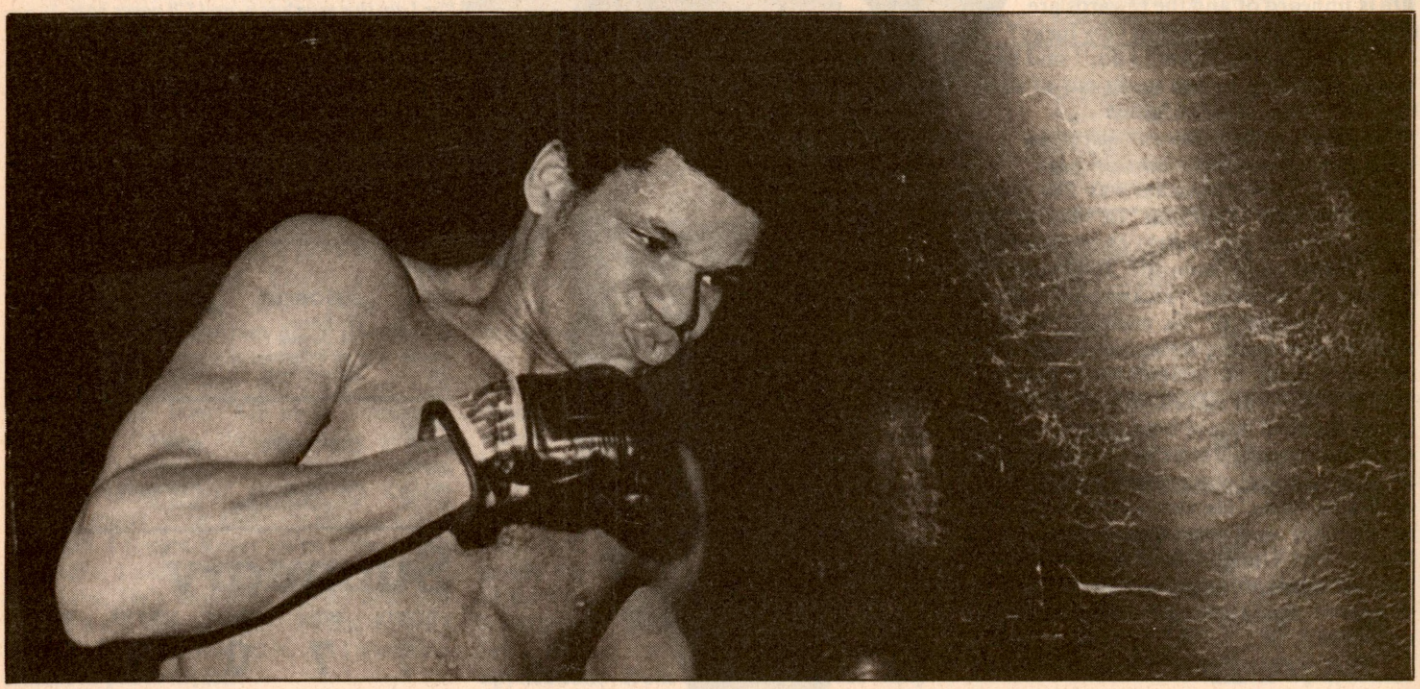
So Saoul went to Seoul with his 23-12-5 record (10 knockouts), knowing he had to knock out Kim to win. By the 10th round, the 22-year-old Kim began to tire, and the 33-year-old Mamby began to grow stronger. Midway through the 14th round a hard left-right to the chin sent the South Korean crashing to the canvas where he was counted out by referee Harry Gibbs.



The stunning, impressive victories by Mamby and Kenty earn both new champions a one-year supply of clothes from Sasson Jeans, Inc., compliments of Sasson President Paul Guez.

Other fighters considered for the monthly honors were Rocky Lockridge, Howard Davis Jr., Michael Spinks, and Tae-Shik Kim.

Lockridge showed world-class form in methodically outpunching Fel Clemente for a seventh-round TKO. Davis, fighting with a hairline fracture of his right hand, from the fourth round on, overcame a second-round knockdown to win a 12-round decision against Vilomar Fernandez. Spinks, also fighting with an injured right hand, beat Ramon Ronquillo savagely with a powerful left jab and slashing hook, forcing him to quit after six one-sided rounds. And Kim won the WBA flyweight title when he kayoed Panama's Luis Ibarra in the second round.



RING'S INTERNATIONAL RATINGS

BY MICHAEL J. ROARTY, VICE-PRESIDENT MARKETING, ANHEUSER-BUSCH, INC.

Premiering in this issue of *Ring* Magazine, Budweiser beer proudly presents The *Ring*'s International Ratings — a ranking of the world's greatest boxers by the world's foremost boxing authorities.

Ever since *Ring* Magazine started a rating system back in 1923, it has served as the worldwide standard for ranking boxers. Major television networks and newspapers have relied on the rankings for gathering fight information. To sports fans and fight aficionados, *Ring* has become THE Bible of Boxing.

Now, in an effort to further establish the worldwide credibility of these rankings, *Ring* Magazine — the King of Boxing — and Budweiser — the King of Beers — are teaming up to establish The *Ring*'s International Ratings.

***Ring* has assembled an international panel of over 50 boxing experts to rate fighters in each division. These panelists, comprising many of the world's outstanding boxing writers, announcers and other authorities, will be polled in a manner similar to collegiate football and basketball polls by the Associated Press and United Press International.**

As such, The *Ring*'s International Ratings, sponsored by Budweiser, will be the world's most objective, universally respected standard for ranking today's professional boxers.

At Budweiser, we are very pleased to be associated with *Ring* Magazine. Like *Ring*, Bud has a long tradition in boxing and today the commitment is stronger than ever. As the television sponsor of virtually every major primetime WBC and WBA championship fight, we bring the excitement and drama of professional boxing to millions of fight fans across the nation.

Budweiser has also become involved at the amateur level, sponsoring the National Golden Gloves Tournament of Champions last month in Shreveport, La. The event brought together over 300 of the nation's finest amateur boxers, many of whom may someday be showcased in *Ring*'s International Ratings as the pros of tomorrow. In addition to numerous Golden Gloves events sponsored by local Anheuser-Busch wholesalers during 1980, Bud will also present the U.S. boxing trials this summer in Atlanta.

It is appropriate, therefore, that the King of Beers and *Ring* Magazine now establish the world's most trusted and respected boxing rankings. We hope you will enjoy following them in this and future issues of *Ring* Magazine.

RING RATINGS 25 YEARS AGO

HEAVYWEIGHTS
World Champion
Rocky Marciano, Brockton, Mass
1. Nino Valdes, Cuba
2. Don Cockell, England
3. Bob Baker, Pittsburgh
4. Ezzard Charles, Cincinnati
5. Tommy Jackson, Far Rockaway
6. Earl Walls, Canada
7. Rex Layne, Lewiston, Utah
8. Heinz Neuhaus, Germany
9. James J. Parker, Paterson, N.J.
10. Charley Norkus, Jersey City, N.J.

LIGHTWEIGHTS
World Champion
James Carter, New York, N.Y.
1. Duilio Loi, Italy
2. Ralph Dupas, New Orleans
3. Frankie Ryff, New York
4. Paddy DeMarco, Brooklyn
5. Wallace (Bud) Smith, Cincinnati
6. Johnny Gonsalves, Oakland
7. Serafin Ferrer, France
8. Richie Howard, Canada
9. Orlando Zulueta, Cuba
10. Joe Lopes, Sacramento, Calif.

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS
World Champion
Archie Moore, San Diego, Calif.
1. Joey Maxim, Cleveland
2. Harold Johnson, Philadelphia
3. Floyd Patterson, Brooklyn
4. Yolande Pompey, Trinidad
5. Willi Hoepner, Germany
6. Paul Andrews, Buffalo
7. Billy Smith, Atlantic City
8. Marty Marshall, Detroit
9. Gerhard Hecht, Germany
10. Eddie Cotton, Seattle

FEATHERWEIGHTS
World Champion
Sandy Saddler, (U.S. Army)
1. Teddy Davis, Hartford
2. Percy Bassett, Philadelphia
3. Ray Famechon, France
4. Ciro Morasen, Cuba
5. Hogan (Kid) Bassey, Nigeria
6. Rudy Garcia, Los Angeles
7. Carmelo Costa, Brooklyn
8. Jean Sneyers, Belgium
9. Billy Kelly, Ireland
10. Orlando Echevarria, Cuba

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
World Champion
Carl (Bobo) Olson, Honolulu
1. Joey Giardello, Philadelphia
2. Charley Humez, France
3. Rocky Castellani, Cleveland
4. Holly Mims, Washington, D.C.
5. Gustav Scholz, Germany
6. Ronnie Delaney, Akron
7. Willie Troy, Washington, D.C.
8. Pierre Langlois, France
9. Bobby Jones, Oakland, Calif.
10. Johnny Sullivan, England

BANTAMWEIGHTS
World Champion
Robert Cohen, France
1. Raton Macias, Mexico
2. Mario D'Agata, Italy
3. Willie Toweel, South Africa
4. Pierre Cossemyns, Belgium
5. Chamrern Songkitrat, Thailand
6. Peter Keenan, Scotland
7. Andre Valignat, France
8. Bobby Sinn, Australia
9. Billy Peacock, Los Angeles
10. Fili Nava, Mexico

WELTERWEIGHTS
World Champion
Johnny Saxton, Brooklyn
1. Carmen Basilio, Syracuse
2. Vince Martinez, Paterson, N.J.
3. Tony DeMarco, Boston
4. Ramon Fuentes, Los Angeles
5. Maurice Harper, Oakland
6. Hector Constance, Trinidad
7. Del Flanagan, St. Paul
8. Kid Gavilan, Cuba
9. Freddy Dawson, Chicago
10. Virgil Akins, St. Louis

FLYWEIGHTS
World Champion
Pascual Perez, Argentina
1. Dai Dower, Wales
2. Leo Espinosa, Philippines
3. Yoshio Shirai, Japan
4. Nazzareno Gianelli, Italy
5. Jake Tuli, South Africa
6. Danny Kid, Philippines
7. Hitoshi Misako, Japan
8. Eric Marsden, England
9. Tanny Campo, Philippines
10. Oscar Suarez, Cuba

From the May, 1955 issue of The Ring

GENUINE

Budweiser®
Presents
The RING
International Ratings

(AS OF MARCH 1, 1980)

How *The Ring* International Ratings Panel works: Boxing authorities from all five major continents have submitted their ballots — marked from one to ten to indicate their rankings under *The Ring*'s champion — to reflect their assessment of the relative challengers' positions as of March 1, 1980. Their ballots were then weighted with a score of from ten (for a first-place vote) to one (for a tenth-place vote) and totaled up to provide the final standings. In some instances there are ties, as indicated by the three-way tie for tenth in the flyweights and the ties for fourth place in the Junior Featherweights and ninth place in the Bantamweights. After the top ten were tabulated those other fighters receiving votes are then listed in order, according to the number of votes received, from 11th on.

HEAVYWEIGHTS
(over 175 pounds)

WORLD CHAMPION

TITLE VACANT

1 **Larry Holmes**** . . . . . Easton, Pa.
2 **John Tate*** . . . . . Knoxville, Tenn.
3 **Mike Weaver** . . . . . Los Angeles, Cal.
4 **Gerrie Coetzee** . . . . . South Africa
5 **Earnie Shavers** . . . . . Warren, Ohio
6 **Leroy Jones** . . . . . Denver, Colo.
7 **Leon Spinks** . . . . . St. Louis, Mo.
8 **Gerry Cooney** . . . . . Huntington, N.Y.
9 **Michael Dokes** . . . . . Akron, Ohio
10 **Jimmy Young** . . . . . Phila., Pa.

Scott LeDoux, Mike Koranicki, Ossie Ocasio, Marty Monroe, Willie Shannon, Bernardo Mercado, George Chaplin, Kallie Knoetze, Pinklon Thomas, Greg Page.

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS
(not over 175 pounds)

WORLD CHAMPION

MATTHEW SAAD MUHAMMAD . . . . . Philadelphia, Pa.

1 **Marvin Johnson*** . . . . . Indianapolis, Ind.
2 **John Conteh** . . . . . England
3 **James Scott** . . . . . Rahway, N.J.
4 **Eddie Gregory** . . . . . Brooklyn, N.Y.
5 **Lotte Mwale** . . . . . Zambia
6 **Michael Spinks** . . . . . St. Louis, Mo.
7 **Alvaro (Yaqui) Lopez** . . . . . Stockton, Cal.
8 **Marvin Camel** . . . . . Missoula, Mont.
9 **Mustapha Wasajja** . . . . . Denmark
10 **Jerry Martin** . . . . . Phila., Pa.

Mike Rossman, Mate Parlov, Victor Galindez, Rudi Koopmans, Jesse Burnett, Hocine Tafer, Tommy Evans, Richie Kates, Pablo Ramos.

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
(not over 160 pounds)

WORLD CHAMPION

VITO ANTUOFERMO . . . . . Brooklyn, N.Y.

1 **Marvin Hagler** . . . . . Brockton, Mass.
2 **Alan Minter** . . . . . England
3 **Ronnie Harris** . . . . . Akron, Ohio
4 **Curtis Parker** . . . . . Philadelphia, Pa.
5 **Hugo Corro** . . . . . Argentina
6 **Mustafa Hamsho** . . . . . Syria
7 **Kevin Finnegan** . . . . . England
8 **Dwight Davison** . . . . . Detroit, Mich.
9 **Wilford Scypion** . . . . . Port Arthur, Tex.
10 **Marcos Geraldo** . . . . . Mexico

Mike Colbert, David Love, Tony Sibson, Fulgencio Obel, Loucif Hamani, Charlie Weir, Norberto Cabrera, Vinnie Curto, Gratien Tonna.

JUNIOR MIDDLEWEIGHTS
(not over 154 pounds)

WORLD CHAMPION

AYUB KALULE* . . . . . Uganda

1 **Maurice Hope**** . . . . . England
2 **Rocky Mattioli** . . . . . Australia
3 **Masashi Kudo** . . . . . Japan
4 **Tony Chiaverini** . . . . . Kansas City, Mo.
5 **Nick Ortiz** . . . . . Puerto Rico
6 **Kenny Bristol** . . . . . Guyana
7 **Rocky Mosley, Jr.** . . . . . Las Vegas, Nev.
8 **Manuel R. Gonzalez** . . . . . Argentina
9 **Marijan Benes** . . . . . Yugoslavia
10 **Zeferino Gonzalez** . . . . . Los Angeles, Cal.

Sandy Torres, Steve Delgado, Walter Gomez, Clemente Tshinza, Bobby Watts, Tadashi Mihara, Jesus Castro, Gert Steyn, Andoni Amana, Carlos Herrera, Steve Gregory, Hoo Joo In, Mike Baker, Carlos Maria Del Valle Herrera.

WELTERWEIGHTS
(not over 147 pounds)

WORLD CHAMPION

RAY LEONARD** . . . . . Palmer Park, Md.

1 **Jose (Pipino) Cuevas*** . . . . . Mexico
2 **Roberto Duran** . . . . . Panama
3 **Wilfred Benitez** . . . . . Puerto Rico
4 **Thomas Hearns** . . . . . Detroit, Mich.
5 **Jorgen Hansen** . . . . . Denmark
6 **Pete Ranzany** . . . . . Sacramento, Cal.
7 **David Green** . . . . . England
8 **Harold Weston** . . . . . New York, N.Y.
9 **Randy Shields** . . . . . N. Hollywood, Cal.
10 **Angel Espada** . . . . . Puerto Rico

Josef Nsubuga, Adolfo Viruet, Chris Clarke, Akio Kameda, Johnny Turner, Harold Volbrecht, Clyde Gray, Hans Palm, Manuel Jimenez, Larry Bonds.

JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHTS
(not over 140 pounds)

WORLD CHAMPION

ANTONIO CERVANTES* . . . . . Colombia

1 **Saoul Mamby**** . . . . . New York, N.Y.
2 **Esteban DeJesus** . . . . . Puerto Rico
3 **Joe Kimpuani** . . . . . Zaire
4 **Sang Hyun Kim** . . . . . Korea
5 **Miguel Montilla** . . . . . Dominican Rep.
6 **Lennox Blackmoore** . . . . . Guyana
7 **Teo Ozuna** . . . . . Dominican Republic
8 **Bruce Curry** . . . . . Los Angeles, Cal.
9 **Juan Jose Gimenez** . . . . . Spain
10 **Hugo Luero** . . . . . Argentina

Willie Rodriguez, Sammy Ayala, Larry Stanton, Monroe Brooks, Perico Fernandez, Minoru Sugiya, Clinton McKenzie.

LIGHTWEIGHTS
(not over 135 pounds)

WORLD CHAMPION

TITLE VACANT

1 **Jim Watt**** . . . . . Scotland
2 **Ernesto Espana*** . . . . . Venezuela
3 **Howard Davis** . . . . . Glen Cove, N.Y.
4 **Hilmer Kenty** . . . . . Detroit, Mich.
5 **Aaron Pryor** . . . . . Cincinnati, Ohio
6 **Vilomar Fernandez** . . . . . Dominican Rep.
7 **Edwin Viruet** . . . . . Puerto Rico
8 **Julio (Diablito) Valdez** . . . . . Dominican Rep.
9 **Johnny Lira** . . . . . Chicago, Ill.
10 **Claude Noel** . . . . . Trinidad, W.I.

Charlie Nash, Leonidas Asprilla, Jorge Morales, Herman Montes, Ken Buchanan, Cornelius Boza-Edwards, Sean O'Grady.

JUNIOR LIGHTWEIGHTS
(not over 130 pounds)

WORLD CHAMPION

SAMUEL SERRANO* . . . . . Puerto Rico

1 **Alexis Arguello**** . . . . . Nicaragua
2 **Frankie Baltazar** . . . . . Los Angeles, Cal.
3 **Bobby Chacon** . . . . . Los Angeles, Cal.
4 **Rafael (Bazooka) Limon** . . . . . Mexico
5 **Victor Echegaray** . . . . . Argentina
6 **Roberto Elizondo** . . . . . Corpus Christi, Tex.
7 **Rodolfo Sanchez** . . . . . Spain
8 **Greg Coverson** . . . . . Columbus, Ohio
9 **Oscar Arnal** . . . . . Venezuela
10 **Idelfonso Bethelmy** . . . . . Venezuela

A. Leon, L. Hernandez, P. Ford, R. Riani, C. Hernandez, N. Mgxaji, M.S. Choi, A. Escalara, F. Cabanela, J. Aba, R. Hidalgo, E. Maxwell.

FEATHERWEIGHTS
(not over 126 pounds)

WORLD CHAMPION

SALVADOR SANCHEZ** . . . . . Mexico

1 **Danny Lopez** . . . . . Alhambra, Calif.
2 **Eusebio Pedroza*** . . . . . Panama
3 **Reuben Castillo** . . . . . Bakersfield, Cal.
4 **Mike Ayala** . . . . . San Antonio, Texas
5 **Eddie Ndukwu** . . . . . Nigeria
6 **Juan Malvarez** . . . . . Argentina
7 **Roberto Castanon** . . . . . Spain
8 **Rocky Lockridge** . . . . . Newark, N.J.
9 **Hector Carrasquilla** . . . . . Panama
10 **Juan LaPorte, Carmelo Negron** New York, N.Y.
Rolando Navarette . . . . . Philippines

C. Mendoza, G. Hayes, R. Hidalgo, S. Nemoto, J. Morales, P. Ford, D. Holmes, J. Escobar, R. Frances, J. Aba, R. Kobayashi.

JUNIOR FEATHERWEIGHTS
(not over 122 pounds)

WORLD CHAMPION

WILFREDO GOMEZ** . . . . . Puerto Rico

1 **Ricardo Cardona*** . . . . . Colombia
2 **Nicky Perez** . . . . . Tucson, Ariz.
3 **Juan (Kid) Meza** . . . . . Los Angeles, Cal.
4 **Soon-Hyun Chung** . . . . . Korea
5 **Jose Caba** . . . . . Dominican Rep.
6 **Sergio Palma** . . . . . Argentina
7 **Leo Cruz** . . . . . Dominican Rep.
8 **Javier Flores** . . . . . Salt Lake City, Utah
9 **Nestor (Baba) Jimenez** . . . . . Colombia
10 **Jose Cervantes** . . . . . Colombia

Ruben Valdez, Rocky Lockridge, Frankie Duarte, Shuchi Isogami, Carlos Mendoza, Rafael Pedroza, Hiroyuki Iwamote, Ric Diamale, Jose Bautista Flores.

BANTAMWEIGHTS
(not over 118 pounds)

WORLD CHAMPION

JORGE LUJAN* . . . . . Panama

1 **Lupe Pintor**** . . . . . Mexico
2 **Alberto Davila** . . . . . Los Angeles, Cal.
3 **Carlos Zarate** . . . . . Mexico
4 **Roberto Rubaldino** . . . . . Mexico
5 **Jeff Chandler** . . . . . Philadelphia, Pa.
6 **Oscar Muniz** . . . . . Los Angeles, Cal.
7 **Leo Randolph** . . . . . Tacoma, Wash
8 **Alberto Sandoval** . . . . . Los Angeles, Cal.
9 **Juan Rodriguez** . . . . . Spain
Julian Solis . . . . . Puerto Rico

Johnny Owen, Ricardo Bennett, Eijiro Murata, Alfonso Zamora, Norberto Cabrera, Julio Saba, David Capo.

FLYWEIGHTS
(not over 112 pounds)

WORLD CHAMPION

CHAN-HEE PARK** . . . . . Korea

1 **Yoko Gushiken** . . . . . Japan
2 **Luis Ibarra** . . . . . Panama
3 **Guty Espadas** . . . . . Mexico
4 **Betulio Gonzalez** . . . . . Venezuela
5 **Charlie Magri** . . . . . England
6 **Sung-Jun Kim** . . . . . Korea
7 **Joey Olivo** . . . . . Los Angeles, Cal.
8 **Martin Vargas** . . . . . Chile
9 **Shoji Oguma** . . . . . Japan
10 **Tae-Shik Kim*** . . . . . South Korea

Jovito Rengifo, Netrnoi Vorasingh, Shigeo Nakajima, Siony Carupo, Rey Melendez, Jose Gallegos, Orlando Maldonado.

The names following each division received votes (in order of their listing).

* **WBA champion** ****WBC champion**

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FIGHT OF THE MONTH
SPONSORED BY
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KENTY-ESPANA
WBA Lightweight Title

Detroit is a city going through a renaissance of spirit, talent, and redevelopment — particularly on its riverfront. A huge riverfront arena has just been built. It was named the Joe Louis Arena, and the old champ who lent it his name was there to be honored at the big boxing show, featuring Ernesto Espana defending his WBA lightweight crown against hometown hero Hilmer Kenty.

Watching Kenty distinguish himself in the ring marked the Brown Bomber's first visit to Detroit in 12 years. The crowd of 13,172 cheered wildly when Joe was introduced from his ringside seat.

His fight was simply a rout. Kenty stopped Espana on a TKO in the ninth.

It had been believed that Kenty, though undefeated in 16 fights, was too inexperienced for Espana, whose record was 28-1. It was also believed Kenty was not tough enough to stand up to a world-class puncher. So he entered the ring a 5 to 1 underdog. His announced battle plan to use his speed to keep away from the champion hinted that he was timid.

This was all a con job by his shrewd manager, Emanuel Steward. Kenty entered the ring cocky. During the introduction, he grabbed the microphone and dedicated the fight to Joe Louis.

He had been expected to circle the ring and use his long left jab for survival. Instead he came out smoking. His real fight plan was to take Espana by surprise, and to stay close to the champion to deny him punching room.

Like many of his Kronk Recreation Center teammates, including Hearns, Kenty carries his left low, leaving himself open to a right cross. Espana found the opening in the first round and down went Kenty.

But, though he suffered a puffed cheekbone, he was up at once. Immediately back to the attack, he hammered Espana around the ring.

In round two, a look of worry and bewilderment began to cloud Espana's face, as Kenty advanced with his left hand resting contemptuously along his thigh. He was taunting Espana to throw that right.

In round three, Hilmer began putting more weight behind his punches. Espana offered little resistance until halfway through round four. At that point, he stood his ground in the middle of the ring.

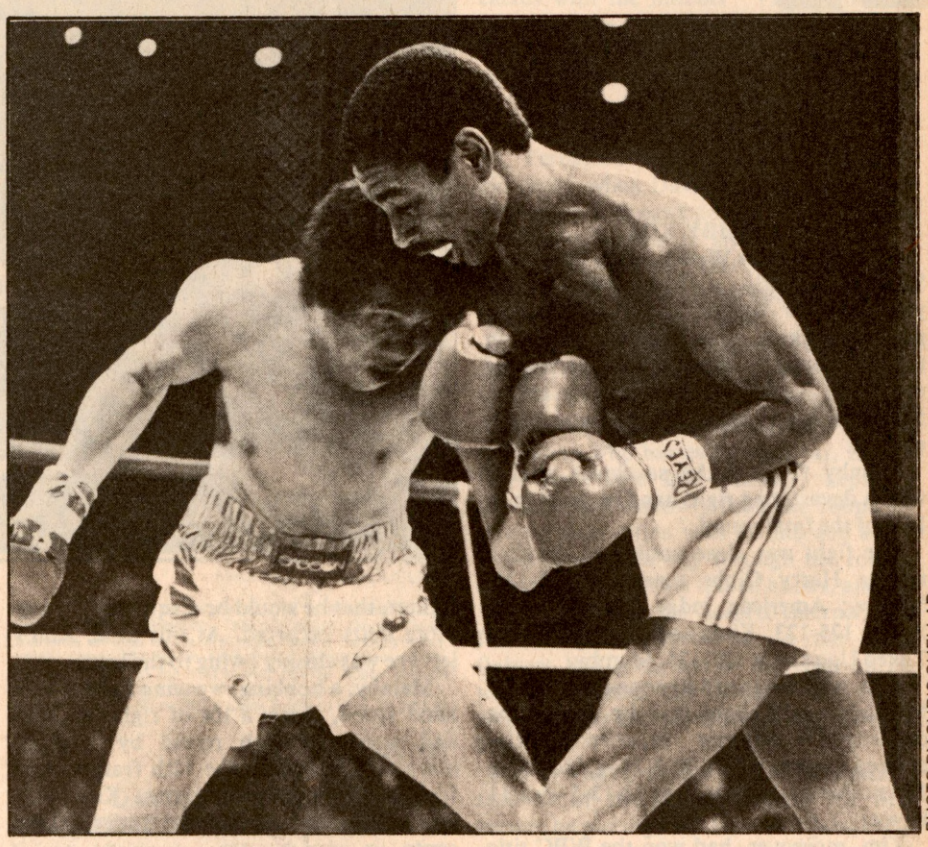


PHOTO BY CHRIS CUELLAR

This observer wondered whether the champion would now make his move.

He attempted to go on the offensive in round five, but Kenty's long arms kept him at bay. By the end of the round, Kenty was back in full control.

Espana displayed desperate courage in round six. His face was now very puffy. Kenty appeared supremely confident.

The Latin continued his desperate, gallant struggle in the seventh. It was futile. Kenty, with his right held high, picked off the hooks. And, with his left hand low, he slipped under the Venezuelan's right crosses.

Espana had a pretty good eighth round. He raked the midsection while Kenty headhunted.

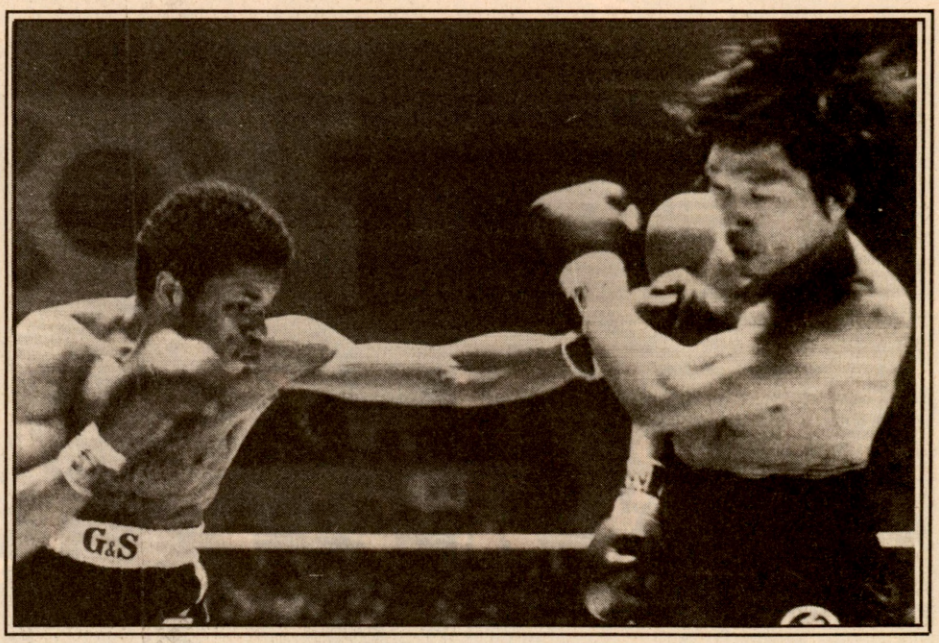
In round nine, Kenty landed four smashing rights to the head, then moved in with blistering combinations. He beat Espana to a pulp. Referee Larry Rozadilla stopped the fight at 2:53 of the ninth.

Rozadilla, from Los Angeles, had scored the fourth round even and had given only the first and eighth rounds to Espana. Judge Harold Lederman, from New York, had given Espana the first and eighth with no rounds even. Judge Asmael Fernandez, from Puerto Rico, had Espana ahead 76-74, giving him the first, third, fourth, seventh, and eighth rounds. That score is hard to explain.

Kenty grew up in Columbus, Ohio, where he had a brilliant career as an amateur boxer. He then began commuting to Detroit to train at Kronk. Hilmer recently became a Detroit resident, and gives his trainer-manager, Emanuel Steward, all the credit for his pro success. After the fight, he pledged to give the winning boxing gloves to Joe Louis to show his "love" for the legend who had come to see him perform.

Kenty and Espana stand 5'11". Kenty weighed in at 134¼, Espana at 135¾. Kenty's speed of hand and foot was the difference. —Allen Rosenfeld

RINGSIDE REPORTS



MAMBY-KIM
WBC Junior Welterweight Title

SEOUL, KOREA — Saoul Mamby, 32-year-old New Yorker, scored a fine one-punch knockout over Sang-Hyun Kim in the 14th round to win the WBC version of the world junior welterweight title before 5,500 partisan fans in Changchung Gymnasium.

Mamby finished the southpaw champ with a devastating right hand to the chin in 1:44 of the fatal round.

The fight was close until then. English referee Harry Gibbs scored it 125-124, Mamby; American judge Richard Steele had it 125-123, Kim; and Japanese judge Takeo Ugo saw it 127-126, Mamby.

Kim, who weighed 140 pounds to 139 for Mamby, was a slight favorite despite the challenger's superior experience. Kim entered the ring with a 30-2-2 log, including 19 knockouts. Mamby was 24-12-5 with 11 kayoes.

Kim, moreover, had won the WBC title by knocking out Saensak Muangsurin, the Thai southpaw to whom Mamby had lost a split decision in Korat on October 22, 1977. The comparisons, however, had no value.

Kim, 24, was reported to have had a tough time making the 140-pound weight limit, and, like Mamby, he made a cautious start. The boxers felt each other out with light jabs in the first two rounds.

Mamby opened up a little and won the third round by a slight margin. The fifth round was taken by the younger, upright stylist, Kim, who appeared to have finally gotten going. Kim also took the sixth round, as he scored with body punches and had Mamby on the defensive on a number of occasions.

Mamby attempted to avoid Kim's southpaw jabs and sharp straight lefts by ducking, which caused plenty of head collisions. Referee Gibbs twice penalized Mamby one point — in rounds seven and eight. The second time, the ref took Mamby to his corner and told his seconds, and the fighter, that he would be disqualified if any more butts occurred. At this time, Kim's left eye was closing owing to the butts.

Mamby, a bobbing, weaving fighter with hand speed, threw a lot of rights to Kim and won the ninth round by a slight margin. The 10th to the 12th frames were fought on fairly even terms. Kim was, however, leading in the bout until the 13th canto.

In that round, Mamby led with sharp rights and rallied, taking the frame by a clear margin and going ahead in the official scoring.

Kim came out recklessly in the 14th instead of sticking to his hit-run boxing style. That was a big mistake. A beautiful straight right to Kim's chin sank him to the canvas. Kim barely beat the count, but he was wobbly, like a sleep walker, and held on to Gibbs' body. The referee counted him out on his feet.

Mamby had had to wait a long time for this fight. The WBC had ordered Kim to meet Mamby, its number one contender, but Sang-Hyun injured himself in a workout, and the fight was postponed.

Saoul's first defense may be against 23-year-old Akio Kameda, the national welterweight champion of Japan. The 5'11" lefty (Mamby is 5'10") 13-0 with 12 kayoes, and is rated 10th by the WBC. Mamby's lethal right will test his jaw. That much is certain.

—Joe Y. Koizumi

HEARNS-ESPADA
USBA Welterweight Title

DETROIT, MICH. — In the semi-final to the Kenty-Espana contest, Thomas "Too Tall" Hearns won the newly minted United States Boxing Association welterweight title, beating Angel Espada, the former WBA welterweight champion. At 6'1", Hearns was beyond the reach of the 5'9" Espada. Espada is still clever, but, after his grueling bouts with Pipino Cuevas, he came to Detroit obviously ringworn.

Hearns and Espada were scheduled for 12 rounds. Espada weighed in at 147, Hearns at 145½.

In the first round, Hearns walked in to Espada, but kept his guard respectfully up. Espada retreated. Hearns caught him with a hard right, then trapped him on the ropes and battered him.

Espada fought Hearns on fairly even terms in the second. He jabbed well, and avoided disaster with clever head movements. But in the third, Hearns cornered the ex-champ, battering him to the canvas twice.

In the fourth, Hearns ended the argument, flooring Espada with a final right. The fight was stopped at 47 seconds of the fourth. The crowd then began to chant "We want Leonard"—referring, of course, to Sugar Ray.

Espada's record fell to 47-10-5. He immediately announced his retirement.

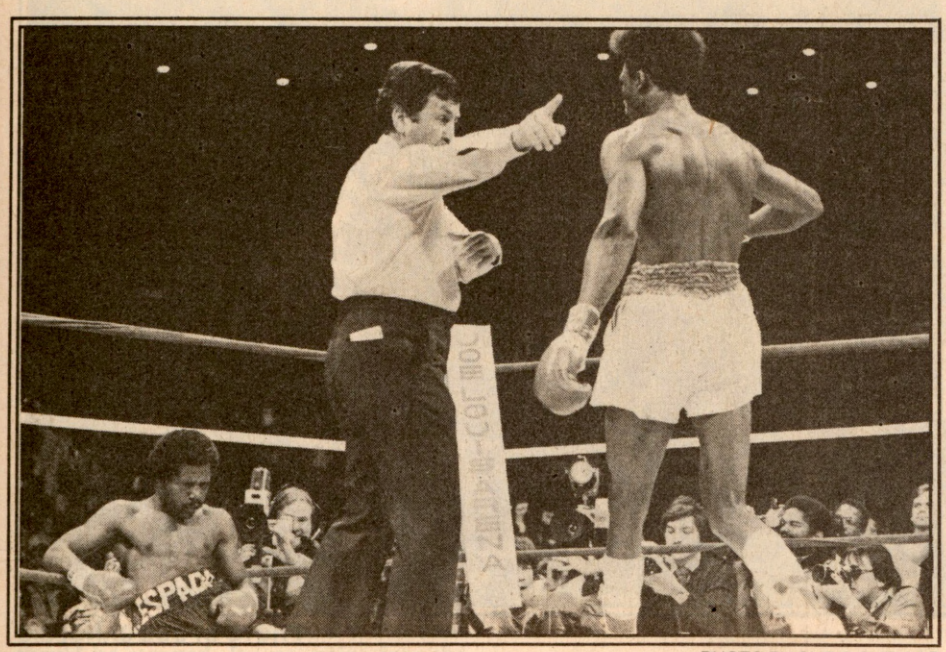


PHOTO BY CHRIS CUELLAR

Hearns is now undefeated in 26 fights.

With its pro teams cellar dwelling, Detroit had long craved some winners. Now it has a crop of them, their hands enclosed in leather. But it was the return of the old heroes, Gordie Howe several times this hockey season, and now the Brown Bomber, that has really turned on this renaissance city and packed its arenas.

Joe came home with his wife, Martha and his adopted children, John, Candice, Jo Jo and Joyce. He attended a luncheon and a dinner in his honor. Leroy Neiman, the great sports artist, was in town to present the champ with an original drawing to celebrate Joe's contribution to his sport and city. There was a large bash for him at the Stroh Brewery's famous Strohaus. Fellow old timers like Dave Clark and Roscoe Toles had a chance to see him again, as did Henry Hank and Hedgemon Lewis and many other former stars. And many current stars, including John Tate, were there to take inspiration from his presence.

During the fights, Mayor Coleman Young, a boyhood friend, sat next to him, and seldom left his side.

Joe's being there seemed to cast a spell on the tumultuous crowd and on the new bombers of Detroit. For one magic afternoon, at least, he seemed to be able to make them, like him, invincible.

Mickey Goodwin, 165, Melvindale, Michigan, TKO'd Leo Saenz, 165, Baltimore, Md., in the 10th and final round, referee Eddie Yoo stopping the contest at 1:01 of the session. Leo Cruz, Dominican Republic, TKO'd Howard Doyle, Tulsa, Oklahoma, at 0:58 of the first round, junior featherweights. Lindell Holmes, 162, Toledo, Ohio, TKO'd Clifford Akew, 171¼, Cleveland, Ohio, in the first round, referee Bobby Watson stopping the bout at 2:59 of the session. Jesus Caicedo, 121, San Juan, Puerto Rico, TKO'd Larry Turner, 112½, at 0:21 of round one.

— Allen Rosenfeld

DAVIS-FERNANDEZ

ATLANTIC CITY, N.J. — Howard Davis, Jr., the flashy but flawed 1976 Olympic lightweight gold medalist, jabbed, cuffed, hooked, slapped and poked his way to a unanimous 12-round decision against world-rated Vilomar Fernandez of the Bronx.

In doing so, Davis earned the right to fight for the WBC lightweight crown some time in the late spring or early summer. Should he win the crown, he will make lightweight history, for it will only be his 14th fight. No 135-pounder has ever captured the crown with so few professional appearances.

Davis, nearly 5'10", enjoyed a five-inch height and four-inch reach advantage over his stockier, hard-to-hit opponent. Fernandez, who was fighting for only the second time since decisioning Alexis Arguello in July 1978, was the first to enter the ring.

As Davis entered the ring, the Fernandez camp anticipated receiving a "gift" from the former Olympic champ — a single red rose, a gesture he has done in nearly all of his previous 12 fights. The Fernandez camp was prepared to exchange "gifts." Cornerman Wilson Larroseaux was holding a cactus with the number "13" painted on the side. The "13" signified the fact this was Davis' 13th professional fight, a fight the Fernandez camp hoped would prove to be his "unlucky 13," a fight in which he would get stuck — not by cactus barbs, but by Fernandez' sharp and rapid fists. However, when Davis showed up without the rose, Larroseaux decided not to present Davis with Fernandez' gift.

As it turned out, Davis did get stuck. Often! And his 13th bout was, as he called it later, "My toughest fight!"

Davis appeared surprised when Fernandez, normally a counter-punching, layback-type of fighter, went after him in the opening session. The lean Davis, a total vegetarian who has eaten no meat, fish or fowl since late last summer, kept his distance and narrowly took the round by scoring more often with his jab and a few short hooks. Midway through the round, Fernandez and Davis traded hooks, and the packed crowd in the Resorts International Hotel amphitheatre let out a roar. Both fighters had given notice they had no intention of letting this become a dull fight, as many fans and experts had said it would be.

Davis was up on his toes in the opening seconds of round two. Inside the first minute he put together two swift jabs and a right that stopped Fernandez' forward progress momentarily. At the midway point in the round, Davis found himself being trapped in a neutral corner. He began to move to his right. Fernandez fired a left hook which Davis easily pulled away from. Then Fernandez threw a right at Davis, which the Long Island speedster also pulled away from. Then came a mental lapse on the part of Davis. Thinking he was either too fast to be hit or that Fernandez was too slow to hit him, Davis turned away from Fernandez and prepared to dance to mid-ring. As Davis turned his left shoulder to Fernandez, Vilomar did the right thing — he punched Davis in the mouth with a left hook. The punch floored Davis, who bounced right up. He was more embarrassed than hurt. Davis moved and flicked his picturesque jab the remainder of the round, but to no avail. The round belonged to Fernandez.

Davis was cautious in the next two rounds. Fernandez was not. He took the fight to Davis in both rounds. Keeping his

hands high and employing a marvelous defense, Fernandez made Davis miss throughout the third round.

Davis did not miss as much in the fourth round, but that was because he threw very few punches. The reason: During one of the few rights he did throw, a small bone was fractured in his right hand.

Returning to his corner at the end of round four, Davis said to his father/trainer Howard Davis Sr., "I think I broke my right hand." His father merely said, "I don't want to hear it. You got eight rounds to go."

With that, Davis did what he knew he had to do: Fight! He went up on his toes in round five and allowed Fernandez to come at him. Whenever Vilomar moved within range, Davis stopped only long enough to plant a few jabs on his nose, an occasional right lead and a few hooks, then danced away.

By the end of the sixth round, Davis' marvelous left jab enabled him to pull even, at least on this reporter's scorecard. However, Fernandez regained the lead in the seventh when he repeatedly found Davis' jaw with long right hands, one of which Davis later said "Made my legs feel numb."

As numb as he may have been, Davis showed what he is made of as he moved out of further trouble on two still apparently bouncy legs. He came right back to hurt Fernandez in the eighth with a short, solid hook to the chin, which he followed moments later with a hard right to the face. Fernandez was in trouble, but in no danger of falling. He had been hurt late in his victory against Alexis Arguello, one of the best finishers in the game, yet managed to survive. He also managed against Davis. However, he was showing signs of exhaustion. The long months of inactivity were beginning to show.

Rounds 10 and 11 were close, with Davis moving and scoring, and Fernandez chasing, scoring, but mostly falling short with his punches.

The ex-Olympian came out for round 12 like he had the fight won. He spent the first two minutes retreating, but hardly putting together an offense. It wasn't until the final minute that Davis began scoring, but by then it was too late. Fernandez had won the round.

Judges Frank Brunette and Harold Lederman scored the fight 115-113 and 114-113 for Davis, respectively. Referee Larry Hazzard had Davis in front by a wide margin, 118-112. Even Davis later questioned what fight Hazzard had been watching.

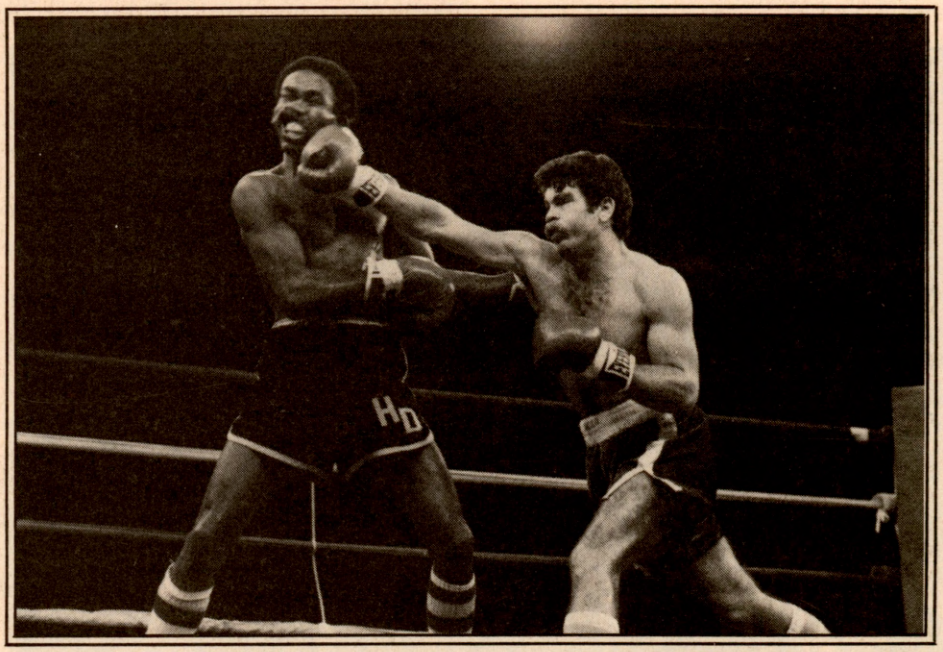


PHOTO By BOB CANOBBIO

It was later discovered that Davis had indeed broken his hand. The injury, however, is not expected to keep Davis from fighting for the WBC title sometime late this spring or early in the summer. Davis promised that, should he win the crown, he would make his first defense against Fernandez.

Wilford Scypion, 160½, Galina Park, Texas, won unanimous decision over Jerome "Silky" Jackson, 157, North Phildelphia, Pa., eight. (Scypion was down for the first time in his professional career.) Eddie Davis, 173, Hempstead, New York, won unanimous eight-round decision over Willie Taylor, 182, Brooklyn, New York, eight. Rochelle Norris, 204¾, won a split decision over Johnny Warr, 202½, New York, N.Y., six. Ken Muse, 140¾, Blackwood, New Jersey, won unanimous decision over Confesor Rosales, 135, Warminster, Pa., four. Quadir Muntaguim, 177, Camden, N.J., won unanimous decision over Novel Renta, 174, New York, N.Y., four.

Paul Venti refereed the Scypion-Jackson, Davis-Taylor, and Muntaguim-Renta bouts. Larry Hazzard handled Norris-Warr and Muse-Rosales.

Timekeeper — Roosevelt Gilbert.

— Randy Gordon

SPINKS-RONQUILLO

The second half of the Resorts International Hotel Casino's "Gold Medal Winners' Weekend" saw Michael Spinks, the "little" (6′2½″ and 174 pounds) brother of ex-world heavyweight champ Leon, demolish Ramon Ronquillo, 176, as Ranquillo was unable to answer the bell for round seven of a scheduled 10-rounder.

Ronquillo — who had been called "Ranquello" before he revealed the true spelling of his name — was originally set to meet Mike Rossman, but the "Kosher Butcher" (or rather, his manager-father, Jimmy Di-Piano) "discovered" he had pneumonia, or something like that, and suddenly, he was "unavailable."

A hurried phone call to Joe Frazier's Cloverlay Gym in Philadelphia brought Mike Spinks on the run. "Michael," says the press kit, "has an entirely different reputation than his brother Leon. He is dependable, prompt and is eager to follow good advice." And he sure saved the collective ass of the Resorts Hotel boxing department.

A knee injury (and brother Leon's problems) resulted in the younger Spinks' 11-month lay-off from December, 1978 to November, 1979. Since then, he's stopped Marc Hans in one round and outpointed Johnny Wilburn in eight. This nationally televised fight with Ramon was the big chance he needed to showcase his talents. Mike took the opportunity and made it pay off handsomely.

Ronquillo had hit the big time by halting Rossman in six rounds at Giant Stadium in the Meadowlands on September 18. He knew Spinks would be different from Rossman, and more trouble for him, but he never guessed how much.

The first round was Ronquillo's best; he almost won it. Ramon backed Mike into a corner and pounded his body. Spinks looked a little out of it at this point.

The last minute of the round, however, was a different story. Spinks began to stick and move, his left jab landing hard upon

Ronquillo's face.

The second round was when Spinks really took command. Six hard left jabs would bang off Ramon's face without a return. Early in the round, Mike started hooking off the jab. Later, Spinks threw one-twos. Ronquillo was able to deliver countering rights only a few more times during the bout, and then only at round's end.

Spinks' jab is not as fluid as Sugar Ray Leonard's, but it is *hard.* In the third round, Mike broke Ramon's nose, and Ranquillo spent the rest of the fight swallowing blood — and left jabs.

In the fifth round, a Spinks combo ripped open Ronquillo's eyebrow. It was only a matter of time after that. By the sixth, Ronquillo was taking a real beating. Combo followed combo in the last half of the session, and Ramon was a bloody, weary mess when he returned to his corner. What was holding him up?

Between rounds, Dr. Frank B. Doggett, the ringside physician, examined Ronquillo and told referee Tony Perez that the bout should be stopped. It was, going into the books as a sixth round TKO under New Jersey State Comission rules, Michael's 11th win in 11 bouts and seventh kayo. Ronquillo is now 15-7-2 with 13 knockouts. It was only the second time he'd been stopped.

Michael later "met the press" and said he'd hurt his right hand in the first round. Did Ronquillo ever hurt him? "I ask the good Lord to take the bruises for me," Michael said. "I didn't feel a thing."

But Ramon Ranquillo — no matter how he spells his name — did.

Larry Alexander, 234, Vineland, N.J.,TKO'd Jerry Thompkins, 212, Elizabeth, N.J., at 2:12 of the second in a scheduled eight-rounder. Leroy Royster, 177, Ft. Lauderdale, Florida, won unanimous decision overuke Capuano, 178, Chicago, eight. Tony Mesoraca, 172¾, South Philadelphia, won unanimous decision over Harry Fryar, 171, Trenton, N.J., six. Conroy Nelson, 219½, Ottowa, Ontario, Canada, and Eddy Mallard, 201½, Paterson, N.J. (a southpaw), drew, four.

John Fitzpatrick refereed the Royster-Capuano, Mesoraca-Fryar, and Nelson-Mallard bouts. Tony Perez handled Alexander-Thompkins.

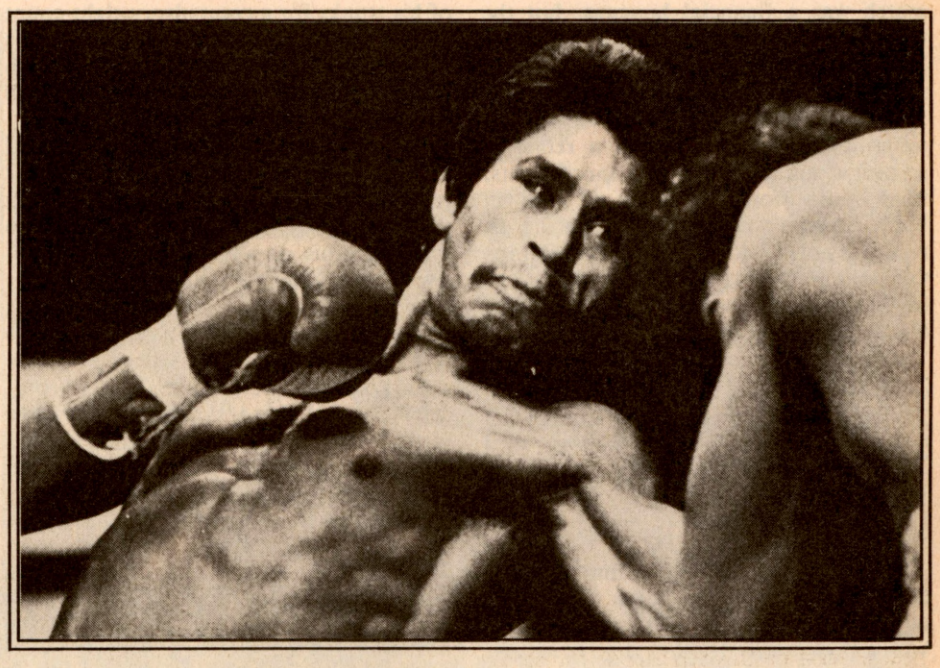
Judges — William Kostrub, Eva Shain
Timekeeper — Justin Bucchianico

— Herbert G. Goldman

PINTOR-SANDOVAL
WBC Bantamweight Title

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—WBC bantamweight champion Lupe Pintor halted local idol Alberto "Superfly" Sandoval in the 12th round when referee Carlos Padilla stopped what had become a one-sided match.

For the first two and a half rounds, Sandoval, 117½, moved exceptionally well,



kept Pintor off balance, and peppered his face with stinging jabs and combinations. At one point, he landed a left hook that momentarily flattened Pintor's features.

But with two minutes gone in the third, the champion from Mexico City landed a short right to Sandoval's jaw. The challenger sagged against the ropes and his legs did a version of the spaghetti-disco. Pintor tried to finish his foe off but Sandoval was in excellent shape and managed to escape from the ropes. It appeared that round four would be Sandoval's last. Not so.

From the fourth round till the 12th, Pintor completely dominated the bout, brushing aside Sandoval's jab and countering with harder punches to the head and body. What had begun as a lively contest evolved into a boring mismatch.

Sandoval, from Pomona, suffered his fourth defeat in 36 professional bouts. He deserves praise for his courage and heart. He never gave up trying, despite taking a bad beating. Perhaps he never recovered from the right hand that turned the fight around in the third. By the 12 he was defenseless against the ropes, and referee Padilla wisely halted the bout.

The show produced a live gate of $142,285, paid by 8,656. Pintor, whose record is now 41-7 with 34 kayoes, made $100,000, while Sandoval picked up $25,000. The card was shown by close circuit throughout California and over live TV in Mexico.

For Pintor, it marks his first defense of his title, which he won on a highly controversial decision from fellow stablemate Carlos Zarate in Las Vegas last year. Over the last decade, Mexicans have controlled the bantamweight title with few interruptions, and Pintor is going to have to do a lot of spectacular winning to have his name put alongside the likes of Ruben Oliveres, Carlos Zarate, Rafael Herrera, and Rondolfo Martinez. Recent brushes with the law and a rather-party-than-train attitude may aid in his fan appeal, but ultimately he is going to have to mow down the challengers like his predecessors did. Mexican fans in California and south of the border don't expect their heroes to be sober citizens with proper manners, but they must have the big punch and a willingness to stand and fight.

In a rare display of human decency, manager Jackie McCoy has advised Sandoval to retire from boxing. Certainly the once hot "Superfly" could pick up a few more dollars, but why bother when it appears clear that the title will never be his.

Sandoval received his nickname when, as an amateur, he won numerous trophies in the flyweight division. As a pro, he became a house fighter at the Olympic Auditorium, and, under the guidance of promoter Aileen Eaton and matchmaker Don Chargin, Sandoval progressed to main event status and eventually a world rating. Everything was cheeky until Sandoval was signed with former world champ Alfonso Zamora. The

match was a financial bonanza, but the results were a disaster. Zamora massacred Sandoval, stopping him in the eighth round.

A few months later, Sandoval lost to tough Eddie Logan, but, in a rematch, gained a win. He won two more fights, both by decision, and many of the gym bums began to say he had slipped. His record is now 32-4, with 21 kayoes. For the Olympic, it means finding a new star, and, in fight happy Southern California, that should not be too hard.

Joey Olivo, 107½, Los Angeles, Calif., retained his North American Boxing Federation junior flyweight title, winning a decision over Amada Ursua, 107¼, 12. Gerardo Pena, 127¾, kayoed Roberto Garcia, 126¾, in the eighth round of a scheduled 10-rounder. Raul Valdez, 114, outscored Raul Pacheco, also 114, 10. Aaron Morua, 133½, outpointed Memo Arreola, 131¼, six.

— Christopher Coats

PARK-ARROZAL
World Flyweight Title

SEOUL, KOREA — Korea's unbeaten world flyweight champion, Chan-Hee Park, won a unanimous decision over Arnel Arrozal, the Filipino national champion, to retain his title in 15 fast rounds.

It was the undefeated Park's fourth title defense.

The crowd of 4,000 in Changchung Gymnasium, however, were rather reserved in their appreciation of Park on this occasion. The champ ran out of gas after the 10th round and lost the last three frames to his game challenger.

Arrozal's burst, however, was not enough to overcome Park's lead. Referee Ken Morita of Japan saw the affair 147-144; Filipino judge Alfredo Quizaon had it 146-142; and judge Kwang-Soo Kim, Korea, scored it 149-145 — all in favor of the champion.

It was a rather clean fight, and neither bled from any butts.

Park, unbeaten in 14 previous bouts, was a prohibitive favorite against the taller southpaw. Arrozal, a year his junior at 23, boasted a unanimous decision win over Siony Carupo, the Filipino junior flyweight champ, on June 29, 1979. Carupo was then the WBC's number one contender, thanks to his hard-fought draw with Park on February 18, before Park won the title.

Arrozal, who was ranked sixth by the WBC going into this title bout, was cautious. Park's sensational knockout over Guty Espadas in two rounds had garnered him a punching reputation.

The second session saw the only knockdown, as Park tossed a well-timed right to Arrozal's face and dropped him on the seat of his trunks for a compulsory eight-count near the end of the round. The damage was not heavy, but the challenger became defensive. Park chased him in throughout the next seven rounds — and Park is very fast.

Park, however, seemed a little puzzled by the soutghpaw's style. The challenger reportedly had a very tough time making the 112-round limit, so he was obliged to economize his stamina against the aggressive Park. Arnel's strategy was to fight hard in the late rounds, and it looked a bit successful. Park faded from the 11th round on to the finish.

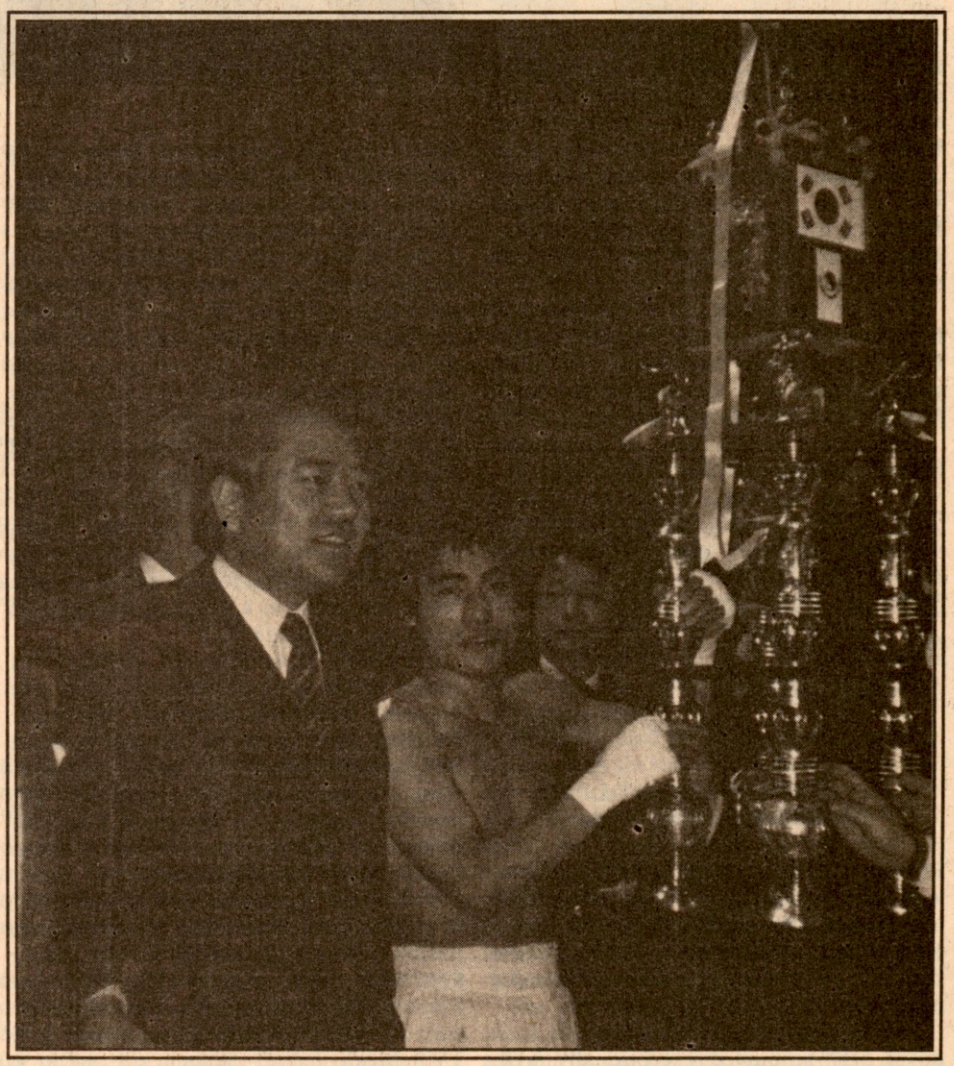
Park still set the pace in the 11th, but, despite his bobbing and weaving, threw less blows than in the previous rounds. His fatigue was gradual — but it was there.

Arnel opened up in the 12th round, scoring well with solid body punches. Park attempted to fight back with roundhouse combinations, but the round was dominated by the Filipino.

The tide had turned. The last three sessions were all Arrozal, who desperately threw hard blows to the arm-weary champion. Park tried to move in and out in order to avoid Arnel's fireworks and catch him with solid counterpunches. If Arrozal had thrown his punches with more precision, the champion might well have been kayoed.

Arrozal, who had recaptured the Filipino title by stopping William Develos in six rounds on October 19, has had a longer pro career than Park. The challenger should have started earlier. You can't win a fight on points if you only take the last four rounds.

It was Park's 13th win (and sixth kayo)



against two draws — and one of his toughest fights.

Some fighters perform the way their biorhythms dictate — sometimes good, and sometimes bad. Park might be one of those fighters. At least the Park who fought Arrozal was not the same man who destroyed Espadas two months earlier.

— Joe Y. Koizumi

KIM-IBARRA
WBA Flyweight Title

SEOUL, KOREA — The WBA flyweight crown seems to be going from hand to hand like a hot potato. Luis Ibarra, the defending champion from Panama, failed in his first defense, as Tae-Shik Kim, a hard-hitting Korean, knocked him out in the second round of their 15-round scheduled title bout. The 26-year-old Ibarra had won the title with a unanimous decision over Betulio Gonzalez in Maracay on November 17, and had been champ only three months.

Ibarra, a southpaw who had scored 12 stoppages in 24 previous wins against one loss, might well have underestimated his opponent. Kim left him bewildered with a furious opening attack.

The knockout came at 1:50 of the second round, when Kim swarmed over the champ with a flurry of punches to the face and midsection. Ibarra collapsed after taking a lot of punishment. He was flat on his back on the canvas as Panamanian referee Servio Tulio Lay counted him out.

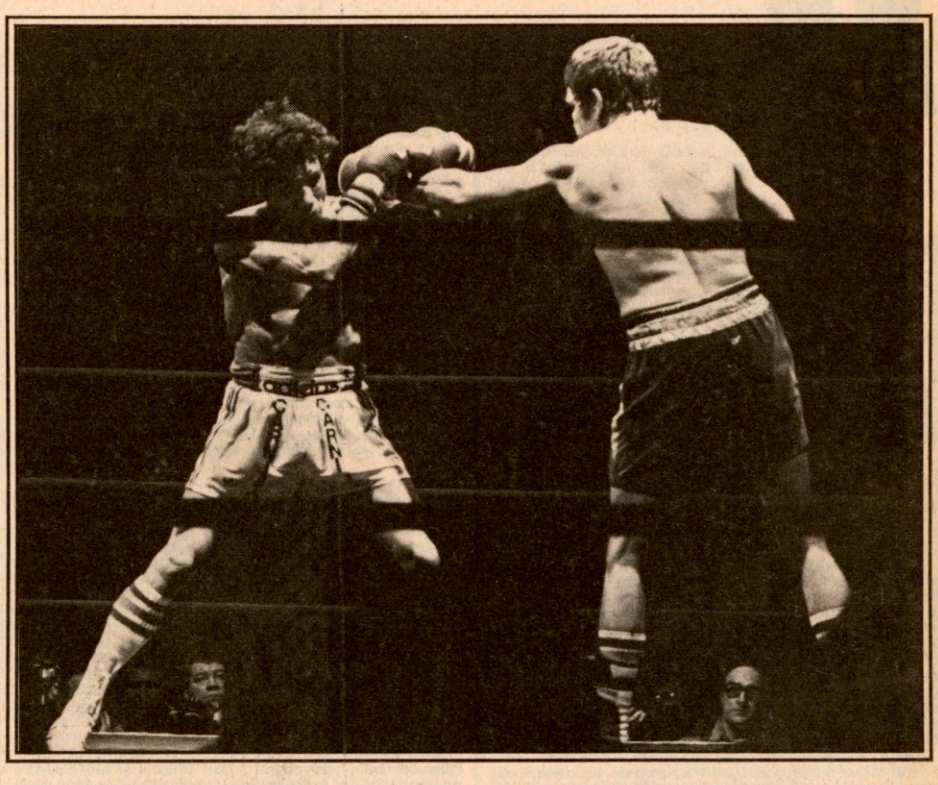
The new WBA kingpin is a vaunted early starter who has won almost all of his pro bouts with early kayoes. His right hand is lethal.

Kim won the All-Korea Novice King (professional) tournament in 1978 and proceeded to kayo Mikio Uchida, Nobuyuki Watanae, Kriankai Yingsakdi, Tito Abella, Flash Jagdon, William Develos, and Riki Igarashi before meeting Ibarra. Develos was the only one to make it to round five.

Despite these kayo victories, the journalists and experts had tabbed the Venezuelan champ the favorite, pointing out that Kim had never gone 10 rounds and was, in fact, an unknown quantity. Kim's devastating power, of course, threw that out the window.

Korea now has both world flyweight champs — Kim and Chan-Hee Park. Will they meet in a title bout for "universal recognition?" The boxing world can only watch and hope.

— Joe Y. Koizumi



FINNEGAN-TONNA
European Middleweight Title

PARIS, FRANCE — The EBU middleweight title, given up by Alan Minter, remains in British hands.

Before 5,400 partisan Parisian fans, Kevin Finnegan took revenge, when he beat Frenchman Gratien Tonna by a 12-round unanimous decision.

Tonna, who beat Finnegan in 1975, really got himself a nice boxing lecture.

The collision of the two was advertised as being between punching power and smooth boxing ability, with power having the edge. The muscleman from Marseille seemed heading for a quick victory in round three when a right cross behind the ear followed by a left hook made Finnegan sag in the ropes. After the count, he was shoved down in a torrid exchange of short range blows.

Although illegal, Tonna's effort was honored with a count.

Instead of going backwards to escape the assaults of the ramming Frenchman and lasting the round, Finnegan weathered the storm by counter attacking with all his boxing ability behind him, and it payed off well.

Slowly but surely, Finnegan built an unquestionable points lead by out thinking and, at times, outpunching his rival with a greater variety of punches, especially in his best round, the fifth.

Although Tonna was beaten, mentally, halfway through the fight, he tried desperately to land that one punch to turn defeat into victory. He really couldn't hurt Finnegan, although he came back strong in the 10th.

Finnegan, a notorious bleeder, and written off in 1978, came out unmarked, and this might be the best proof of his ability and near perfect performance.

The decision, 117-115 on all three cards, was surprisingly close — too close. The difference could not have been less than five rounds.

With Alan Minter fighting for the world championship, it is obvious that Minter and Finnegan will meet again.

This will be their fourth clash. If it's for the world title, it's up to Minter. Finnegan is ready.

The happy champion, however, lost a proud record. He had never had a referee count over him before, amateur or professional.

Hocine Tafer, France, halted Faustino Quintales, Venezuela, in the second round, light heavyweights.

—Rinze van der Meer

RINGS AROUND THE WORLD

NORTH AMERICA

UNITED STATES

CONNECTICUT

▲ WEST HARTFORD — Stage West — Multiple ring champion Emile Griffith rooted for protege Jose Matos of Secaucas, N.J., but the best the latter could do was gain a six-round draw in his feature bout with unbeaten (5-0-1) Victor Arnua, 138, Hartford, before a crowd of about 600. The 140-pound Jerseyite battered the superbly conditioned Arnua, with strong body assaults, alternating with head shots. Absorbing all, his Hartford foe solved the problem at hand and twice rallied to gain the draw. Matos opened a cut over Arnua's right eye in the third, which withstood a doctor's exam, and Victor finished strong in the sixth to wipe out a lead taken by Matos in the fifth.

Muhammad Shabazz (Wayne Bodie), 171, Hartford, scored a TKO at 1:20 of the second round in a slated six-round semi-final over Gil Rosario 172, Hoboken, N.J. A left-right combo to the jaw dropped Gil early in the second. Rocky and dazed, Rosario was given several more seconds rest after the mandatory eight-count by referee Duke Lawson, who stopped it after one of Gil's handlers trod the ring apron waving his arms as Shabazz punched his helpless foe.

Rafael Lopez, 131, Pawtucket, R.I., won an unpopular six-round split decision over Santos Cruz, 130, New York City, the crowd cheering and whistling for the latter after booing the decision.

Hooted also was a four-round decision to Jack Johns, 139, Hartford, over Jose Rosado, 137, Jersey City, the latter being felled by a sneak punch as he was blessing himself after the opening bell.

Reggie Patrick, 175, Jersey City, survived a bombing right-hand knockdown in the first to hold Danny Perez, 173, West New York, N.J., to a six-round draw. Patrick swept the last three heats.

Papo Figueroa, 139, Hartford, kayoed Bob Castenada, also 139, Guatemala, in 1:19 of the first round, knocking him backward and down for the count with a stiff left jab to the chin.

JOSEPH CASSANO

FLORIDA

▲ MIAMI BEACH — Convention Center — Two undefeated attractions, heavyweight Jeff Sims (six straight kayoes), and light heavyweight James Salerno (23 wins), were featured in twin 10 rounders.

There appeared to be the possibility of a stiff test of Sims' abilities in the person of his veteran opponent, Tom Prater.

Although it is generally conceded that Prater's best days are behind him, the fact remains that his seven some-odd years as a pro, and the quality of a number of his past opponents; Larry Holmes, Randy Stevens, Scott LeDoux, and Gerrie Coetzee, to name a few, were evidence of the fact that Sims' mentors felt it was time to see what Jeff really had.

From the opening round, Sims, at a well conditioned 205 pounds, vigorously forced the action against his home-town rival. (Both are from Belle Glade Fla.). The 198-pound Prater was defensively effective throughout this session.

Rd. 2 - Action was similar to the previous canto until the closing moments, when a solidly placed sneak right to the head by Sims dropped Prater for an eight count. Upon arising, Prater, who did not appear to be badly hurt, was able to fend big Jeff off until the bell.

Rd. 3 - Started with a shock . . . for Prater, as Sims belted him with a knee-buckling left hook, followed by a jarring right. Once again Prater weathered the storm, and came back in the latter part of the round to land a couple of stiff right hands of his own. Sims took the blows well, and was fighting back at the bell.

Rd. 4 - Prater, seemingly warming to his task, dominated the early part of this round, scoring a number of times with solid blows. Sims fought back with punishing flurries as the round drew to a close, with neither man in any real trouble.

Rd. 5 - Had the audience up and yelling, as both men met in center ring to exchange solid blows, Prater slamming rights to the head, and Sims very effective with a two-handed body attack. Prater appeared to spit at Sims on a couple of occasions, possibly with the hope of unsettling his less experienced foe.

Rd. 6 - Sims appeared to be tiring just a bit as this round got underway, and Prater was able to easily out-maneuver him through almost the entire round. Suddenly, with seconds remaining, Sims uncorked a crushing left hook, nailing Prater square on the jaw, and dropping him flat on his back, where he was counted out in exactly 3:00 of the round. It was several minutes before Prater was able to leave the ring under his own power. Sims was awarded a trophy symbolic of his designation as the new "Florida State Heavyweight Champion."

The second feature 10-rounder starred lanky young James Salerno, Miami, who likes to have himself billed as the "Italian Stallion" ala Rocky. In past performances in this very same arena, Salerno has impressed with his speed, quick combinations, and sharp jabbing. But then again his opponents, for the most part, have been heavier, slower, and usually shorter. This time the 171-pound Salerno, although still enjoying a height and reach advantage, was facing a different type of fighter.

In Leon "Nite Train" MacDonald, 178, Deerfield Beach, Fla., he had a foe who was not going to give Salerno the space he needed to be effective. Meeting at center ring for referee Gil Connors instructions, both men took a page from the Leonard-Benitez bout, attempting to stare each other down while standing nose-to-nose. Salerno apparently saw the humor in the situation and broke the tension with a brief "peck" on MacDonald's lips, which drew loud guffaws from the audience.

From the first round, MacDonald nullified the "Stallion's" reach advantage and long jab by immediately taking the fight to his taller foe. Leon's purposeful and aggresive attack kept him on the inside, where he was able to string Salerno with short hooks. Although Salerno managed a fair right to the head at rounds end, it now looked as though he was in for a tough night.

Rd. 2 - A very sloppy round, with Salerno's answer to MacDonald's aggressiveness being a series of hugs and wrestling holds.

Rd. 3 - Salerno opened the session with several quick, sharp, jabs, but was once again unable to control MacDonald's rushing, with Leon snapping Salerno's head back several times with sharp hooks.

Rd. 4 - Salerno scoring well with the jab in the opening moments was about to absorb the worst punishment of his career, as MacDonald charged with a solid left hook to the head that dropped James in his tracks. Up at eight, Salerno was soon battered to the canvas a second time, with a two-fisted flurry of hard shots by "Nite Life." Gamely arising once again, Salerno was puched into the ropes and was soaking up considerable punishment at the bell.

Rd. 5 — Big James showed lots of courage and determination by standing up well under a series of solid hooks and jarring overhand rights, fighting back with his most effective flurries of the fight.

Rounds 6 & 7 - Very similar, Salerno a bit more effective with his jab and defense, and a very confident MacDonald controlling the inside work with head-jarring uppercuts. But both rounds were marred by excessive clinching, and mauling, mainly by Salerno, with both men being warned for head work.

Rd. 8 - Salerno very effective this round, keeping Leon at bay with sharp jabs, and scoring well with accurate flurries. Although MacDonald never seemed in trouble, this was Salerno's best round by far.

Rd. 9 - MacDonald's hooks and uppercuts came into play once more, as Salerno's head was repeatedly snapped back during this round, but Jimmy fought back and prevented MacDonald from dominating the round completely.

Rd. 10 - Terribly sloppy round of almost continuous clinching and mauling by Salerno, as neither man was very effective in a disappointing finish to a sometime's exciting bout. Salerno's winning streak came to an end with the announcement of the official decision, split in favor of MacDonald, whose record now reads, 8-1.

Salerno suddenly re-entered the ring shortly after the contest, picking up the mike and publicly challenging MacDonald to come back and fight him again. He was jeered by the audience, and left the ring.

The prelims were as follows:

Richie Gonzalez, 153, New Orleans, survived a knockdown and a battering in the second round, but came back to make an exciting fight of it in losing a very close decision to Claudelle Longmire, 151, Belle Glade, Fla. in four rds.

In another four-rounder, showboating Terry Pizzaro, 121, Miami, easily decisioned Tony Styles Diaz, 126, Miami, in a fast moving contest.

John L. Johnson, 215, Miami, scored a first round kayo over Richie Majors, 190, Freeport, Bahamas.

Promising Argentinian heavyweight Luis Acosta, 225, knocked out Ron Harry, 198, Stuart, Fla., in round one.

Demetrios Edwards, 186, Haighton, N.C., added to the rash of quick knockouts with still another first round kayo, the victim being Gabriel Science, 195, Homestead, Fla.

Last but not least, veteran Nat King, 164, Miami, joined the crowd of k.o. artists with a first round knockout over George Lee, 159, Miami.

Approximately 2,000 fans, including Alexis Arguello, and Ingemar Johansson, were in attendance at this Chris Dundee promotion, with Chris doing his best to try and keep pro boxing alive in this area.

▲ MIAMI BEACH — Convention Center — Flamboyant promoter Don King gifted the Convention Center with his presence for the primary purpose of exposing the talents of his heavyweight hopeful Michael (Dynamite) Dokes, to national television.

The sparse turnout was probably due to the televising of the main bout, and the unusual day and time of the presentation. (The show began at 11:30 am Sunday.)

Dokes, a former sparring partner of Muhammad Ali, and a Golden Gloves and National AAU champion in 1976, is currently undefeated (16 straight), and generally regarded as one of the more promising youngsters campaigning today.

At a very solid 217 pounds and 6' 3" in height, the 21-year-old Dokes, originally from Akron, Ohio, and now fighting out of Fort Lauderdale, looked quite impressive. His opponent for this occasion: Lucien Rodriquez of Paris, France, a former European heavyweight champion whose biggest "claim to Fame" seems to have been three ko losses to Alfredo Evangelista.

Nonetheless, Rodriguez as it turned out, proved himself to be a tough, game, and fairly adept defensive boxer in this quickly paced contest.

The more experienced Rodriguez (23-6) opened round one with a left hook which was short of the mark. It was an uneventful start to a slow moving round which saw a Dokes flurry or two, and the Frenchman answering with a couple of fair blows in retaliation. Little to choose between either man in this session.

Dokes began rd. 2 with a stinging flurry of blows, and, stepping back with hands low, he was nailed by a Rodriguez left hook. This sequence repeated itself several times during this round, proving that Dokes was unable to muster enough power in his blows to seriously hurt his opponent. His very dangerous habit of backing off with head up and gloves low after almost every assault could prove disastrous against a harder hitting foe.

In round three, Rodriguez seemed overwhelmed, at times, by the rapidity of Dokes' combinations, but never seemed to be in any real trouble. In fact, the only damaging punch landed in this round was by Rodriguez, whose right to the head appeared to have opened a small cut just above Dokes left eye.

Dokes started fast in round four, scoring with a solid right to the head. Rodriguez was ineffective with his attempted counter-assault. Later in this round, Lucien was able to get to Dokes with a couple of stiff left hooks, but, at round's end, he was taking punishment as usual.

Rd. 5 - Rodriguez landed his best punch of the fight so far, as a solid right to the head sent a surprised Dokes reeling back into the ropes. Dokes retaliated with a vicious flurry which appeared to hurt the Frenchman for the first time, opening a cut above Lucien's right eye.

Rd. 6 - Both using jab effectively for the first time in this contest, with Dokes continuing to outfight his game opponent.

Rd. 7 - Dokes scoring well with solid body shots, nailed Rodriguez with a picture perfect right uppercut that sent him staggering back into the ropes, where he was given a standing eight count by referee Eddie Eckert.

Rodriguez seemed to recover quickly after that and Dokes was unable to wobble him again.

Rd. 8 - Time and again in this totally one-sided round, Dokes drove Rodriguez to the ropes with a two-fisted assault, but Rodriguez's fairly good defensive skills, and his ability to absorb his man's best shots, enabled him to get through this round none the worse for wear.

Rd. 9 - Both fenced for openings in the early part of this round, as they appeared to be coasting for the first time.

Suddenly Dokes, opened up with a spectacular barrage which pinned Rodriguez to the ropes, but, by round's end, no real damage had been done and Rodriguez was gamely fighting back at the bell.

Rd. 10 - Dokes, obviously frustrated by his inability to end the contest, tried (with more than a hint of desperation) to finish his man in this round, with a persistent and punishing attack.

Although Rodriguez was shaken at times, he seemed in no real danger of going down, and appeared steady and unhurt at the final bell.

The decision: a one-sided unanimous one in favor of still undefeated Michael Dokes.

In the prelims:

Promising, undefeated west coast heavyweight Pinklon Thomas, 216 looked very adept in halting Jerry Williams, who was unable to answer the bell for round five due to a badly cut left eye.

This was Thomas' 11th k.o. victory in 12 wins.

Another unbeaten youngster, Ft. Lauderdale's Johnny Compo, extended his win streak to nine straight with a decision (unanimous) in eight over Johnny Torres.

Other local scrappers finished out the card:

Clauzelle Longmire, 154 scored a second round kayo over Denis Green, 147.

John Symonette, 167, outpointed Costello King, 170, four.

▲ MIAMI BEACH — Convention Center — Chris Dun-

dee, continuing his promotions on a semi-weekly basis, once again put together an interesting card of aspiring youngsters.

The main bout briefly featured unbeaten Belle Glade, Fla., heavyweight Jeff Sims, 210 who barely worked up a sweat in dispatching Big John Tate's sometime sparring partner, Walter Santemore, in 2:30 of the first.

The bout was stopped after Santemore had gone down for the third time, his protests that the last knockdown was in actuality a slip to no avail.

Simms' record now reads 9-0, all ko's.

Another undefeated heavyweight, Argentina's Luis Acosta, made it four straight with a blasting right to the head of veteran Miami heavyweight, John L. Johnson, to end this one in 2:35 of round two.

A Philadelphia visitor, junior welter Vic Pappa, scored his 14th win in 15 bouts by knocking out Homestead, Florida's Armando Ramirez in two rounds.

Canadian heavyweight Dino Belanger scored win number seven in his eighth pro bout by edging out a close one in six rounds over James Roper of Ft. Lauderdale, whose record now drops to 9-4.

Bahamian light heavy Ernie Barr, who dropped a close decision to Tony Mundine in a bid for the Commonwealth title in 1977, had better luck this time with a k.o. win in two rounds over Ft. Lauderdale's Costello King.

John Symonette, who had defeated King two days prior to this evening's show, was himself in action, improving his record to 11-3 with a very close decision win over game Arlington, Va., middleweight Danny Corbett in a sixer. Both badly cut.

TONY ARNOLD

▲ ORLANDO — The main event featured undefeated Clyde "The Cattleman" Fussell against state recognized "Joltin" Johnny Jackson. Clyde, known by his opponents as the "old man", is now 13-0 with 13 knock-outs. His opponent, 14 years younger than Clyde's 41 years, came on dancing and punishing the "old man" with body punches that wold have collapsed the Eiffel Tower.

In the second round, it looked as if the fans favorite would wilt as "Joltin" Johnny kept punching in the mid-section, but somehow Clyde weathered the storm. In the third round Clyde came out jabbing. "Joltin" Johnny resumed his vicious body punching but this proved to be Clyde's best effort as he countered well and bloodied Jackson's nose. In the fourth round, it looked all over for Clyde as Jackson came out throwing bombs. He had Clyde backpeddling and sprawling all over the ring. By this time Jackson must have thrown 600 punches in the fight.

In the fifth round, Jackson came out sluggish. Clyde sensing "Joltin" Johnny was punched out, started stalking his opponent waiting for that one big punch and then suddenly Jackson was on the ropes and Clyde punching — a left uppercut by the "old man" and down went another youngster.

Jackson made a game effort to continue but Clyde once again caught him and it was game time for the "old man." Jackson dropped his record to 31-8, 15 kayoes at 215 lbs. and Fussell now 13-0, 13 kayoes at 198 lbs.

In preliminaries, Al "The White Ali" Migliorato made his debut as a light heavyweight facing slick Charlie Grimmitt of Melbourne, Florida. Al, as a heavyweight, had great promise but was unfortunately mishandled. He is now under the auspices of MBC. Al was just too much for the Melbourne boxer as Migliorato knocked him out in two rounds. (It was scheduled for eight.) Both fighters weighed 174.

In another eight rounder, Homer Jackson, 146, fought a see-saw battle with Miami's Armando Ramirez, 147. It was a brawl — all fighting, but a unanimous decision was awarded to Homer Jackson, now 6-2, with four kayoes.

In other action, Greg Payne, 179, and Alachua's Tony Servance, 187, fought to a draw in four rounds. Both made their debut.

In another four-rounder, Lakeland's Farried Aledullah, 197, knocked out Orlando's Tiger Brown in two.

Orlando's Archie Crews and Miami's Dexter Smith were no contest in a six-round bout.

Boxing in Orlando thus resumed under the auspices of the Metropolitan Boxing Corporation.

Attendance — 1,268.

VELT GOLDEN

HAWAIIAN ISLANDS

▲ HONOLULU, OAHU — Blaisdell Center Arena — A delirious, happy, near capacity crowd of 7,821 saw their local idol, the Waipahu Sugarman, 27-year-old lightweight favorite, Andy Ganigan, 135, successfully defend his North American Boxing Federation lightweight championship title by exploding a picturesque left uppercut downstairs to the "engine room" in poleaxing San Antonio's rugged 22 year-old Robert Vasquez, 133½, now based in Los Angeles, at 2:26 of the seventh canto of their scheduled 12-round feature stellar presentation. The game Mexican was counted out on both knees after discarding his mouthpiece. This upped Ganigan's record to 30-2 while Vasquez saw his slip to 19-6-1.

This atoned for an earlier, embarrassing Aug., 1979 upset seven-round kayo defeat by Vasquez before these same fans that deprived Ganigan of a shot at the WBC lightweight champion, Jim Watt of Scotland. Vasquez, of course, went on to take his place, only to be stopped by Watt in nine rounds. Obviously, Watt's stoppage took a heavy toll, as Vasquez did not display the same quickness and agressiveness he showed in their first encounter. After their first fight, Ganigan was left with some bitter dreams and nightmares, but now the future appears, hopefully, to be a little brighter.

Vasquez scored the night's only other knockdown with a smashing overhand right to the head in the third stanza. The right, similar to the one that started Ganigan's demise in their first meeting, came while Ganigan was backpeddling.

This time, however Ganigan came up, shook his head, took a deep breath while looking over to his very excitable trainer, Mario Silva, and wisely moved around until the cobwebs cleared.

By round's end, he was off of queer street, heading back to his corner with a smile, knowing he had survived and learned something from his last fight. Using a rapier right jab while turning counterclockwise, southpaw Ganigan came back to even the fourth and fifth heats. Ganigan sustained a cut on the bridge of the nose when banged with a sharp right in the sixth. Andy seemed to have trouble breathing and Vasquez's corner felt this was the beginning of the end. Whatever, the seventh was about even until the sudden abrupt ending. Ganigan was ahead all the way around when the fight ended, both referee Manny Tolentino having it 29-26 and judges Louis Race and Ed Higa both 28-25.

Before Ganigan can fight Watt, it is mandatory he make a defense of his NABF title against Oklahoma City's Sean O'Grady. Naturally Boxing Enterprises is hoping it will be in Honolulu, since this card grossed promoter Sad Sam Ichinose a tidy sum of $60,553 and has to be a big selling point. Whether O'Grady will leave Oklahoma City, his safe haven, is highly doubtful with papa O'Grady always calling the shots.

In the co-feature 10-round semifinal, undefeated Ralph Aviles, 131½, Hilo, now 8-0, getting the experience he needed, was dragged the distance by veteran Edwin Alarcon, 128, Philippines in coping a close but unanimous decision. Up to the seventh, it was an exciting scrap, but, apparently on advice from his corner, Aviles, for the remainder of the bout, was content to coast and occasionally flick out a jab. Unfortunately, this produced a rather dull climax.

The most eventful prelim, a six-round heavyweight battle between Dana 'Gunner' Goodson, 209½, Honolulu, onetime bit actor on Hawaii Five 'O', and Sefulu Togafau, 198½, Samoa, ended in a double disqualification after security guards and trainers pulled the two apart with 0:47 left in the second. Togafau dropped Goodson in a bitter bout and then stayed after him. Goodson, professional martial arts champion in Hawaii, responded with kicks while fans and corners emptied into the ring before order was restored. Both, for sure, can expect a fine or stiff suspension, as both purses were automatically held up. Goodson, (I have watched him perform three times) should definitely quit the ring and pursue other endeavors.

After being severely taken to the task in a stormy first round, stylish Mark Ibanez, 140, Waianae, methodically chopped down rugged Vitolio Meredith, 140¼, Samoa via a second round TKO at 2:20 when Meredith's very astute trainer, well respected Stanley Shioi, threw in the towel to save his gladiator from being seriously hurt. Ibanez is a lad to watch in the future, as he displayed extraordinary punching prowess in disposing of his foe.

In a three-rounder, Moses Halafuka, 191½, Tonga, who amazingly bore a facial resemblance to a former Cuban heavyweight contender of the early 50s, "Big" Nino Valdez, had an easy time in decisioning an ill-conditioned Eugene Gordon, 199½, Kailua.

In the three-rounder curtain raiser of the evening, gutsy Rick Marquez, 134¼, Honolulu, surprisingly came back from two first round knockdowns to TKO bewildered Roger Reed, 135¼, Honolulu, at 2:27 of the second canto.

▲ HILO, HAWAII — Convention Center — Hometown hero Curtis 'Rocky' Azevedo 196, displayed some awesome punching power in winning his third straight professional fight with a six-round kayo over Danman Lee Lacy, 200, Dallas, Texas before 750 fans.

Hard-punching Azevedo, ahead on points all the way, dropped Lacy, now 6-4, to the canvas twice in the sixth canto and the rangy Texan refused to continue at 1:32 of the round. Three thunderous right crosses appeared to be the most damaging blows.

Although Azevedo was cut above the left eye by a looping right in the third stanza, he took all the counter punching that Lacy had to offer and proved a good aggressor in running his pro record to 3-0.

Through the first five rounds, the former Hilo High school football star had either won or scored a draw on all three scorecards, although the third and fourth rounds produced standoffs on two of the cards.

In the companion feature, Frank Hesia, 118, Oahu, pushed his mark to 4-0 with a third round KO of Caesar Zulueta, 117, Wahiwa, now 4-3.

Hesia won the brief slugfest despite a cut over his eye that threatened to close before the bout was over. Two left hooks did the trick for the spunky Hesia.

In a six-round prelim, Paul Morales, 134, Los Angeles scored a unanimous decision over favored Ronald Strode, 133¼, Honolulu. In a four-rounder, Reuben Dudoit, 134¼, Honolulu, decisioned Ful Sumagaysay, 135¼, Samoa, while, in the curtain raiser, Ray Carino, 125, Ewa Beach, coped a unanimous verdict over Frank Caba, 124, Kailu, four.

JOEL LIPSITT

INDIANA

▲ INDIANAPOLIS — Market Square Arena — Manager Dave Wolf brought his traveling boxing show to the Hoosier capital with good box office and winning fistic results. His "Mutt and Jeff" duo of 5 foot 6 inch Ray "Boom Boom" Mancini and 6' 9" Ed "Too Tall" Jones stirred up media and fan interest for promoter Fred Berns and matchmaker Pete Susens' seven-bout card. The 4,400 in attendance paid $42,000 to view an interesting and entertaining night of various skills of professional boxing.

"Too Tall," who tipped the Fairbanks at a whopping 262 pounds, delivered a rib-bending right to Billie Joe Thomas' midsection to finish the Marianna, Arkansas, 207-pounder at 2:28 of round four. The behemoth Jones stalked the backpedaling Thomas from the opening bell, concentrating on working his opponent's body. Billie Joe landed his first punches in the fourth round when he looped in three overhand rights of little effect. Thomas raised his right hand in triumph to the cheering crowd after scoring. His glory was short-lived because the finish came shortly thereafter. "Too Tall" looked amateurish during most of the fight and drew boos from the spectators. This bout was scheduled for six rounds. Jones' record went to 5-0 with four kayoes.

Ray "Boom Boom" Mancini, 136, Youngstown, Ohio, destroyed Charlie Evans, 137¼, Omaha, Nebraska, at 0:08 of the second in a six-rounder. Mancini tagged Charlie a split second before the end of round one and, following the bell ending the round, Evans tumbled to the canvas very dazed. Referee Mike DeFabis didn't take up the count, ruling the delayed knockdown came after the bell. In Indiana you can't be saved by the bell except for the last round.

"Boom Boom" rushed his opponent at the beginning of round two, dropping Evans for an immediate stoppage. The young man from Nebraska was knocked cold and didn't rise from the ring floor for the better part of five minutes.

The charismatic 18-year-old Buckeye won the hearts of the crowd and promised to return to Indianapolis for future bouts. Mancini is now 6-0 with five knockouts.

Veteran pugilist Marion "Tiger" Thomas, 38½, Indianapolis, won a unanimous 12-round decision over knockout artist Danny Myers, 142, Muncie, Indiana, (16-2, 15) in a bout for the light welterweight championship of Indiana.

Thomas, who is beginning his 13th year in the punch-for-pay ranks, called on his vast ring experience to avoid the lethal blows of his opponent and win a convincing decision by scores of 118-109, 120-112, and 119-106.

Marion floored Myers in the third for the only knockdown of the contest.

Danny came on strong in the final round, but it was too late for him to pull out the victory.

Both combatants showed good conditioning going the 12-round limit. Myers' previous longest stint had been four rounds.

"Slammin' " Sammy NeSmith, 158, Indianapolis, (32-4, 28 kayoes) knocked out Robert Powell, 167, Houston, Texas, at 2:59 of round two. This bout was scheduled for ten.

NeSmith floored Powell in the first and again in the second for the final time. The Texan was very little competition for the hard-hitting Hoosier.

Mark Wickliff, 208, Beech Grove, Indiana, kayoed pudgy Hubert Adams, 203½, Cincinnati, at 2:54 of the initial round. This was Wickliff's first pro bout.

Toni Taylor, 145, Muncie, (2-2, one kayo) counterpunched his way to a split decision win over Mark Lemerick, 146, Anderson, Indiana, (1-1) in an action-packed six-rounder. This was an excellent crowd-pleasing tussle.

Donnie Garrett, 155¾, Muncie (6-2 five kayoes) won a unanimous five-round decision over "Hard Luck" Larry Puchta, 156, Milwaukee.

GARY L. MERRITT

KANSAS

▲ KANSAS CITY — Memorial Hall — "Mean" LeRoy Green, Jr., ended a long period of inactivity as he scored a tough 10-round decision over veteran trial horse Willie Warren of Corpus Christi, Texas.

The 28-year-old Green dominated the early rounds as he peppered the much shorter Warren, 159, with a steady stream of left jabs. Warren began to come on stronger in the later rounds, as he became more aggressive and began to score with his left hook.

But the three judges scored the fight 99-97, 100-89, and 100-91, all in Green's favor.

Green, 161, is hoping the victory will bring his bouts with some of the top-rated middleweight contenders.

The 33-year-old Warren, used to disappointment in his long career as a veteran traveler, had plenty of praise for Green after the fight. "In the near future, he could be a great fighter," he said. "He takes a pretty good punch. If I didn't win tonight's fight, I should at least have had a draw, that's all there is to it."

Green, who also serves as a Wyandotte County sheriff, is now 13-0 as a professional. Warren, in his 13-year professional career, has now compiled a record of somewhere around 43-42-3.

Younger brother Rodney "Sweet Rod" Green scored an easy second round kayo over Robert Perez of Corpus Christi in a scheduled 10-round light heavyweight bout. Perez proved no match at all for the much quicker and harder punching Green.

Perez was knocked down twice in the second round before a lightning one-two combination from Green, 173, flattened him for the stoppage.

The 23-year-old Green is now 6-0 as a pro.

A preliminary bout between local fighter John Robinson and Juan de la Garza, Corpus Christi, had developed the bout and had the nose of the Texas fighter bleeding badly as the second round ended.

Robinson, however, couldn't answer the bell for the third round, as he had broken a toe on his right foot during the action in the preceding round. The bizarre ending was scored as a third round TKO in a scheduled eight-roung heavyweight bout.

In the opening bout of the evening, Jeff Payne of Kansas City, Kansas, scored a TKO over Larry Ousley of Kansas City in the second round of a scheduled four-round lightweight bout. Ousley's handlers threw in the towel with 1'18 left in the round.

After the fights, the Green brothers' father and manager, LeRoy Green, Sr., said that he feels that it is just a matter of time until both of his boys become rated fighters.

"They're already good enough. It's just a matter of geting a contender to fight them," he said.

A small crowd of 301 fans attended the bouts. Among the interested spectators was world rated contender Tony Chiaverini.

▲ KANSAS CITY — Memorial Hall — World rated Tony Chiaverini, keeping busy until a hoped for world title opportunity materializes, completely destroyed an outclassed young preliminary fighter named Charlie Peterson. Chiaverini kayoed Peterson in 2:49 of the second round before 3,046 fans.

Chiaverini, 157, came out attacking at the opening bell as he tried to neutralize Peterson's superior speed by pinning his 19-year-old Muncie, Indiana, opponent in the corners while keeping busy working to the body.

The small ring (16' x 16') was made to order for the tactics of Chiaverini as the barrage of body blows were beginning to weaken Peterson. Near the end of the first round, a Chiaverini left hook knocked Peterson, 152, down for an eight-count in a neutral corner. The bell rang before Chiaverini could do any more damage.

"Actually, I didn't think he would get up from that," Chiaverini said. "He's a strong, young kid who came in top shape. He came to beat me and that's why I came out as hard as I did."

The Kansas City southpaw dominated the second round by continuing to work toe the body of the southpaw Peterson. Peterson showed a quick left during the fight, but just didn't have the strength to keep the bullish Chiaverini off him. The only damage he did with his punches was a glove abrasion under the right eye of Chiaverini.

Near the end of the second round, Chiaverini landed a hard left hook to the midsection just below the ribs of his opponent. Peterson pitched to the floor of the ring gasping for breath, his head resting on the canvas. Charlie never looked like he was he was going to beat the count of refere Eloda Morrison. He was stretched out on the canvas for more than a minute after the count had been completed.

"He was pretty slow, but he hits like a bull," said Peterson. "I just couldn't catch my wind. I was trying to get back up, but I couldn't. That was the only place he hurt me."

Both Chiaverini and his trainer, Dave Conchola, said before the fight that they were concerned about the quickness and the straight left hands of Peterson. However, in the end, Peterson just didn't have the experience to cope with a fighter of Chiaverini's calibre.

Chiaverini had taken some local criticism when the choice of Peterson as his next opponent was announced. In a previous bout, only 25 days before the Chiaverini fight, Peterson had scored a preliminary six-round victory over Gary Thomas in Evansville, Indiana. Peterson was also kayoed by Rick Noggle a few weeks before the Thomas fight. As a result, some people felt he hardly qualified for a 10-rounder against a world rated contender.

However, manager Angelo Dundee wanted to give Chiaverini more experience in fighting lefthanders. Both the junior middleweight and middleweight division are loaded with southpaws. Chiaverini had boxed only two lefthanders, and had lost to one of them.

Chiaverini said that Peterson was the best southpaw that Dundee could come up with right now. Dundee, who didn't come up from Florida for the first time since taking over Chiaverini's contract last summer, has promised Tony C. that he will get a title shot sometime this year.

"I'm having discussions with a lot of people," Dundee said. "The Bob Arums, the Don Kings . . . all the big names (promoters) in boxing know about Chiaverini. He's a saleable comodity.

"I've sent out tapes of his fight with Sandy Torres. That was an exciting fight, the way Tony came back to win after almost being knocked out. The tape shows what an exciting fighter he is. Whoever Tony fights, he'll acquit himself well. I feel he will be a champion someday."

Chiaverini, however, becoming discouraged by the politics of the boxing world, says he will retire unless he gets a title shot this year.

"I'm going to keep fighting and stay active," said Tony. "One of the fights will be a world title fight in 1980 or I'll retire."

Chiaverini says this after enduring the frustrations of negotiating for fights that never quite came off.

"Mickey Duff (who promotes Maurice Hope) went to Miami to talk with Dundee. That was the reason we set up the fight with Peterson — so I could work with a lefthander. I thought for sure they'd signed, but something happened. I don't care what they pay me, I just want to fight."

Chiaverini attended the recent middleweight championship fight between Antuofermo and Hagler. He came away with the feeling that he can compete on their level.

"Right now, I don't care who I fight for a title. It's just a dream of a little Kansas City kid with average ability. That's the only reason I keep trying."

Chiaverini, who is ranked in the top 10 by the WBC and the WBA, now has a record of 34-4-1 with 25 knockouts. Peterson is now 11-6-1.

UNITED STATES RATINGS

HEAVYWEIGHTS
Champion: Mike Weaver (Calif.)
1. Leroy Jones (Colo.)
2. Michael Dokes (Ohio)
3. Leon Spinks (Mo.)
4. Gerry Cooney (N.Y.)
5. Scott LeDoux (Minn.)
6. Willie Shannon (Ore.)
7. Pinklon Thomas (Mich.)
8. Ossie Ocasio (P.R.)
9. Mike Koranicki, (Pa.)
10. George Chaplin (Md.)

WELTERWEIGHTS
Champion: Thomas Hearns (Mich.)
1. Wilfred Benitez (P.R.)
2. Pete Ranzany (Calif.)
3. Randy Shields (Calif.)
4. Adolfo Viruet (Calif.)
5. Angel Espada (P.R.)
6. Manuel Jiminez (P.R.)
7. Domingo Ayala (P.R.)
8. Greg Stephens (Calif.)
9. Johnny Turner (N.Y.)
10. Luis Resto (N.Y.)

FEATHERWEIGHTS
Champion: Reuben Castillo (Calif.)
1. Danny Lopez (Calif.)
2. Mike Ayala (Texas)
3. Rocky Lockridge (N.J.)
4. Gerald Hayes (N.J.)
5. Abdul Bey (Hawaii.)
6. Fel Clemente (Calif.)
7. Warren Matthews (La.)
8. Alberto Collazo (Pa.)
9. Carmelo Negron (N.Y.)
10. Juan LaPorte (N.Y.)

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS
Champion: James Scott (N.J.)
1. Yaqui Lopez (Calif.)
2. Eddie Gregory (N.Y.)
3. Marvin Camel (Mont.)
4. Mike Rossman (N.J.)
5. Carlos DeLeon (P.R.)
6. Michael Spinks (Mo.)
7. Jerry Martin (Pa.)
8. Jesse Burnett (Calif.)
9. Paul Ramos (Ohio)
10. Jesse Burnett (Calif.)

JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHTS
Champion: Title Vacant
1. Esteban DeJesus (P.R.)
2. Bruce Curry (Texas)
3. Willie Rodriguez (Pa.)
4. Monroe Brooks (Calif.)
5. Ruby Ortiz (N.Y.)
6. Larry Stanton (N.Y.)
7. Sean Mannion (Mass.)
8. Sammy Ayala (Texas)
9. Tony Petronelli (Mass.)
10. Leroy Haley (Nev.)

JUNIOR FEATHERWEIGHTS
Champion: Nicky Perez (Ariz.)
1. Juan (Kid) Meza (Calif.)
2. Javier Flores (Utah)
3. David Ramalho (Mass.)
4. William Berry (N.J.)
5. Derrik Holmes (Va.)
6. Earl Large (Ariz.)
7. Cookie Valencia (Utah)
8. Jaime Garza (Texas)
9. Melvin Johnson (Calif.)
10. Alfonso Evans (Pa.)

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Champion: Marvin Hagler (Mass.)
1. Vito Antuofermo (N.Y.)
2. Ronnie Harris (Ohio)
3. Curtis Parker (Pa.)
4. Dwight Davison (Mich.)
5. Wilford Scypion (Texas)
6. Ray Seales (Wash.)
7. Ernie Singletary (Pa.)
8. Roger Leonard (Md.)
9. Sammy NeSmith (Ind.)
10. David Love (Calif.)

LIGHTWEIGHTS
Champion: Howard Davis Jr. (N.Y.)
1. Aaron Pryor (Ohio)
2. Jorge Morales (P.R.)
3. Johnny Lira (Ill.)
4. Edwin Viruet (P.R.)
5. Andrew Ganigan (Hawaii)
6. Herman Montes (Calif.)
7. Reynaldo Zaragoza (Calif.)
8. Gonzello Montellano (Calif.)
9. Sean O'Grady (Okla.)
10. Ray Mancini (Ohio)

BANTAMWEIGHTS
Champion: Jeff Chandler (Pa.)
1. Alberto Davila (Calif.)
2. Leo Randolph (Wash.)
3. Oscar Muniz (Calif.)
4. Eddie Logan (Calif.)
5. Julian Solis (P.R.)
6. Alberto Sandoval (Calif.)
7. Andres Hernandez (P.R.)
8. Andres Torres (P.R.)
9. Johnny Carter (Pa.)
10. David Capo (N.Y.)

JUNIOR MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Champion: Steve Delgado (P.R.)
1. Tony Chiaverini (Mo.)
2. Nick Ortiz (P.R.)
3. Rocky Mosley Jr. (Nev.)
4. Johnny Sullivan (Ore.)
5. Jerry Cheatham (Ariz.)
6. Nino Gonzalez (N.J.)
7. Zeferino Gonzalez (Calif.)
8. Alvin Anderson (Md.)
9. Bobby Watts (Pa.)
10. Victor Martinez (Calif.)

JUNIOR LIGHTWEIGHTS
Champion: Title Vacant
1. Frankie Baltazar (Calif.)
2. Bobby Chacon (Calif.)
3. Roberto Elizondo (Texas)
4. Greg Coverson (Mich.)
5. Arturo Leon (Ariz.)
6. Ernest Bing (N.J.)
7. Robert Mullens (S.C.)
8. Luke Ervin (N.J.)
9. Alex Alatore (Calif.)
10. Roy Hernandez (Texas)

FLYWEIGHTS
Champion: Title Vacant
1. Joey Olivo (Calif.)
2. Orlando Maldonado (P.R.)
3. Willie Jensen (Nev.)
4. Fred Jackson (Tenn.)
5. Julio Rodriquez (Hawaii.)
6. Jose Ortiz (P.R.)
7. Javier Mendoza (Calif.)
8. Mike Stuart (Calif.)
9. Mario Chavez (Calif.)
10. Mark Pacheco (Nev.)

Larry Holmes (Pa.), WBC heavyweight champion; John Tate (Tenn.), WBA heavyweight champion; Matthew Saad Muhammad (Pa.), world light heavyweight champion; Marvin Johnson (Ind.), WBA light heavyweight champion; Ray Leonard (Md.), world welterweight champion; Saoul Mamby (N.Y.), WBC junior welterweight champion; Hilmer Kenty (Mich.), WBA lightweight champion; Samuel Serrano (P.R.), world junior lightweight champion; Wilfredo Gomez (P.R.), world junior featherweight champion.

In a companion 10-rounder, Dale Hernandez of Omaha, Nebraska, knocked down Paul "Red" Garcia of San Antonio three times in the second round for an automatic stoppage. The ending came at 2:20 of the round. Hernandez, bouncing back from his loss to Lennox Blackmoore, is now 38-3 as a professional.

In the opening bout, Tom Crowley, Tipton, Iowa, knocked out Pettis Withers, Chicago, in 1:15 of the second round in a lightweight fight scheduled for six. Crowley now claims a 12-4 pro record.

Charlie Evans of Omaha and Joe Sosa of Kansas City, who fought to a six-round draw in November, met again in a six-round junior welterweight bout. This time, Evans took charge of the fight early and scored well with his left hand against the southpaw Sosa. All three judges scored it 60-55 for Evans. Sosa now has a 3-1-1 pro record.

Matchmaker Don Elbaum also had scheduled a six-round rematch between middleweights Rocky Mack of Chicago and Odel Willis of Wichita. Mack had defeated Willis by a split decision in a four-rounder here in November. The bout, however, had to be cancelled when Mack failed to show.

▲ WICHITA — Garvey Center — Hometown welterweight Pat Hallacy won a unanimous 10-round decision over Dave Bolden of Brooklyn. The 23-year-old southpaw dominated every round with his stinging right jabs and hard lefts, but he never could put Bolden on the deck.

Bolden was bleeding from the nose and mouth from the fifth round on, but the only time he looked to be in any difficulty was in the seventh. Halacy caught him with a hard left hook to the jaw and the Wichita fighter followed with a flurry of punches before referre Vern Miller stepped in and gave Bolden a standing eight-count. Bolden protested throughout the count.

The three judges scored the bout 100-84, 100-84, and 100-94. Hallacy is now 23-2 as a professional.

"I've never hit anybody like that and had him stand up," said Pat after the fight.

The Whichita Irishman now journeys to South Africa to take on rising Bushy Bester.

Older brother Ned Halacy, 180, kayoed punching bag Don Melancon, 173, Houston, in the second round of a scheduled 10-round co-feature. A short right to the jaw did the trick. Time: 2:08. Hallacy is now 33-5-2 as a pro.

Bruce "The Mouse" Strauss, 150, Omaha, halted Frank Patterson, 152, Davenport, Iowa, in the third round of a scheduled six-rounder. Strauss, who formerly fought under the name Ruben Bardot, now heads to South Africa, where he will take on the hard-punching Charlie Weir.

Odell Wilis, Wichita, won a close decision over Denis Horne, Oklahoma City, in a six-round middleweight bout.

Jerry "Spike" Magdalene, 131, Wichita, outpointed Ray Memefee, 129, Omaha, four. Magdalene is now 3-0 in the pro ranks.

Orville Flying Horse, 120, McIntosh, South Dakota, knocked out Julio Santia, 119, Wichita, in 1:44 of the third round in a scheduled four.

Marshall Vila, Jr., 130, Wichita, stopped Anthony Lopez, 132, San Antonio, Texas, at 1:47 of the second in another scheduled four.

Meek said he moved to the new location to reduce overhead costs. Pro cards in the past have been held at Century II.

RON COPHER

MAINE

▲ PORTLAND — Civic Center — A man can lie to his friends, associates, and others around him, but when he lies to himself, he is only pressing the button of self-destruction. Algeria's Loucif Hamani recently did just that.

He came into New York claiming to have a 28-0 record. It didn't take much checking to find out he was lying, or, at best, stretching the truth. The truth was: Hamani did *not* have 28 victories and he was *not* undefeated. When Hamani and his trainer were informed that a loss was found in Loucif's professional debut, the trainer said, "That fight was not what you would call a professional fight. It was an amateur fight. Loucif has never lost as a pro." The next day, the trainer submitted Hamani's record to *The Ring*. Crossed off was the initial loss. Replacing it was "DRAW 6." The Hamani camp had lied again.

Watching Hamani train at New York's Solar Gym for his fight against Marvin Hagler, Hamani's trainers perpetrated another lie. Only this time it was as much to themselves as it was to the press.

"See those moves," said one of Hamani's advisors. "Hagler is in for a beating. He has never met a fighter of Hamani's quality. It will be quite an upset when Hagler gets knocked out." The camp had lied so many times about Hamani being able to beat Hagler that they began to believe it.

Among the men who acted as advisors to Hamani was Paul Guez, president of Sasson Jeans, Inc. Mr. Guez, an avid boxing fan, was so high on Hamani's chances against Hagler that he gave Hamani a robe and a pair of boxing trunks emblazoned with the word "Sasson."Mr. Guez should have also put his company's name on the bottom of Hamani's shoes.

The best that can be said for the Algerian is that he survived the first round. He was even impressive as he danced around in his impressive-looking baby blue "Sassons" in that first stanza. He matched Hagler jab for jab, hook for hook and move for move. At the bell ending round one, it looked as if the Hamani people were right — "Marvelous" Marvin *would* be in for a long night.

Round two began the same way. Hagler pressed forward in his straight-up style. Hamani boxed, slipped punches, looked to counter, and moved to his left, away from Hagler's powerful southpaw left.

Approximately midway through the round, a hard right jab stung Hamani. Hagler, 161, wasted no time. He pounced upon the Algerian, staggering him with a hard left. Hamani, 158¼,

sagged into the ropes in Hagler's corner. He then proceeded to have his head rattled by six quick, sharp, hard, unanswered punches — blows that sent him through the dangerously loose ropes and into the arms of Pat Petronelli, one of Hagler's co-managers.

Referee Peter Bennett then stopped the bout. Time: 1:42.

"I want to stay busy," said Hagler, now 47-2-2, including 39 knockouts. "Since I had an easy time here tonight, I'm going right back into the gym."

As for Hamani, who had not fought since beating David Love in June, 1978, he no longer has to lie — about either his record or his ability — to anybody ever again.

In the semi-final, New York middleweight John LoCicero landed some hard right hands on the chin of Mexico's Marcos Geraldo early in their 10-rounder, only to have Geraldo, a solid, all-around fighter, come storming back and stop him at 1:40 of the 10th and final round. LoCicero's manager, Howard Albert, threw in the towel after LoCicero had taken nearly one dozen unanswered punches.

MICHIGAN

▲ DETROIT — Northwestern Activity Centre-Bernard Mays, Detroit middleweight, won his second straight pro fight, scoring a one-round kayo over outclassed Ron Vaughn of West Virginia. It took Mays only 49 seconds to put Vaughn away with his potent left hook. Mays, who had a very successful amateur career, looks like a real comer.

The undercard had W. C. Honeycutt, Detroit, scoring.

W. C. Honeycutt, Detroit, TKO'd Gary Hunter, Windsor, Ontario, in a light heavyweight contest. Hunter suffered a cracked rib in the exciting, evenly fought first round, and could not answer the bell for round two.

There were two four-round bouts involving local boxers. Kid Madison outpointed Levant Williams, lightweights. Marty Eaddy outscored Lenny Neally, middleweights.

Attendance — 200.

▲ DETROIT — Joe Louis Arena — Dwight Davison, Detroit's undefeated middleweight, headlined the first boxing show at this new venue. He knocked out Doug Demmings of Minneapolis in the fifth round of a very dull fight. Davison's record is now 24-0.

Bernard Mays, Detroit, upped his record to 3-0 with a unanimous decision over Lamont Hopkins, Flint, six, middleweights.

Leslie Gardner TKO'd Clifton Askew, Cleveland, two, light heavyweights. Gardner, a Detroiter, is now 14-0.

Duane Thomas, Detroit, outscored taller Leonard Villers, Youngstown, six, middleweights.

Two four-rounders: Johnny Myers, Warren, Ohio, outpointed Jeff White, Detroit, welterweights. Allan Avery, Cleveland, outscored Don Thurman, Detroit, light heavyweights.

▲ WYANDOTTE — Yack Arena — Mickey Goodwin, Detroit, won a unanimous decision over tough Fermin Guzman in the 10-round main event. It was Goodwin's biggest win to date and raised his record to 21-1. Mickey appears ready for the bigger names in the middleweight division.

Unbeaten Dujuan Johnson, Detroit, knocked out Paul Jones, Philadelphia, in the first round of a welterweight mismatch.

Danny Paul, Detroit, TKO'd Jeff Grant, Chicago, in the fourth round, welterweights.

Still another welter scrap saw Rodney Trusel, Detroit, kayo John Allen, Philadelphia, in the first.

Lindell Holmes, Toledo, knocked out Dave Roberts, Philadelphia, in the third round of a middleweight bout.

▲ DETROIT — Joe Louis Arena — Dwight Davison raised his record to 25-0 with a sixth round TKO over Jamie Thomas, Cincinnati, middleweights. It's about time that they brought in someone who can fight for Davison.

Danny Jones, Windsor, Ontario, won a six-round unanimous decision over the more experienced Larry McCall of Cincinnati. Both boys traded leather from the opening bell, with Jones winning on superior boxing skill. This was Danny's biggest win to date and raised his record to 6-1.

Ali Haakim, Detroit, TKO'd Keith Kelly, Monroe, six, heavyweights. Kelly appeared to have a slight edge in the scoring before being forced to retire with a bad cut eye.

Berhard Mays, Detroit, kayoed Sanford Smith, Cincinnati, one, middleweights.

Duane Thomas, Detroit, TKO'd Lamont Hopkins, Flint, three, middleweights.

W. C. Honeycutt, Detroit, stopped John Maschek, Cincinnati, at 2:58 of the first round in a light heavyweight mismatch.

JERRY McCARTHY

MISSOURI

▲ KANSAS CITY — Municipal Auditorium — Steve Homan went to school here to further his fistic education, and he proved to be an able student. He scored a unanimous 10-round decision over veteran Johnny Copeland before a crowd of 1,398.

The southpaw Homan, ranked number 20 in the lightweight division by the WBC, dominated the first two rounds by scoring well with short left hands to the head and body of Copeland.

Copeland, who turned 34 the day after the bout, came back into the fight in the third round as he scored with a right hand to open up a cut over the left eye of Homan. The Raytown, Missouri, fighter said that the cut over his eye was originally opened in sparring and that Copeland's blow reopened it.

Homan, 140¾, took charge of the fight again in the fourth round, as he again began using his left hand effectively. Homan scored with an especially hard left in the fifth which Copeland later said hit him right on the button and made his toes sting.

The sting was an action packed round, as Homan continued working his left hand while Copeland, 139, was scoring with rights.

The seventh was Copeland's best round of the fight. He seemed to get his wind, and the Joplin, Missouri, fighter dominated the round with straight right hands.

His rally was short lived, as Homan knocked Copeland, who has lost to three world campions, to the canvas twice in the eighth session. Most ringside observers thought the first knockdown was more of a push, and Copeland was up quickly at the count of two.

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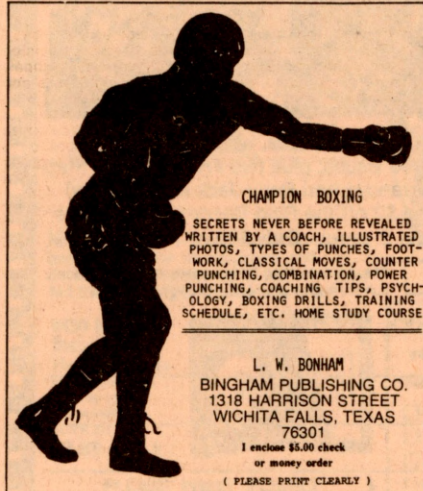

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Homan continued putting the pressure on the tiring Copeland and dropped him to the canvas again for a four-count. Copeland appeared more tired than hurt, and after the fight, Homan said that he thought Copeland was going to quit in that round.

Copeland said that Homan was "tough. He hits pretty decent. He did drop me a couple of times, but it's no big deal. I'll be 34 Saturday, and I had things to prove to myself tonight."

Copeland pulled himself together after the eighth to force Homan to go the 10-round distance. Homan, a Veterans Administration hospital technician, called Copeland one of the hardest punchers he had ever fought.

The judges scored it 9-91, 100-90, and 100-93 for Homan, who is now 17-2 as a pro. The well traveled Copeland is now 35-34-1 in a 10-year career.

Manager Peyton Sher said that he "thought Steve looked as good as he has ever looked. Copeland can finish a guy with one punch. When Steve got cut in the third round, he had to be careful the rest of the way."

"Poison' Ivy Brown, 183, Kansas City, was an easy second-round TKO Winner, as opponent King George Aidoo just would not attempt to fight.

Aidoo, 183, who is originally from Ghana but is now fighting out of Chicago, was down in the first round for a count of four. Brown dominated the round with flurries of punches as Aiddoo backed into the ropes and covered up.

Aidoo, who is only a shell of the fighter he was in June, 1978, when it took Tony Chiaverini 10 rounds to stop him, continued the same tactics in the second round. Brown scored with a good right hook to the body while Aidoo was covering up in the corner and the African went down for a two-count.

Aidoo was making no attempt to fight back when referee Kenny Morris stopped the fight at 1:33 of the second round.

"He didn't do anything," said Morris. "So there wasn't any sense in letting the thing go on."

After the fight, the Missouri State Athletic Commission withheld half of Aidoo's purse because of his complete lack of effort.

The 28-year-old Brown, who is now rated 14th in the cruiserweight division by the WBC, is now 19-7 as a professional.

Tyrone Wren, 147, Kansas City, kayoed Nicky Miller, 155, Omaha, in 1:55 of the fourth round. Wren is a southpaw, and is 14-7 as a pro.

Larry Mayes, 147, Miami, Oklahoma, knocked out Cicero Blake, 141, Aurora, Illinois, with a right hook to the ribs at 1:35 of the fifth round in a scheduled six-rounder.

Ralph Twinning, 144, Muskegon, Michigan, spoiled the pro debut of Howard Griffith, 147, Kansas City, stopping him at 2:35 of the third round in a scheduled four.

▲ ST. CHARLES — Convention Center — Hometown favorite Richard House kayoed southpaw Charlie Peterson, Muncie, Indiana, in the second round of a scheduled 10-round welterweight bout.

One must wonder why the 19-year-old Peterson was even allowed to fight. He was a second-round kayo victim of world rated Tony Chiaverini only 12 days earlier in a mismatch that took place in Kansas City, Kansas.

House, managed by Gene Dale, now has a 9-1-1 record since turning pro. Peterson is now 11-7-1.

Steve Mormino, 202, St. Louis, outpointed Jimmy Robertson, 227, Muncie, six. Mormino is now 3-0

Rick Meyer, 192, Columbia, Illinois, and George Goforth, 185, St. Louis, drew, four. Goforth had previously decisioned Meyer in a six-round hook-up.

Kevin Lampkins, 132, Muncie, outscored Alvin Fowler, 132, St. Louis, six.

Former Indiana University football player Rick Innis, Indianapolis, TKO'd St. Louisian Craig Arnold in the first round of a scheduled four-round light heavyweight bout. Innis is now 2-0 as a pro.

The show opener was a four-round junior welterweight bout in which Mark Lemerick, Anderson, Indiana, outpointed Rick Freeman of St. Louis.

▲ KANSAS CITY — Uptown Theatre — Las Vegas night club style boxing came to Kansas City and met with mixed success.

The turnout of about 800 fans were happy with the atmosphere and the sight-lines were good. However, promoter Peyton Sher of Sports Promotions, Inc., was unhappy with the turnout at this former movie house that has been converted to a night-club setting. The theatre, which includes a balcony section, holds about 1,400 for boxing.

Sher, who lost about $4,000, said he wanted to take a longer look at the situation before deciding on another show. But spokesmen for Neo Space, which promotes other attractions at the theatre, said they planned to continue.

The main event saw Ivy Brown, 180, Kansas City, score a sixth round technical knockout over last minute substitute Joe Barrientes, 169, Dallas, in a bout scheduled for 10 rounds.

Barrientes replaced Alvin Dominey, who failed to pick up his plane ticket and could not be reached by his manager.

This was the first time Brown has headed a Kansas City card. Usually, he's fought on the undercard of Tony Chiaverini or Steve Homan fights. Chiverini is no longer with Peyton Sher, and Homan is recovering from a cut suffered in his last fight.

Brown is now 20-7.

Larry "Mousey" Martin, 152, Kansas City, TKO'd southern welterweight champion Michael Herron, 150½, Memphis, in the second. A bad cut over Herron's left eye resulted in referee Eloda Morrison stopping the bout at 2'37 of the round.

Martin, a crowd pleaser, is now 3-1 as a pro. Herron's record dropped to 13-4.

Ron Ford, 148, Midland, Texas, finished strongly and earned a draw with Larry Mayes, also 148, Miami, Oklahoma. this was the best contest of the night. One judge scored it 59-58, Mayes; another had it 59-57, Ford; and the third called it a draw, 58-58.

The 29-year-old Mayes is now 6-5-1. Ford's record is 3-1-1.

The opener saw Steve Mormino, 212, St. Louis, TKO Steve Osborn, 235, Belle Plains, Kansas, at 1:55 of the first round.

Mormino is now 2-0. Osborn is 0-2.

RON COPHER

NEVADA

▲ LAS VEGAS — Roberto Duran piled up victory number 69 and knockout number 55 as the famous "Hands of Stone" scored a stunning knockout over Latin American welterweight champion Wellington Wheatley, at 44

seconds of the sixth round.

The scheduled 10-round bout was the main event of a four-bout card, presented at the Aladdin Hotel by Don King Productions, in association with local promoter, Tony Trudnich.

Duran, now fighting as a welterweight at 147½ pounds, showed a resurgence of the awesome strength and skills that took him to the world lightweight Title, and to an incredible near-unbeaten record.

A game and gutsy Wellington Wheatley, fighting out of Guayacil, Ecuador, at 148 pounds, realized his life-long dream when he stepped into the ring with Roberto Duran. Wheatley had spent three years studying films of every Duran fight; and harbored high hopes of scoring near-impossible victory.

With only 21 fights to Duran's 68, Wheatley was so eager to show the crowd that he was not intimidated by Duran that he ignored his corner's advice and stood toe-to-toe with the boxing legend for six action-packed rounds.

The first round and all to follow saw Duran as the aggressor. He sprang from his corner at the opening bell, delivering a series of lefts to his opponent's head and body. Wheatley employed a bob-and-weave strategy in the first round — a strategy he later abandoned — which was designed to avoid as many Duran punches as possible. Wheatley managed to connect with a series of rights and lefts, which were instantly countered by Duran.

The second round saw Duran hell-bent on scoring an early knockout. He came storming out, dealing Wheatley a resounding series of combination shots. The fighters clinched; and Wheatley countered. Then came a dynamite Duran left, which sent Wheatley to the canvas for the first time. He was up by the count of five; and received a standing eight-count from referee Carlos Padilla.

The third round saw a determined Wellington Wheatley come out swinging; although many of his intended punches missed their mark. Duran stalked him to the ropes, but Wheatley managed to slip away and then tag Duran with a pair of lefts.

By the fourth round, Duran was heeding the advice of his trainers, the venerable duo of Freddie Brown and Ray Arcel, and working with two-three punches instead of single shots. He punished Wheatley with some brutal body shots which softened up the Ecuador native for the final kayo two rounds later.

An exhausted Wellington Wheatley answered the bell for the fifth round, only to be met by the full fury of a Duran onslaught. Working to Wheatley's head, Duran caught him with a left hook that sent him to the canvas for a second time. Wheatley got to his feet just as the saving bell sounded to end the round.

As the sixth round began, Duran stormed into the ring and caught Wheatley's chin with a straight right that could have cracked a building. The guts and heart — and the body — of Wellington Wheatley gave way; and he went to the canvas for the final time. The K.O. was so clear that referee Carlos Padilla didn't even bother to start the count.

The win brings Duran one step closer to his goal as a welterweight: a shot at Sugar Ray Leonard's title. Duran's manager, Panama tycoon Carlos Eleta, stated that he had already signed for the title bout with promoter Don King. After two more tune-up fights, Duran will be set up to tackle Leonard in his quest for a second world title.

"He really wants to destroy Leonard," said Eleta, in unison with trainers Brown and Arcel.

Freddie Brown gave due credit to the bravery of Wellington Wheatley, saying: "I don't know how he survived until the sixth round after the punches Roberto hit him with. He had a lot of heart.

Duran, speaking through interpreter Luis Henriquez, was a bit less charitable toward his opponent, stating: "He said he's been studying my fight films for three years. But what good did that do him in the ring against me?"

Duran admitted that Wheatley was considerably tougher than his last opponent, Josef Nsubuga of Nigeria.

"He was brave," said Duran; "and he's so short it wasn't so easy to find him. But he never really hit me anything solid!"

Brimming with justified confidence, Duran continued' "I am now starting to feel my strength as a welterweight. Today's win was another step on the way to a title shot. Sure, I want Leonard's title. If I didn't want the welterweight title, I wouldn't even be fighting!"

Duran left hours after the fight for his home in Panama and a week's rest. "I want to go home and play with my pet lion, Walla," smiled Duran. "When I take Walla out for a walk in Panama City, we clear the town!"

After the week's rest, Walla goes back to his cage, and Roberto Duran goes back to the gym to get his "Hands of Stone" — and the body that matches — in shape for the next opponent, and the ultimate opponent, world champion Sugar Ray Leonard.

Wellington Wheatley's manager, Jerry Vandermark, was proud of his fighter's performance against the awesome Duran; and he stated after the bout: "There's such a thing as being too brave. We couldn't get him to move and box and stay away from Duran. He was so anxious to show everyone that he was not intimidated by Duran, and that he could stand toe-to-toe with him. By fighting the way he did, he kept getting hit so often in the body. but he realizes he fought a good fight; and we're not at all discouraged by this loss. To him, it was the realization of a dream to be in the same ring with Roberto Duran.

"He feels fine," concluded Vandermark, "and will continue with his boxing career. And hopefully, one day he will get a shot at the world title!"

Willie "The Cannon" Shannon shot off his power-house punches with rapid-fire consistency, and ended a scheduled 12-rounder at 2:57 of the third round with a knockout over his hapless opponent, Jimmy Ingram.

The win gave Shannon his 19th straight victory in an unbeaten streak; and it brought him the Nevada State cruiserweight title, formerly held by Ingram.

The Shannon-Ingram massacre was the semi-main event.

The lanky, loquacious Shannon, who stands 6'4" and weighs only 182½ pounds, used his long reach, his superb physical conditioning, and his obsession for success to demolish Ingram, literally from the opening bell.

Ingram, at 187, was never really in the fight. He threw a few listless punches, most of them missing their mark, while Shannon exploded with long lefts and rights to his head and body.

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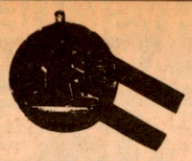

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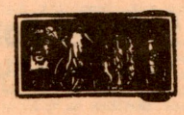

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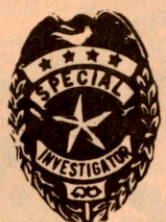

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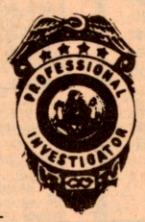

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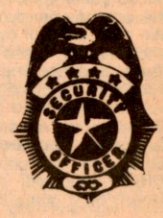

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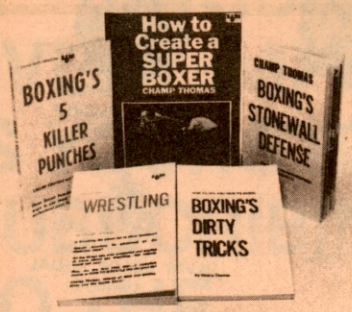

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Ingram plodded through the first round, then tried to connect in the second round with a few ineffective lefts. But Shannon picked them off like flies on a wall, and countered with an overhand right that sent Ingram across the ring.

The third and final round saw Ingram vainly trying to put up a fight with some straight lefts and combinations to Shannon's body. But "the Cannon" exploded with full force, pinning his opponent to the ropes like a worn-out rug.

Referee Buddy Basilico mercifully stopped the slaughter at 2:57 of the round.

After the fight, "The Cannon" shot off his mouth as effectively as he does his fists. He shrieked: "I'm the best in all the west. Nobody can beat me. And I sing my praises to God, to my trainer, Stan Tischler, and to my manager, Mike Morton.

Shannon continued his bombast, saying: "He tried a couple of times to hit me — but all that did was make me mad. It's when I get hit that I get the sharpest. And I'm gonna win the world cruiserweight crown. Marvin Camel, Mate Parlov, watch out. The Cannon is here; and no cruiserweight in the world can stand up to me!"

Shannon, who is as mouthy as Muhammad Ali, then boasted: "I can outfight Ali. And I can out-talk him too. Ali is gone. And the time has come for somebody greater. The time is here . . . and "The Cannon" is here.

Shannon plans to take on all comers in the newly-created cruiserweight division; and is confident he will win the world title before the year is out.

Jimmy Ingram, defeated and dejected, had apparently lost the fight before he even stepped into the ring. Ingram, on the night before the fight had paced the floor of the Aladdin casino, highly nervous and sadly alone, with neither his manager or his trainer in sight.

Ingram was, in fact, so disheartened, that he made several phone calls to Willie Shannon, stating: "I feel like pulling out of this fight right now. But I can't do it; because I won't deprive you of your big chance.

Fourteen proved to be the unlucky number for Nino Gonzalez, the New Jersey welterweight champion. It was in his 14th professional fight that he met his first defeat, at the fists of Steve Delgado, the North American junior middleweight champion.

Delgado, at 153½, outweighed and outclassed the lighter Gonzales, who entered the ring at 147¾ pounds.

In the only fight to go the distance on the card, Delgado emerged with a one-sided 10-round unanimous decision.

The feisty Gonzalez came on strong at the opening bell of every round, but was overpowered by the stronger and heavier Delgado.

The first round saw Delgado dancing and moving, playing the defensive role while he studied Gonzalez's strategy. After a few seconds, Delgado moved in and pounded Gonzalez with a pair of lefts, followed by a series of combinations to the head and body. Delgado set his opponent up several times throughout the fight with his right — then moved in strong with a left.

It was more of the same in the second round, with Delgado fielding whatever blows Gonzalez managed to throw. With short lefts and right uppercuts, Delgado was easily in command.

In the third round, Delgado worked mostly to his opponent's body; but Gonzalez managed to counter with some crisp shots to the head.

The fourth round was Gonzalez's finest, as he connected with a searing right that had Delgado staggering. Delgado found himself pinned to a corner, where Gonzalez continued his attack until the saving bell.

In the middle rounds, Delgado began working on a cut over Gonzalez's right eye, and the bleeding blurred Gonzalez's vision and his performance for the subsequent action.

Gonzalez managed to maneuver Delgado to the ropes a second time in the seventh round, punishing him with shots to the head. But Delgado managed to cover up and hold on for the remainder of the round.

The Delgado punches had lost some of their power by the eighth and ninth rounds, but the Las Vegas idol had the fight sewed up — barring an improbable knockout by his opponent from New Jersey.

The 10th and final round saw the Delgado fury in full force; and he pounded Gonzalez with quick left-right combinations. It was all Delgado until the final bell.

Delgado walked away with a wide-margin unanimous decision.

Judge Hal Miller scored 98-92; judge Harold Buck, 98-92; and judge Lou Tabat, 97-93.

After the fight, Delgado was weary; but happy with his win. He was not disturbed by his inability to put Gonzales away.

"I'm not a knockout puncher, said Delgado. "Most of my fights are stopped on cuts; or won by decision."

Delgado's trainer, Eddie Futch, added, "He goes into every fight with the idea of winning. If he can score a knockout, that's an added bonus! He's a strong fighter — with power in both fists. When he starts throwing punches, any opponent is in trouble."

Delgado, a native of Massachusetts, now calls Las Vegas home. He sprang to fame on the local scene when he scored a victory over highly-regarded Melvin Dennis last fall. He then went on to take the NABF super welterweight Title from a tough and highly-favored Nick Ortiz.

Delgado, with his co-managers, Eddie Futch and Dr. Michael Dean, has his sights set on a world title shot within a year.

It was one of the fastest knockouts on record, when Aaron Pryor, 138½ kayoed his opponent, Juan Garcia, 138, at 28½ seconds of the first round.

The scheduled lightweight 10-rounder was the opening bout.

Pryor was quick as lightning and just as effective. He sprang from his corner at the opening bell, came at Garcia with a left-right combination, pinned him to a corner, and put him away.

Referee Joey Curtis stopped the bout at the 28.5 second mark.

The win brings Pryor's unbeaten record to 21-0 with 19 knockouts.

The Cincinnati slugger is considered by many to be the best lightweight in the world today.

The card drew a live gate of 871, with gross receipts of $19,780.

The Leonard-Wheatley bout was televised nationally by NBC and broadcast to South America by Panama Radio.

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▲ TOTOWA — Ice World — World Class! That was the impression I got after watching former New Face Rocky Lockridge move a step closer to a shot at the featherweight title with an ultra-impressive seventh round technical knockout of Stockton, California, veteran Fel Clemente.

Off his performance against Clemente, Lockridge, 125¾, who was coming off a fifth-round stoppage of washed-up Sammy Goss six weeks earlier, showed he is ready for the best featherweights in the world. It was not so much the result of this bout or what he did to Clemente, but how he did it.

From the moment the opening bell sounded, Lockridge went right to work on the game, aggressive, 126-pound Clemente. Standing in front of him as Clemente threw volleys of punches, Lockridge began slipping them the way most fighters only wished they could. Back-and-forth. Side-to-side. Up-and-down. Blocking shots on his arms. Rocky's performance was made even more spectacular by the fact that, as he was slipping Clemente's punches, he was making him pay. Heavily!

Short hooks and overhand rights rattled Clemente's head. Uppercuts snapped his head back. Double hooks crashed against the side of his body, then against the side of his face. All of this was done as Clemente was throwing punches. The only time Lockridge was not especially sharp was when he tried the "Wilfredo Gomez left to the body." He still needs work on his bending to the left, covering with the right and double or triple hooking to the body.

Lockridge's performance made one wonder: If he was this sharp against an aggressive, constantly punching and talented opponent such as Clemente, how super will he look against a fighter who lays back, waiting for openings? My guess is that he'll have no problem, no matter whom the opponent may be.

In the third round, a sharp right hand ripped open a cut on Clemente's left eyelid. Later in the round, another right split Clemente's left ear, just above the lobe. Both cuts bled heavily through the remainder of the contest.

Lockridge had a brief moment of trouble in round five, when a right hand found his jaw. The punch stung him, but he was smart enough to move away from the ever-pressing Clemente. Without allowing Clemente to take charge, Lockridge stepped right back in and resumed his magnificent artistry upon the head of Clemente.

The end came 39 seconds into the seventh round, with Clemente bleeding heavily from the severe slice on his left eyelid, the gash on his left ear, a nick along the side of his right eye and referee Larry Hazzard having seen enough.

It is a shame the fight had to end because of cuts — as it is a shame in any fight — but in this one particularly. At the time of the stoppage, Clemente was still punching in long bursts and seemed prepared to go the full 12. He probably would have tested Lockridge to the fullest. Somehow, though, the feeling is Lockridge would have risen to the heights, any heights, at least on this night.

Lockridge is now 11-0 (with nine knockouts). Combining that with his 210-8 amateur record and his vast experience, Lockridge is now ready to meet the best featherweights in the world, barring nobody.

In the opening lightweight four-rounder, two Paterson, New Jersey, lads mixed it up. When the final bell had rung, Jack Rosas was awarded a decision over Derek Cuttino.

A scheduled six-round heavyweight bout saw Dave Bird, 197½ Wharton, New Jersey, stop blubbery Mike Ruiz, 212½ Paterson, in the fourth round. Mike Fisher, 174, Lyndhurst, New Jersey, kayoed Trenton's Tee Carpenter, 182, with a single left hook at 0:37 of the second round. Big Bob Stallings, 226, put a left hook followed by an overhand right on the head of Jerry McIntyre, 224, Charlotte, North Carolina, ending their fight at 0:39 of the first round. Scott Frank, 213, Oakland, N.J., went to 12-0 (nine knockouts) with a second round stoppage of New York City's C. J. Bar Brown, 206.

Attendance: 3,200 Gross: $34,800 Promoters: Main Events, Inc.

RANDY GORDON

NEW YORK

▲ COMMACK, SUFFOLK — An icy arctic wind, combined with a 12 degree temperature plus poor pre-fight publicity, were responsible for only 1000 fans showing at Champion Promotions' first boxing venture, held at the Commack Arena — or Long Island Arena, if you will and presently is called the Suffolk Forum.

Subscribing to the fact that good happenings usually follow bad ones, fans who did show up had to sit through three lackluster matches and one mismatch before being treated to a fast-paced, action-packed 10-rounder between world-class junior welterweights Teo Ozuna of the Dominican Republic and Larry Stanton of Merrick, Long Island.

In the opening bout of the evening, powerfully-built Johnny Wilburn, an eight-round loser to Michael Spinks last February 1, plodded to an eighth-round TKO of Curtis Goins in a light heavyweight bout.

Light heavyweight southpaw Bernard McLean was the night's second victor, halting Ed Smith in the second round. The fight was a good one for insomniacs, with little in the way of aggression shown by either man. Both tried to lull the other to sleep during the contest. It took Smith longer to fall into dreamland than it took the crowd. Finally, when McLean felt Smith was drowsy enough, he unloaded a powerful left cross and it was "Goodnight Smith."

More anaesthesia was administered in bout number three. In this one, Dave "The Roadrunner" Capo, a talented 122-pounder who owns the only victory over former Olympic champion Leo Randolph, faced Pittsburgh's hard-hitting Alberto Collazo, who climbed into the ring with an 18-2 — and 10 knockouts — record. Capo, who has as much speed and defensive skill as any man his weight, builds a powderpuff attack around those defensive skills. He moves in, flicks scoring jabs and left-right combos, then quickly dances away. His style will give any opponent trouble. That is why he has such trouble getting fights. After eight rounds of running by Capo — and chasing by Collazo — the fight was called a draw.

Then came the mismatch. New York's Steve Valencia, a tall, handsome, 20-year-old light heavyweight who was undefeated in some 30 bouts as a kick boxer, decided to go where he believed the money was. His opponent was supposed to have been Tony Sparks of Philadelphia, who had fought before in this building. However, when he stepped into the ring, it was obvious to those who knew him that this wasn't Sparks. It was another Philadelphia fighter, Sam Bell, a middleweight. The fight was over in the first round when the much shorter, lighter Bell complained to the referee that he had been punched in the throat and could not continue. Members of the New York State Athletic Commission who were in attendance, were furious, and planned an investigation.

Then came the main event. It was a fight which made everyone forget the previous four fights they had just seen — or slept through.

Stanton, 140, pressed Ozuna in the opening round. Stanton went immediately to work on Ozuna's body with right hands, hoping to slow down the Dominican, who had not worked since beating Dan Daniels last July. Ozuna, 138, countered the slower Stanton well, hurting Larry once near the end of the round with a short right to the chin.

Ozuna came right out for round two and met Stanton in mid-ring. A right lead found Stanton's chin, but Larry returned the fire with a hook to the head. With nearly two minutes gone, Ozuna stepped into two left jabs and then fired a right to the face that snapped back Stanton's head. Ozuna was not wasting any punches. Nor missing with many. With 25 seconds remaining, Ozuna shot over a quick right to the chin, dropping Stanton to his knees. He was up quickly, unhurt, but the round had been captured by Ozuna.

Outboxed for the first two minutes of the third round, Stanton continually pressed forward, looking to mix it up. Knowing the round was his, Ozuna moved to the ropes with less than one minute left. Stanton followed him there and began banging away with both hands, first to the body, then to the head. A right to the chin hurt Stanton in the final moments, but the tough Long Islander came right back with a hook to the face that stung Ozuna.

Stanton seemed to land a greater volume of puches in round four, but many were just taps, unable to overcome the solid blows Ozuna was crashing against his head.

Still, Stanton pressed forward. He looked to be winning the fifth round until the last minute, when he ran into a hard left-right, which hurt him momentarily. Then Ozuna picked up the pace and ripped Stanton with both hands until the bell. Returning to his corner, Stanton was asked by manager Howie Albert, "Are you okay?' He nodded an affirmative answer mechanically.

Stanton had his best round in the sixth, staying close to Ozuna and making him fight. Stanton took several rights to the head, but landed far more punches as he won the round.

Ozuna boxed wisely in round seven. He stayed in ring center, where a good boxer is at his best against Stanton. A left-right combination to the head were the only significant blows landed by Stanton during the round. It became obvious he had to knock out Stanton to win.

Stanton did win the eighth, but was beginning to show signs of frustration. He could not keep Ozuna on the ropes, and in mid-ring he was hopelessly outgunned. The only reason Ozuna lost the round was because he later admitted to coasting, wanting to save his best for the final two rounds.

Round Nine would have also been Ozuna's round had he not given the last 30 seconds to Stanton by allowing him to pound away as he covered up on the ropes. Only moments before backing to the ropes, Ozuna jarred Stanton with a left-right, but failed to follow up.

Round 10 was another close one until the final 45 seconds, when Ozuna staggered Stanton with a hard right to the chin. In trouble, Stanton began to retreat. Ozuna went after him, then buckled him with a combination. Stanton looked ready to fall, but, using his vast experience, held on until the final bell.

Referee Billy Graham scored the fight 5-4-1 for Ozuna. Judge Al Reid had it 5-4-1 for Stanton. Judge Tony Castellano scored it even at five rounds apiece, but gave it to Ozuna, 6-5 in points, by way of his second round knockdown of Stanton.

There is now talk of a WBC junior welterweight title fight between new titleholder Saoul Mamby of New York and Ozuna. But promoter Don Elbaum, who had hoped for a Mamby-Stanton fight, could only, mumble "Great! With that fight we could sell out the first two rows."

The gross receipts were $12,000.

RANDY GORDON

OHIO

▲ WASHINGTON CITY HEIGHTS — Miami Trace Gym — 1,200 boxing fans turned out for the first professional boxing show seen in this community in over 40 years.

Frankie Schram, 195, Columbus, lefthooked his way to a fifth round TKO win over Tim Johnson, also 195. Schram landed a vicious hook to the side of Johnson's head in the fifth round which sent him to the canvas. Referee Tony Johnson stopped the bout at 2:01 of the game but hurt Johnson was unable to continue. The bout was scheduled for eight.

Vic Wallace, 210, Columbus, kayoed Carlos Mendoza, 180, Cleveland, in 2:00 of the first round.

Mark McCullough, 156, Columbus, won unanimous decision over Ricky Davis, four. This was a good action fight.

A kick boxing match and a karate demonstration were also staged during the evening. The show wasmvoted by the local Jaycees, and they should be commended for a job well done.

The Columbus and Central Ohio area has become a hot bed of action in the last 12 months. Names to watch are Manning Galloway, Pete Seward, and Greg Netter. Promoter Joe Jackson has been sponsoring shows on a monthly basis.

JOHN O'MALLEY

OKLAHOMA

▲ TULSA — Assembly Center — Andy "The Hawk" Price had an easy time of it in his midwest debut as the Los Angeles stylist stopped outclassed Jesse Lara in the fourth-round here before a crowd of 700 fans.

Price, 147, having his first fight since a one-round loss to Sugar Ray Leonard in September, dominated the entire bout against Lara, 147, of San Antonio.

Price began scoring well with hooks to the head and body of Lara from the very beginning of the fight.

The third round saw several good punching exchanges between the two fighters with Lara getting in an occasional left hook to keep the fight interesting.

Late in the third round Price scored with a combination of punches to hurt the tiring but game Lara. The Texas fighter went to the canvas where he was given an eight-count by the referee. However it appeared to most observers that Lara slipped to the canvas.

"The Hawk" wasted little time in going right after Lara in the fourth round as he quickly put the Texas fighter down with a left-hook to the chin. Lara was up at six.

Lara appeared to recover momentarily, but he was soon backed up into the ropes where Price landed a hard right hook to the ribs to deck Lara. Lara was up at seven but another vicious right hook to the already painful ribs of Lara put him down for the automatic stoppage at 2:26 of the fourth-round.

Tulsan Jerome Penny, 155, made a successful pro debut as he stopped Larry Smith, 155, McAlester, Okla. Smith had absorbed a lot of punishment from Penny in the third round including taking a standing eight-count when he was hurt by a flurry of punches from Penny. Smith, appearing very tired, decided not to answer the bell for the fourth-round.

Another Tulsan, John "Skeeter" Kirby, 132, had his pro debut spoiled as he dropped a four-round unanimous decision to someone who billed himself as "Kid Chocolate" from Wichita.

The southpaw Chocolate, 132, dominated the last three-rounds as he worked well to the body of Kirby.

Odell "Wolf" Willis, 165, Wichita, won a majority 6-round decision over someone who called himself Pipino Garcia of Puerto Rico. The fans and referee Jack Pallatte were constantly calling for more action from the two boxers who appeared to be putting on more of an exhibition than an actual fight. Garcia, 160, was "down" twice in the final round. Two judges scored the fight 57-56 in favor of Willis while the third judge called it 57-57.

In a scheduled six-round bout William Jackson, 142, Eufaula, Okla., stopped David Rusher, 142, McAlester, Okla., at 2:55 of the sixth-round. Jackson was in command most of the bout and he scored well with left hooks to the body of Rusher. Rusher was never down and appeared more tired than hurt when the referee stopped the bout.

This was the fifth presentation of promoter Robert B. Hudson in his attempt to bring professional boxing to Tulsa.

▲ OKLAHOMA CITY — Fairgrounds International Building — USBA lightweight champion Sean O'Grady scored his 69th career victory as he stopped Mexican Ramiro Hernandez in the fifth round. However, along with the O'Grady win came the customary cut for the Oklahoman.

O'Grady came out of an exchange along the ropes in the third round with blood dripping from his right eye. To some observers, it appeared that a hard right had opened up the cut. However, both Sean and his father Pat insisted that it was a butt that did the damage. Whatever it was, the damage was enough to open one of the still tender cuts O'Grady had suffered in his USBA title fight with Arturo Leon six weeks earlier.

O'Grady, 138, used his superior reach effectively in the first two rounds, but Hernandez kept on the move most of the time. O'Grady kept his left jab in the face of his three inches shorter and six pounds lighter opponent.

The action in the third round was the best of the fight, as O'Grady and his opponent exchanged punches in the center of the ring and along the ropes. O'Grady forced Hernandez, from Rosita, Mexico, to mix it up, and Pat emerged with the cut over his eye.

The O'Grady corner closed the cut between rounds, but Hernandez opened it up again with a left-hand. Sean, following his father's instructions, then began to work to the body of his opponent. O'Grady began to score heavily with both hands to take all the steam out of his awkward Mexican opponent's attack.

The 30-year-old Hernandez, who had been standing in his corner betwen rounds, called for his stool when the round ended. Hernandez then told referee Leroy Miller that he didn't want to come out for the fifth round.

"It surprised me when he didn't go down," said Sean. "He was tough. I was really surprised when he didn't come out for the fifth round."

Pat O'Grady was somewhat worried about his son's concentration before the bout. Sean had finished his final examinations at Bethany Nazarene College just the day before the fight, and an attempt to arrange a title bout with WBA champion Ernesto Espana had fallen through.

The elder O'Grady also said that Sean's right hand problems are a day-to-day thing. "One day he'll look great, and the next he's hurting so much he looks terrible," he said.

O'Grady also defended fighting his son so soon after the tough Leon bout.

"The word is out to butt him," said Pat. "They can't hit him. We needed this fight to find out about his cuts. Do you ever know if they'll open or not? If it's gonna open, you might as well get it done in a small fight instead of a title fight."

Sean is now 69-1 with 62 knockouts.

The three fighting Lawson brothers from Ft. Worth highlighted the undercard. The Lawsons also sing as a gospel group, and Frank is a practicing minister.

Frank Newton, 128, Oklahoma City, saw his winning streak stopped as Wilburn Lawson, 132, battled him to a draw in a six-rounder. This was probably the best fight of the night. Newton is now 8-0-1. Lawson is now 6-2-1.

Lorenzo Jones, 149, Oklahoma City, stopped Frank Lawson, 145, at 2:15 of the fourth and last round. Jones is now 3-0 as a pro. Lawson is now 4-2.

Monty Masters, 195, Oklahoma City, knocked out Paul Lawson, 200, in 2:46 of the fourth and final round.

Mike Elzey, 140, Oklahoma City, stopped Steve Channell, 144, Edmond. Channell failed to answer the bell for the fourth and last round.

▲ OKLAHOMA CITY — Fairgrounds International Building — Frank Newton made his first main event appearance a successful one as he scored a third round knockout over Gustavo Rodriguez.

Newton stepped up to main event status when usual Oklahoma City headliner Sean O'Grady underwent an operation to repair his cut-prone eye brows.

The 23-year-old Newton, who has been O'Grady's sparring

partner for the past two years, never had any trouble at all with Rodriguez, from Monterrey, Mexico, in the scheduled 10-round junior lightweight bout.

The 25-year-old Rodriguez showed little aggression against the classy boxing Newton. The dancing Newton scored effectively with left hooks and jabs and opened up a cut in the outside corner of the left eye of the Mexican native in the second round.

Newton, a native of Wichita Falls, Texas, came out fighting hard in the third round, as the sight of blood pouring down the left side of Rodriguez's face seemed to spur him on.

Late in the round, Newton scored with a straight right followed by a left hook to send Rodriguez to the canvas for the 10-count at 2:54.

The pro record of Newton is now 9-0-1.

Robert Moore, Rosedale, Oklahoma, won a four-round unanimous decision over Steve Channell, Edmund, Oklahoma, welterweights. Moore knocked Channell down in both the second and third rounds.

In the only other bout on the card, Oklahoma City rivals Pete Knight and Wayne Lewis, who have battled each other several times, met again in a scheduled four-round light heavyweight bout. This time, Knight came out on top as he scored a third round knockout over Lewis.

Promoter Pat O'Grady had two other bouts not come off when Clyde Spencer and Lawrence Price of McAlester, Oklahoma, couldn't appear because of the bad weather.

Spencer was scheduled to meet Oklahoma City heavyweight Monte Masters in a four-round bout.

Pat O'Grady had to cancel the scheduled bout between Sean and Canadian Al Ford when it was decided that Sean would undergo plastic surgery on his eyebrows. This operation took place a few days before this card, and Sean is now recovering from the surgery. He is expected to be out of action for six months while the eyes heal.

Sean, rated fourth by the WBC, feels that he is in a good position to move up to the number one ranking sometime during his layoff.

Champion Jim Watt is scheduled to fight Charlie Nash (the number three WBC contender) while Vilomar Fernandez (number one) is fighting Howard Davis (number two). The two winners are then scheduled to meet before the summer.

"That should clean out the top three and give us the number one rating by this summer," said Pat O'Grady. "Once he gets the number one rating, the champion would have to fight him within six months. My guess is that the champion would either be Davis or Fernandez. Watt can't fight, and Nash is only a local yokel who shouldn't be in the ratings."

▲ TULSA — Assembly Center — James "Quick" Tillis made a successful hometown pro debut before approximately 2,000 fans as he made quick work of veteran "Memphis" Al Jones.

Tillis, a native Tulsan who now fights out of Chicago, handled the 220-pound Jones with ease. Tillis, 196½, was very cautious in the first round; Jones can hit. But, seconds before the bell sounded to end the session, Tillis, 22, knocked his 36-year-old opponent to one knee.

The quick-handed Tillis began putting combos together in the second round, and had Jones bleeding from the nose. Tillis finally put Jones away for the 10-count in 2:35 of the fourth round.

"A left hook and a right jab. That's what I hit him with," said Tillis.

Tillis, who is trained by Rory O'Shea in Chicago, is now 12-0 in the pro ranks, and all his wins have come by knockout.

Al "Bubba" Thompson, Tulsa, beat Simmie Black, Memphis. Black was disqualified for failing to take the required eight-count after a knockdown by referre Newt Brown at 2:56 of the eighth round.

Louis "Piggy" Brown, Okmulgee, Oklahoma, knocked out Jimmy Pearish, Joplin, Mo., in 1:53 of the third round.

Bryasn Biggs, Tulsa, knocked out William Curtis, McAlester, in 2:35 of the third round in a scheduled six-round middleweight bout. Biggs is 36, and had not fought since 1970.

William Jackson, Eufaula, Oklahoma, stopped Gary Haught, Tulsa, at 1:50 of the first round in a scheduled lightweight four. This was the first bout of the evening.

The card was promoter Robert B. Hudson's fourth and most successful presentation in an attempt to bring professional boxing to Tulsa.

RON COPHER

PENNSYLVANIA

▲ ALLENTOWN — Allentown's "Fighting Schoolteacher," Steve Michalerya, snapped a three-bout losing streak by scoring a third round knockout over C. J. Faison of Washington, D.C. in a scheduled 10-round middleweight feature attraction in Dorney Park's Castle Garden.

The abrupt end came at 2:33 of the round, when Michalerya used a left to the body, a right to the liver and a left to the beltline to drop Faison on his face for the count before 700 fans on the Lehigh Athletic Club promotion.

Michalerya had hurt Faison at the end of the first round with a straight right to the jaw. The win was Michalerya's 13th in 21 bouts. Faison's record dropped to 15-8.

Allentown junior welterweight Alseneo Green posted his eighth win in 11 bouts with a one-punch kayo (a left hook to the jaw) in just 51 seconds of the first round over Chester's Maurice Young.

Philadelphia welterweight Jerry Graham won a TKO at 1:46 of the sixth and final round over Easton, Pa., veteran Sam Hailstock. Hailstock was floored by a left hook in the second round but came back strongly and used his left hook to go ahead on all three officials' cards entering the final round. However, Hailstock was the victim of an accidental butt which opened a bad hairline cut in the sixth, and the bout was halted in Graham's favor. Graham is 11-1-1 and Hailstock 10-7-1.

Allentown lightweight Jose (Speedy) Gonzales pounded out a eight-round decision over Philadelphian Mike Frazier. Gonzales scored well with both hands, but the taller Frazier had a reach advantage and Gonzales found it difficult to get inside.

Allentown welter Abel Santiago got a unanimous four-round verdict over Philly southpaw Derrick Wheeler. Santiago used a left hook to put Wheeler down in the second round.

Bethlehem lightie Bobby Johnson floored Kevin Renshaw of Gloucester, N.J., in the second round and went on to win a unanimous four-round decision.

In another four-rounder, Philly's Willie Moore won a majority decision over Scott Farmer of Washington, D.C.

The entire card was taped for showing on a national cable television hookup. It attracted such stars as Duane Bobick, Irish Mike Baker, and unbeaten Rocky Fratto.

JIM BUSS

▲ PHILADELPHIA — Spectrum — "I wasn't giving out anything but beatings tonight," proclaimed Jeff Chandler minutes after scoring a masterful 10-round TKO over Javier Flores. The victory gave the multi-talented Philadelphian the North American Boxing Federation bantamweight belt to go along with the United States title he won last year.

Flores, a tough Mexican fighting out of Salt Lake City, was rated as the number seven junior featherweight by *The Ring*, but decided to drop down in weight in order to free Chandler. He had never been stopped or knocked off his feet before, a fact that makes Jeff's win all the more impressive.

Tired of hearing that he can't punch, Chandler has confounded critics by finishing eight of his last 12 adversaries inside the distance.

"Ask my opponents about my punch," smiled Chandler. "My punch was always there, only now I'm putting them where they should be."

Over in the other dressing room, Flores was ready to confirm Jeff's claims.

"This guy is a really good boxer who can punch," Javier said. "He's better than Superfly, much better. He hits harder."

Flores should know, he dropped a decision to Alberto "Superfly" Sandoval last July.

Chandler gave a brilliant display of boxing against Flores. He controlled the scheduled 12-rounder from the opening round, moving aggressively forward behind his jab, connecting in every round with sharp hooks and lead rights. His air-tight defense seldom allowed Flores to land a clean punch, with a butt-inflicted cut on the forehead the only damage the loser managed to perpetrate.

The match turned into a rout in the eighth, when Chandler wobbled Flores with a left hook to the head and pelted him along the ropes until the bell. It was the beginning of the end.

In the ninth, Chandler scored knockdowns with each hand. First a sizzling right popped Flores clean on the jaw, sending him tumbling to the floor. He gamely beat the count, but soon found himself down again, this time from a left hook. He was in bad shape and only the bell saved him from instant defeat.

Chandler continued his assault in the 10, landing repeatedly with unanswered combinations until referee Tom Reed finally stepped in and halted the fight at the 2:13 mark. There was no protest from the loser, who was a thoroughly beaten fighter at the finish.

"This was my best fight ever," said Chandler. "I got off good combinations, I stayed right on top of him, I knocked him down with clean shots and didn't get hit with anything. I feel I'm ready for a world championship fight."

The only disappointing aspect of the evening was the poor turnout at the gate. This was the first time that bantams have topped the bill at the Spectrum and the fans stayed away by the thousands. Maybe the bitter cold weather had something to do with it.

Marv Jenson, who used to manage former middleweight champ Gene Fullmer and currently handles Flores, was amazed at the lack of interest shown by the Philly area fans.

"I don't know how much more exciting the kid could be. He'd pack them in on the West Coast."

The win lifted Chandler's pro record to 20 wins and one draw; he has scored nine kayoes. Flores dipped to 26-5-3 (19 kayoes) and says he will stay at the 122-pound limit from now on. He, like Chandler, came in at an even 118 for this match.

Philadelphia middleweight Bobby "Boogaloo" Watts scored a third round knockout over Fred Johnson in the main support, scheduled for 10.

Watts, 156, caught Johnson, 159, lunging in with a left hook and dropped him for the full count at 2:45 of the third. It had not been much of a fight and the quick ending was a relief to everyone except poor Fred.

Johnson, New Orleans, had stopped old pro Tony Licata in his last outing, but never looked much of a threat against the slick Philadelphian. Watts, 30, is making one last run at the title after piddling away his prime years.

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Upper Darby slugger Mike Picciotti, 147, scored a split decision over Hubert Jackson after eight action-packed rounds in the top prelim.

Jackson, 147¼, Newark, N.J., survived four knockdowns and was still punching back at the final bell. It was a case of Picciottio's power being just a bit too much for the hustling Jackson to handle. The crowd rose to their feet and gave both men a drousing ovation at the conclusion of the bout.

Vineland's Mario Maldonado, 162, and South Philly's Willie Torres, 165, battled to an entertaining draw over four rounds. Maldonado floored Torres with a right in the first and looked a little unlucky not to get the call.

Local white hope Fred McMunn, 159, turned pro with an easy second round TKO over ancient Luis Carrasquillo, 156, Phila. It was all one-way traffic and the ref called a halt at 1:39.

Paid attendance — 2,708.

▲ UPPER DARBY — Forum — Philadelphia light-heavy Jerry "The Bull" Martin scored a tenth-round TKO over veteran Billy "Dynamite" Douglas in one of those fights where the young turk beats up on an old geezer who should have retired long ago.

Douglas was once a feared middleweight, with a right hand that lived up to his explosive nickname. Today, he is a shell, fighting from memory on legs that look about as sturdy as strands of wet pasta.

Martin, on the other hand, has everything going for him. Youth, strength, reflexes, and a bright future. He is already rated in most world listings and should have feasted on the 39-year-old warhorse. Instead, Jerry nibbled at him like a man not quite sure his piece of cake wasn't poisoned.

"I was scared and skeptical about his right hand," explained Martin after his less than inspiring performance. "I could have taken chances, maybe won in four rounds and gone to the hospital. I felt it was better to go 10 and not get hurt. I think everybody expects too much of me. But I've got to worry about the people because they're the ones who come out to see me."

It didn't quite last the full route. Referee Frank Capcino stopped the match 1:52 into the final round, much to the consternation of Douglas and many of the fans.

The general feeling was that old Bill had taken Martin's best and, although he was badly marked around the face, deserved the privilege of finishing. He was in no particular trouble at the end, but in these days of "Classen-hysteria," ring officials are taking no chances.

"I was just getting ready for my last minute flurry," complained Douglas. In all truth, he had little left to flurry with. "The Bull" had been unusually tentative, but he had outpunched Douglas five-to-one and was always in control.

A few years ago, it may have been a different story. But time marches on, and "Dynamite" has long been defused.

Martin's NABF and USBA titles were not at stake, as both came in over the light heavyweight limit. Douglas was a pound up at 181.

Colorful Upper Darby banger Ken Carpenter dropped Pedro Lebron three times in the second round for an automatic TKO at 1:51. It was the fourth meeting between the pair, and Carpenter now holds a 2-1-1 edge.

It was strictly no contest this time, as Carpenter, 127½, hurt Lebron, 131½, with every punch he landed. Kenny has no defense, but can punch like a mule and is rapidly becoming a favorite of the Upper Darby mob.

North Philly's Ernie Singletary, 164, plodded to an eight-round decision over Benny Mitchell, 160, Columbus, Ohio, in a dull maul. Singletary lacks flair, and despite a good 19-1 (six) record, can't seem to get his career in gear.

Local welter Roger Stafford, 146½, outpointed Michael Herron, 146, Memphis, in another eight-rounder.

Stafford had all the skill and all the talent, but it was loser Herron who won the cheers of the crowd with his gutsy showing. Stafford landed almost at will in the early rounds. Herron kept coming, and even had the lazy local backing up the last two rounds. It was a nothing fight, with only Heron's game effort holding the audience attention.

A splendid six-round draw between Philly's "Choo Choo" Charlie Brown and Douglas protege Greg Nettor stole the show.

The flashy Brown, 140, took the fight to Nettor and did most of the clean scoring. He almost had Greg finished in the fifth, but punched himself out going for the knockout.

Nettor nailed Brown with a wild left hook in the sixth that put the Philadelphian down for an eight-count. Then a savage combination to the head floored Brown again. He barely beat the count and fell into Nettor's arms at the sound of the final bell.

Brown is now 8-1-1 (seven kayoes), while Nettor, 143, is 6-1-1 (three kayoes). They both gave everything they had, and a rematch would be more than welcome.

New Jersey's Kevin Renshaw, 140, spoiled the pro debut of Eddie Ortiz, 139, Fishtown, winning a four-round nod in the show opener.

The Rus Peltz promotion was televised over the ESPN cable network with Duane Bobick doing color behind the mike. Paid attenadnce — 822.

NIGEL COLLINS

TEXAS

▲ HOUSTON — Latin World — The premier "club" type promotion in Texas reopened after much too long an absence as Ruben Guerra brought boxing back with a bang to his popular east side nitery. The seven-month vacation apparently only served to whet the fans appetites, as they remain one of the liviest, most enthusiastic groups this correspondent has ever worked with.

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The two other feature bouts offered a marked contrast to the fierce action of the main event. In what can only be termed a mismatch, former Mexican welterweight campeon Jose Luis Baltazar, 152¼, Reynosa, disposed of inexperienced Jarvis Mayfield, 144, Port Arthur, when Mayfield couldn't continue after three rounds of a terrific body pounding from the grizzled Baltazar. Perhaps the most difficult to score match that this correspondent has seen in recent months saw Roque "Lobito" Montoya, 129, Monterrey, win an eight round split decision over young Kenny Sheppard, 133, Port Arthur. Sheppard, the younger brother of Calvin Sheppard, was making only his fourth pro start; and turned in a surprisingly good effort. Lobito may have deserved the duke in this bout, but he openly fouled his young foe on at least six occasions — two *very* low blows, and several hard shots after the round ending bell had clearly rung — and can a fighter be judged truly victorious after committing this many violations? A rematch may be in order here.

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Victor DeLeon, 121, Reynosa, winner by TKO cut eye over Billy Sanchez, 124, San Antonio, at the end of round three.

paid attendance — 903

Referee: Chris Jordan (other scheduled referee didn't show)

Judges: W. W. Meyers, Bob McMillian

Timekeeper: Virgil Reichart

Commissioners: Henry Villagomez, Tony Galindo

▲ BEAUMONT — Civic Center — When ring announcer John Dennis introduced the main event 800 or so fans who were present for promoter Bill Meyer's latest show here, he stated that John "Wolf" Morgan, 137, Dallas, would face "Irish" Johnny Copeland, 138, Joplin, Missouri. In reality, Copeland had two opponents this evening; the hard punching Morgan and Father Time as well. Copeland (announced as being 34 years old, but probably closer to 40) never was really in this clash at any point. The much younger Wolf landed virtually at will with his left jab and hook, even spinning the Joplin journeyman completely around twice with the latter blow. Copeland is one of the gamest vets around, as he never stopped coming forward until the final bell had rung. It was simply a case of too much youth on the side of the vastly underrated Morgan, who now has back to back victories over James "Bubba" Busceme and Copeland. the scorecards: Referee Manuel Hernandez, 96-94; Judges Bob Martin and Walt Artega 97-95 and 97-93, respecitvely, all in favor of Morgan. These cards are closer than the bout actually was, as most of Copeland's strong rounds came as a result of Morgan sensing victory and simply trying to stay away from Johnny's always cocked right hand.

The semi-final 10 saw Morgan's stablemate, Lynn Ball 212, Fort Worth, have a surprisingly difficult time in decisioning Vernon "Bad Boy" Johnston, 215, Beaumont. After decking the local gent in the first stanza, the balding Ball seemed to have great difficulty in landing more than one blow at a time for the remainder of the clash. Though Ball clearly won the bout, he received several hard shots to the midsection from Johnston; and was not quite as impressive as many ringsiders had imagined he would be in his first showing here. On the other hand, perhaps not enough credit was given Johnston who made the fight of his career when most of the "experts" had felt he would be lucky to last more than a round or two.

The card's preliminary bouts included one hard fought scrap and three knockouts by promising fighters over mediocre competition. Ruben Munoz, 130, Odessa won a close six-round decision over Ezzard Charles Adams, 134, Houston, in a thrilling affair which had the fans on the edge of their seats the whole way. Munoz, considered one of the top prospects in his class in this part of the country, is handled by veteran Dallas fight man Doug Lord. Adams' manager is Houston attorney Ira Chenkin.

Juan Venegas, 127, Houston, nailed Bobby Pappion 129½, Lake Charles, Louisiana, with a straight left from his southpaw stance and ended matters at the 1:50 mark of round three.

Billy Watkins, Jr., 144, Houston, put Martini Jiminez, 145, Houston, down for the count only 2:10 into the fray. Watkins poleaxed Jiminez an overhand right which broke the Mexican lad's nose, and left him on his knees bleeding profusely at the conclusion.

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Judges: Walter Artega, Bob Martin, and Bill Yaeger.

Timekeeper: Fred McWilliams.

Physician: Dr. Maxie Sprott

Commissioners: Henry Villagomez, Tony Galindo

Promoter: Olympiad International Promotions (Wm. Meyer)

Total attendance: 858

Paid attendance: 792

▲ HOUSTON — Whiskey Junction Club — Promoter Gene Yates ran a club show recently at this country & western dance hall in the suburban Jacinto City, Galena Park area. The main event saw Alejos Rodriguez, 158, San Antonio, halt Danny Donatto, 157, Houston, at 0:24 of the fourth round. Rodriguez, the top prospect in the fine stable of boxers managed by Tony Ayala, Sr., has put on considerable weight in the last year, and should soon be a threat to Melvin Dennis, Wilford Scypion, and Ray Phillips for a top spot among Lone Star middleweights.

Efrain Flores, 135, Houston, and Arturo Munoz, 141, San Antonio, fought to a fiercely contested four-round draw.

Steve Hearon, 146½, Galena Park, TKO'd veteran trial horse Tom Pinner, 147¼, Newton, at 2:36 of the third round.

Jack Joy, 176, Shreveport, won a four-round decision over Jimmy Johnston, 184½, Beaumont. Johnston is the younger brother of veteran heavyweight Vernon Johnston.

Local favorite Tom Trimm, 209, Galena Park, continued his

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winning ways by putting the skids to Paul Lawson, 218, Dallas, two seconds shy of the third round's conclusion. Trimm is a former football standout at Galena Park High, and has a large, vocal following in this area.

Attendance at this show was approx. 475-500. Capacity at Whiskey Junction is 800.

▲ HOUSTON — Sam Houston Coliseum — What had been billed as Houston's first major boxing show of the new year turned out to be a bust at the box office, as only 800 fans viewed the show in a 10,000 seat arena. A combination of factors (a week long spell of rainy weather, the substitution of a relatively unknown local fighter for a better known one in one of the feature bouts, the total lack of coverage by the city's two major newspapers, and a peculiar publicity campaign aimed at the area's Latin community when the main event featured a black fighter against a white boxer) contributed to the poor turnout.

The scheduled 12-round main event saw Otis Gordon, 174, Houston, make the first defense of his Texas light heavyweight crown a successful one as he pounded Carl Ivy, 174½, Tyler, into submission at the end of the third round. Gordon, behind a stiff left jab and his other assorted punishing blows, had decked the bearded East Texan in the initial minutes of the fray, opened a cut on his left eyebrow, bloodied the former amateur standout's nose, and virtually closed Ivy's left eye with a series of right uppercuts when the challenger's manager, Doug Lord, refused to let his man answer the bell for the fourth round.

In fairness to Ivy, it must be noted that this was his first outing in over a year, and more frequent action than this is needed before stepping into the ring with a vicious puncher in Gordon's league. Gordon, a transplant from New England, should be — particularly if he improves his defense just a bit — a young man on the rise in the light heavyweight division. Though manager "Red" Hall believes Otis would draw against a "name' foe, much larger crowds than this are needed if he is to be featured as a main event attraction much longer.

Two 10-round bouts were held also. In the one really close match on the card, Candy Iglesias, 112, Tucson, pounded out a decision over Humberto Rodriguez, 111¼, Houston. The local lad scored well with a left jab in the beginning, but, by the third round, the popular "candy man" had begun to reach Rodriguez's body, and he tattooed him at will from then on.

Veteran Arizona lightweight Arturo Leon got back on the winning track as he won a lopsided duke over local youngster Roberto Madrid. Madrid seemed more interested in holding Leon around the neck (referee Mark Tessman warned him on numerous occasions about this) than fighting, which resulted in an easy win for the 136 pound journeyman. Roberto was a last minute replacement for his stablemate, highly regarded Juan Garcia. Garcia had troubles with the U.S. immigration officials, which resulted in Juan's being stranded at the border instead of stepping in against Leon.

The only prelim bout saw young Tony Rocha, 128, Houston, ice Francisco Vasquez, 125, Mexico, at 2:01 of the third round. Rocha, considered a fine prospect, is tutored by his older brother, Hector.

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judges: Tessman, Jordan, Bob Martin, and Bill Yaeger.
timekeeper: Virgil Reichart
promoter: Olympiad International Promotions
total attendance: approx. 820
paid attendance: 658
gross receipts: $6,922.00

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C. A. JACKSON

WASHINGTON

▲ NOTES . . . Rocky Lockridge, 20-year-old Tacoma featherweight, returned home to marry Carolyn Crawford. Lockridge took his new bride to his fighting headquarters in the state of New Jersey, where he captured the state featherweight title by stopping Sammy Goss in 35 seconds of the fifth round.

Former Pacific Northwest welterweight champion Davey Ward pased away at the age of 60. Ward had an impressive pro record of 38-1-5 during the 1940s and 50s. Davey had been working as a detective and ring referee until his death.

The city of Tacoma received new hope in professional boxing when high ranking "Sugar" Ray Seales opened a gymnasium in the North end of the town. Seales, '72 gold medalist, has some well qualified instructors working in the gym in George Wright and Sarge Nelson.

Two amateur boxers from the state of Washington represented the U.S.A. against Cuba in a recent international match. Davey Armstrong, from Puyallup, lost to Angel Herrera in the first round due to an eye cut and Johnny Bumphus, from Tacoma, but now fighting out of Nashville, decisioned Armando Martinez in the 139-pound class.

▲ Eleven champions were crowned in the 32 annual Tacoma Golden Gloves boxing tournament held at the U.P.S. Fieldhouse. Results of the title bouts:

100 lbs. - Robert Shannon (Everett) TKO'd shawn Daniels (Duvall).

112 lbs. - Alex Boyd (Tacoma) TKO'd Gray Britton (Bellevue) in the third.

119 lbs. - Darren Van Orman (Spokane) dec. Darrell Harris (Tacoma).

125 lbs. - Todd Summers (Everett) dec. Clint Van Orman (Spokane).

132 lbs. - Brett Summers (Everett) dec. Don Oversby (Everett).

139 lbs. - Darrell Stubblefield (Everett) dec. Dirk Maraville (Spokane)

147 lbs. - David Dean (Auburn) dec. Victor DeLoney (Tacoma).

156 lbs. - Dwayne Jamison (Tacoma) kayoed Bill Minnix (Seattle) in the second.

165 lbs. - Ronnie Warren (Tacoma) dec. Bill Mahoney (Bellingham).

178 lbs. - Bryne Anderson (Everett) dec. Jeff Price (Bremerton).

Hvy. - Regan Dean (Auburn) dec. George Veneroso (Seattle).

RUGGLES LARSON

CANADA

BRITISH COLUMBIA

▲ VANCOUVER — Nanaimo heavyweight Gord Racette, 215, kayoed Fred (Sugarman) Reed of Seattle, 196, with a straight left-right combination at 1:24 of the first round in the feature bout of a show staged by promoter Jack McGlaughlin. A crowd of 2,400 attended.

In the co-feature, Jerry Reddick, Halifax middle, better known as Mac Truck, scored a first round kayo over Danny Kirk of Portland after Reddick landed a left hook early in the first heat.

Heavyweight Brent Racette of Nanaimo, a brother of Gord, knocked Mike Quinsey of Toronto kicking in the first round in the scheduled six-round special event.

Vancouver light-heavy Kelly "Bobick" Anderson was stopped at Montreal by Miami fighter Vinnie Curto.

Jerry Reddick continued his winning ways at Seattle when he iced his opponent Larry Sims in one heat.

Pro. boxing returns to Nanaimo, B.C., Feb. 29 after a long lapse when promoter Tony Dowling presents a four-bout card. In the feature bouts, Gord Racette of Nanaimo tangles with Lou Lockwood of Reno, Nevada, Dave Simmonds of Vancouver meets Bruce Struass of Nebraska, and Vancouver's Scotty Welsh fights Joe Wade of Bellingham.

George Jerome of Vancouver is scheduled to box Trevor Berbick of Halifax for the Canadian heavyweight title March 17.

JIM JOHNSTON

▲ VICTORIA — Professional boxing will be revived here after a 19-year void following the approval by City Council to form a Victoria Boxing Commission.

Only one pro boxer resides in Victoria at the present time. Gerry "Mack Truck" Reddick of Halifax, Nova Scotia, who has adopted Victoria as his base.

Pro boxing has been absent in Victoria since 1961, when several bouts were held. On February 16, 1961, former middleweight champion Carl (Bobo) Olson kayoed Floyd Buchanan in three rounds. On February 16, 1961, former middleweight champion Carl (Bobo) Olson kayoed Floyd Buchanan in three rounds. On February 5, 1959, a pro card featured an exhibition between light heavyweight champion Archie Moore and Seattle contender Eddie Cotton.

Throughout the 1960s and 1970s, boxing was kept alive on the amateur level. Two top clubs were the London Boxing Club (which terminated in 1976) and the Victoria Athletic Association.

BRIAN ZELLEY

ONTARIO

▲ TORONTO — Good professional boxing cards in Toronto have now become a thing of the past. Young Toronto fighters such as Eddy Melo, Willie Featherstone, and Nicky Furlano all fight out of Montreal, which is by far the best boxing centre in Canada. A recent card which was to have been placed before the public in this area featuring 16 inexperienced competitors and billed as "Put Up or Shut Up" by Securicor Promotions, had the sanction cancelled by the Ontario Athletic Commission, which informed the promoters that it would not be in the best interests of boxing. The promoters were unable to come up with a complete background of the proposed contestants taking part on the proposed card. This card, which could not have featured one known fighter, had had ticket prices set at two levels — 10 and 20 dollars.

FRANK ALLNUTT

QUEBEC

▲ MONTREAL — Paul Sauve Arena — Promoter Regis Levesque changed his original plans for the card, which attracted some 6,120 who paid $10 & $20 for tickets. Eddy Melo, who fights out of Montreal and is the local top favorite fighter in the area, was slated for a 10-round bout against Elisha Obed, former WBC junior middleweight champion. This was the major change on the card, as Nat King, Miami, was bought in to face Melo and undefeated Willie Featherstone, Toronto, accepted Obed as an opponent. The Obed-Featherstone fight was far from exciting with a split decision going to Obed, who controlled the fight throughout and made Featherstone fight his kind of fight.

Featherstone, with just six professional bouts on his record, was outclassed all the way in experience. A powerful puncher, he was tied up in knots by the more experienced Obed who has a record of some 89 fights, 55 of which he had won by kayoes.

By using a snappy left hand jab and then moving in close to tie up his opponent, Obed piled up points and stayed out of danger. Featherstone lacked the experience to overcome the jab-and-clutch tactics of his opponent, and there was no way could he turn the fight around in his favor. As each round passed, he seemed to get more discouraged. Punching power is of no use if your opponent is smart enough not to allow you any room to enable you to deliver those power punches.

There were no knockdowns in the fight, and, at the conclusion, the officials voted 48-43 and 49-45 for Obed and 48-45 for Featherstone.

There was no surprise in the Eddy Melo — Nat King fight, with the local favorite winning at the 1:25 mark of the third round. The referee stopped the bout when Melo was using King for a punching bag. King, who gave his age as 30, had not fought in over 18 months. He scored well in the initial round against the aggressive Melo, but, in the second round, Melo opened a deep gash over the left eye of the battle scarred King. That was the turning point of the fight. King was dropped in the third round by a left hook for an eight count, and on resuming his feet, the Miami fighter was all done. Melo continued to pound away and referee Fred Dugan called a halt to the proceedings. The 19-year-old Melo was just too strong and aggressive for King, whose last recorded bout was a K.O. loss to Jean Claude LeClair in Montreal back in April, 1978.

Canadian lightweight champion Micky Furlano, Toronto, took an eight-round bout on the supporting card against Chuck Speircer, billed out of Cleveland. Furlano weighed in at 146, badly out of condition, and was anything but impressive in

halting his opponent at 1:59 of the third round. It was a bad mismatch and one that did nothing to enhance Furlano as a main event fighter.

In a pair of six-round bouts, Jimmy Gradson, Toronto, stopped Jim Henry in the fourth round; and Brian Anderson was a unanimous winner over one Ben Salah.

▲ MONTREAL — The first professional card of the New Year, held at the Paul Sauve Arena, did nothing to promote the sport in this area and was one in which both the promoter, Alfred Veronneau, and the less than 500 fans who turned up for the card would sooner forget about.

A disagreement between promoters Regis Levesque and Alfred Veronneau called for a change of promotions held in the area. Also adding to the confusion, Donato Paduano, the former Canadian welterweight champion who was due to return to ring action after a retirement of three and a half years, had to pull out of Veronneau's promotion when he suffered a cut in training a few days before the card was due to go on. Rocky Bouchard, Montreal, who had not fought in over a year, was brought in as a replacement for Paduano. His opponent was Terry Rondeau, billed out of New York, with the bout scheduled for 10 rounds. This was a farce from the start until the finish at 2:58 of the sixth round. There was no resemblance to boxing of any kind, and both should have been tossed out of the ring long before the end came with Bouchard being declared the winner.

In another middleweight bout, Jimmy Gradson, Montreal, was a unanimous winner over Gary Broughton, Brantford, after 10 rounds. This was a dull bout and Broughton, who is now close to 40 years of age, had only one thing in mind — to last the distance.

The Willie Featherstone (Montreal) and Jo Jo Dent (Toronto) bout was a complete mismatch, with Featherstone scoring a knockout at 2:54 of the second round. Over six rounds, Ghislain Deroy won a unanimous decision over Don Mashall. Also in a six, Brian Anderson kayoed Gary Marshall in 0:41 of the second round.

Regis Levesque plans to run his card in Verdun, an unlicensed area, with Eddy Melo, Toronto, topping the bill against Elisha Obed, Nassau, over 10 rounds. It's doubtful if this bout will cause too much excitement with the Montreal fans, as Obed is no longer the fighter he was when he appeared in Montreal bouts three years ago.

FRANK ALLNUTT

PUERTO RICO

▲ SAN JUAN — Channel 7 Studio — Edwin Rosario, 121, scored a two round knockout over Dominican, Leopoldo Frias, 121. This bout was scheduled for ten, but Edwin scored two knockdowns in the first heat and had scored another in the second when the referee wisely called a halt to this massacre.

Edwin is a younger brother of Papote Rosario. Popote is well remembered for his recent 10-round loss to Alfosno Zamora in the Garden, bout which many thought Papote had won.

This was not supposed to be an easy one for Edwin, who is 5-0 (all Kayoes) as a pro.

Frias, a veteran of many campaigns was an underdog but it was felt that he was going to be around a bit longer than two rounds.

The semi-final eight saw Vicentge Quinones, 129 start out like a house-a-fire against Jose L. Latimer, 129. He looked like an early kayo victor but ran out of gas and was unable to come out for the sixth round. Latimer, despite an early knockdown, came back strong against his apparently untrained rival.

In fours:

Jose Luis Torres, 142, outslugged Carmelo Franco, 141.

Angel Hernandez, 135, was too strong for Luis R. Mejias.

Julio Guzman, 127, had no trouble in taking Victor Mode Santos.

▲ SAN JUAN — Channel 7 Studio — Fernando Rivera, 127, outscored Edwin Rivera, 10.

Jose Parila, 117, kayoed Juan A. Villegas, in the first round.

Ramon Cruz, 125, kayoed Luis Barreto, 122, in the second.

Julio Guzman outpointed Pablo Hernandez, four rounds, featherweights.

▲ SAN JUAN — Channel 7 Studio—Jose L. Alejandro, 131, outscored Francisco Cruz, 10.

Fernando Ortiz outpointed Hector Cruz, eight.

Ismael Martinez, 148, TKO'd Carlos Sullivan, 144, four.

Jose A. Rivera, 148, outpointed Orlando Montalvo, also 148, four.

Victor Acosta, 127, outscored Jesus Rosado, 127, four.

▲ NOTES — These three cards were initiated by promoter Enrique Ramirez Moll with, apparently good exceptance.

The Channel 7 Studio seats around 400 spectators on no-charge basis. The show is maintained by the support of the sponsors and has been a great aid in keeping boxing alive.

Until very recently, San Juan was cosidered one of the major boxing centers, if not *the* number one city in the sport of fisticuffs. However, Las Vegas has offered concessions to the big-time fight promoters that cannot be equalled.

Let's hope that this new endeavor by Ramirez Moll leads the way towards greater things for boxing in Puerto Rico.

MARIO RIVERA MARTINO

JAMAICA

▲ KINGSTON — There is a new star in the boxing firmament of Jamaica, and this has been the main cause of the revival of the game there. His name is Mike Dewar, and so far he has had eight professional fights, winning all, with six inside the distance. His most stunning victory is his latest. In his first fight against an overseas opponent, he knocked out Hector Colon of Santo Domingo in round three. The game had fallen to pieces as former ace promoters Lucian Chen and Felix Smith retired due to lack of public support, which was itself due to lack of any real stars who could excite the fans. Now at last, Dewar, 19 years old, is providing the answer. Making it

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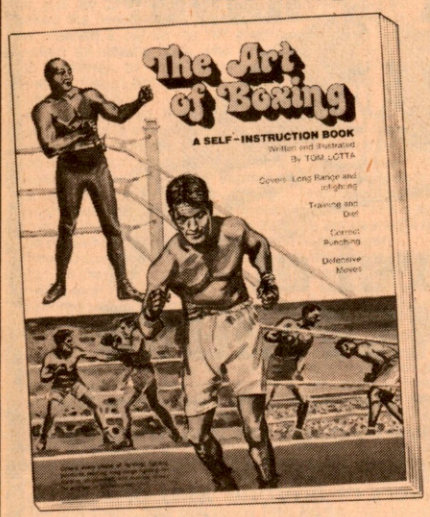

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possible is "Son" Batson, the man who took over as promoter when all others failed. After years of perseverance and several heavy financial losses, excepting his promotion in which the world famous welterweight champion, Bunny Grant lost his title to Roy Goss, he has succeeded in bringing back the crowds. His main support hs come from Desnoes and Geddes, the island's number one bottlers and brewers, and also "The Champions of Sponsors of Sports," who have provided their Dragon Gym and other financial cover for the shows.

While it is too early to acclaim young Dewar as a boy wonder, he has done enough to be rated as the best prospect since Bunny Grant, who was once the number one challenger to Carlos Ortiz for the world lightweight title. In one respect, Dewar is even better than Grant who first came into prominence at the same age locally 20 years ago. He has a knockout punch, and Grant himself has told him, "You have got something I never had and always wanted — a big knockout punch." In his last three fights, he has dropped his opponent with a single punch, finishing Humbert Blake, who was a prospect discovered years ago by world light heavyweight champion Archie Moore, in one round, and Vincent Mead the champion of St. Ann, both of whom had never been knocked down or knocked out previously. Then Colon went out with a single short left hook. Colon kept moving at a fast pace, throwing some powerful rights and lefts which were skillfully avoided. Dew did not waste his punches on an elusive target and concentrated on rapid left jabs. In round three cleverly set up his man feinting with left jabs before crossing a right with a fast left hook simultaneously. Colon never saw the left hook and neither did many spectators and commentators. Some even wondered what hit him as he was not seen to fall from the right. So, boxing is on its way again.

GILLIE CAMPBELL

CENTRAL AMERICA

BELIZE

▲ BELIZE CITY — Raymond (Sixteen) Thompson, 121½, Belize's brightest prospect, earned his third straight victory as a professional when he completely outclassed his more experienced and heavier Mexican opponent, Emilio Palacio, 124¾. Palacio was knocked down in the second round and on queer street for awhile, but Thompson allowed him to get off the hook. He was down again in the fourth round from a series of punches. Palacio was game throughout and the last round was his best, as he tried desperately to score a K.O. Thompson though, was up to it, and kept him at bay. The scoring, in favor of Thompson was as follows: 60-54, 60-54, 60-53 over six rounds.

Raul Molino, 138½, from Acapulco, Mexico, was too experienced for Carlton Bowers, 140, whom he defeated handily over eight rounds. Bowers was down in the fourth round, but, before Molino could cause more damage, the bell came to Bowers' rescue. Bowers came in strong in the last two rounds, mixing it up with Molino. Both fighters hurt their hands during the fight. Bowers' punches were more of the lunging type and hit with the side of the gloves. This was Bowers' first loss in four professional fights. His hopes of fighting Fitzroy Guisseppi for the Belize welterweight crown will have to be sidelined, and it is back to the drawing board for him. He is strong and durable but he has much more to learn before he can tangle with the likes of Guisseppi. The score was in favor of Molino, 78-75, 79-75, 78-78 over eight rounds. Two years ago Molino lost a close fight to Fitzroy Guisseppi in Belize.

The main event saw battle-scarred Journeyman Carlos Marks of Trinidad, now fighting out of Belize and weighing 167½, trounce Eleutero Villanueva of Mexico, 175, over 10 rounds. Marks was a bit slow in starting and was not impressive in the first two rounds. He got rolling in the third round beating Villanueva to the punch with a straight right hand that seldom missed the mark. Villanueva was cut above the left eye in the second round and above the right eye in the seventh round. (Both cuts were not serious enough to warrant the stoppage of the fight.) Villanueva's face was a gory mess at the end of the fight with both eyes nearly closed. He kept coming in the fight and though punished throughout, he never stepped back. The score was 99-98, 99-95, 100-95 in favor of Marks.

PANAMA

▲ COLON — Panama Al Brown Coliseum — Enrique "Cochero" Maxwell, 131, won a unanimous decision over Reynaldo Hidalgo, also 131, 10.

The fight turned out to be pretty exciting, and Maxwell won chiefly because of his greater experience; this was evident throughout the contest. Hidalgo was ranked among the WBA's top 10 contenders, and this bout had been viewed as a tune-up for a confrontation with world champion Samuel Serrano of Puerto Rico.

The official scores were 98-96, 98-96, and 99-96.

Pedro Romero, 111¼, won the Panamanian flyweight title by defeating Hermogenes Murillo, 110¼. The title had been vacant since Luis Ibarra's ascension to the WBA world throne.

Felix Rodriguez, 122½, TKO'd Humberto Mejia, 122, at 2:16 of the third round in a scheduled 10-rounder. Rodriguez is still undefeated.

Alcibiades Blandon, 121¼, outscored Miguel Iriarte, 119¾, six. Both men had been undefeated.

PANAMANIAN RATINGS BY THE PANAMANIAN BOXING COMMISSION (AS OF FEBRUARY, 1980)

HEAVYWEIGHTS
Champion
Luis Lozano
1. Vicente Avila
2. Juan T. de Hoyos
3. Roberto Richard

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS
No Listings

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Championship
Vacant
1. Eduardo Chavarria

JUNIOR MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Championship
Vacant
1. Tomas Ortiz

WELTERWEIGHTS
Champion
Vianor Durango
1. Rogelio Galloway
2. Mario Valoy
3. Eduardo Rodriguez
4. Gilberto Ayala
5. Cesar Luna
6. Jose Ramirez
7. Elias Gonzalez

JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHT
Champion
Jose Salazar
1. Felix Sune
2. Humberto Caicedo
3. Hydekee Steward
4. Luis Rodriguez
5. Glenroy Savage

LIGHTWEIGHTS
Championship
Vacant
1. Hector Carrasquilla
2. Pedro Acosta
3. Agustin Caballero
4. Victor Brown

JUNIOR LIGHTWEIGHTS
Champion
Reynaldo Hidalgo
1. Enrique Maxwell
2. Rodolfo Francis
3. Francisco Becerra
4. Alexis Caballero
5. Genaro Palacios
6. Luis Riviere
7. Melquiades Gomez

FEATHERWEIGHTS
Champion
Carlos Nunez
1. Julio C. Pinilla
2. Jorge Miranda
3. Jorge Alvarado
4. Jose Santana
5. Felix Harrison
6. Francisco Perez
7. Juvencio Monserrate
8. Carlos Anino
9. Juan Vargas
10. Edilberto Perez

JUNIOR FEATHERWEIGHTS
Champion
Ulises Morales
1. Luis Avila
2. Carlos Mendoza
3. Jacinto Fuentes
4. Felix Rodriguez
5. Marcos Britton
6. Alcibiades Blandon
7. Maximo Ballesteros
8. Ediberto Acosta
9. Noel Abadia
10. Humberto Mejia

BANTAMWEIGHTS
Champion
Ricardo Bennett
1. Jose Cueto
2. Miguel Iriarte
3. Daniel Martinez
4. Luis Jimenez
5. Celso Perez
6. Alejandro Castillo
7. Cristobal Ramos
8. Humberto Arboleda
9. Enrique Brown

FLYWEIGHTS
Champion
Pedro Romero
1. Rafael Pedroza
2. Milciades Alvarez
3. Orlando Rudas
4. Hermogenes Murillo
5. Milquiades Caballero
6. Alex Miranda
7. Javier Afu
8. Luis Newman
9. Octavio Racero
10. Atilio Morris

JUNIOR FLYWEIGHTS
Champion
Alfonso Lopez
1. Hilario Zapata
2. Alfredo Tomas
3. Felipe Perez
4. Carlos Agrazal
5. Angel de Jesus
6. Jose de la Cruz Lopez
7. Antonio Mitre

Jose de la Cruz Lopez, 107¾, outpointed Antonio Mitre, 105½, four.

The program was presented by Kam-Gonzalez Enterprises.

RAQUEL TORRES

SOUTH AMERICA

COLOMBIA

▲ BUCARAMANGA — Raul Diaz, Bucaramanga, won the recently created Colombian junior flyweight title with a fourth round stoppage of Cartagena's Carlos Arturo Osorio. Diaz had floored Osorio in the third.

▲ CARTAGENA — Juan David Cuello, Cartagena, a southpaw, kayoed Aureliano Mena, Buenaventura, in the fifth round, junior lights.

Mario Miranda, superbantamweight prospect, finished Jaime Ricardo, Cartagena, in four.

Julio Llerena won the Colombian super bantamweight title, stopping former champion Bernardino Rubio, Monteria, in the 11th.

Jose "Pambelecito" Cervantes outscored sub Emilio Hernandez, Dominican Republic, 10.

Leonidas Asprilla and Rafael Solis, Puerto Rico, drew, 10. This was a real "home town" verdict, and the fans showed their displeasure, pitching stones, bottles, and radios into the ring. Referee Jarime Olivares scored it 98-96, Solis, and the two judges, Tinoco and Victor Amor, had it 98-98.

LUIS GONZALEZ

EUROPE

Rotterdam — At the Ahoy Sportpalast in Rotterdam, European heavyweight champion Rudi Koopmans, Holland, made a defense against Italian Enio Cometti. Koopmans won the 12-rounder on points with referee Harry Gibbs (GB), and judges Rado, Austria, and Horn, France, all scoring in favor of the Dutchman. It was a voluntary defense, so, naturally, his opponent was hand picked — opposition that could provide the champion and the paying customers with a good fight but only have an outside chance of winning. Ennio Cometti was just the man, for he had already lost to Aldo Traversaro, the Italian from whom Koopmans won the title in a second attempt in February, 1979. Cometti is a seasoned fighter who has boxed in a dozen rings in Europe.

American trainer Henry Davis, who had been imported to prepare Koopmans for this defense, produced a somewhat more aggressive fighter than we had seen in the past. Although I gave only rounds nine and ten to Cometti, with three even, the Italian's stamina and endurance were limitless. He was aggressive, ever willing, and a tireless pursuer. Koopmans is not a destroyer, but he generally dictated the course of the fight and came out a good winner. In the third, Cometti's left eyebrow was cut, and, in the sixth, the Italian's head opened up a cut on Koopman's right eye. The Dutchman tired or took a breather in the ninth and allowed Cometti to counter well and get on top. The Italian was always coming forward, but few of his punches landed flush on the target and those that did were neither clean or decisive. Koopmans cuts were soon mended by cut specialist Henk Ruhling, who is the Dutchman's manager and the promoter of the show. A heavy snow fall on the evening was to blame for a slim crowd of around 3,000 — lost in the 10,000 capacity arena. This was Koopmans' third defense, having already beaten off challenges from Frenchmen Robert Amory and Hocine Tafer. He is undefeated in 34 professional contests.

Alex Blanchard, Holland, who knocked out the ex-American soldier, Mike McCoy, with 45 seconds gone of round two, will some day be topping the bill at the Rotterdam Sportpalast. This middleweight has class, and some of those hard critics in Miami, where Blanchard trained for a couple of weeks at Chris Dundee's gym, said he had all the characteristics of a future champion. His main problem, like many other Europeans, is so few fights. On the Rotterdam card, Blanchard was essentially a head hunter, and he dazzled his opponent with flashy combinations.

AUSTRIA

▲ GANSBACH — Welters: Postl decisioned Josef Kossmann, eight. Otto Zinoder kayoed Saied Hozon, six. Junior welters: Herbert Truasmuth beat Jose Luis Riberio, who was disqualified in round five.

BELGIUM

▲ FOREST — Heavyweights: Al Syben outpointed Felipe Rodriguez, 10. Lightweights: Jose Garcia decisioned Alain LeFol, eight. Junior middles: Maurice Bufi outscored Chaed Ringo, eight.

▲ ZELE — Heavyweights: Rudi Gauwe TKO'd Don Halpen, three. Lights: Dave Williams kayoed Chris O'Neil, Welterweights: Alois Carmeliet knocked out Danny Heath. Junior welters: are Gilbert Bayens and Andrew Blanco drew, six.

▲ PEPINSTER — Welterweights: Philippe Parent outscored Raphael Salamone, six.

▲ ANTWERP — Middleweights: Mon Langewouters TKO'd Branco Barakovic, four. Lightweights: Angelo Licata outscored Nourredine, six.

▲ SINT TRIDEN — Welterweights: Mohammed Bouziani outscored Pierre Koenig, six.

▲ LA LOUVIERRE — Lightweights: Angelo Licata decisioned Gilbert Hulluin, eight. Welterweights: Joe Bollue outscored Philippe Parent, six.

▲ ZELE — Welterweights: Alois Carmelist outscored Bechir Boudka, eight. Junior middles: Clement Tshinza decisioned Jose Hernandez, 10.

DENMARK

▲ RANDERS — European welterweight champion Jorgen Hansen, Denmark, held on to his crown, knocking out Alois Carmeliet, Belgium, five.

FRANCE

▲ SAINT QUENTIN — Welterweights: Georges Bondin outscored Charles Restivo, six.

▲ VILLERUBANNE — Abderhahim Kannour outscored Francis Derderian, six. Middleweights: Guy Telusson and Jean Baptiste drew six.

▲ VALENCE — Charles Jurietti retained the French junior lightweight title, outscoring Maurice Apeang, 12.

▲ EPINAY SOUS SENART — Featherweights: Abderahim Kannour and Majid Harid drew, six. Middleweights: Jean Philippe Truchelut decisioned Michel Moinard, six.

▲ CAEN — Bantamweights: Dominique Pideleu outscored Antonio Franco, eight.

▲ PARIS — Kevin Finnegan (GB) won the vacant European middleweight title, outpointing Frenchman Gratien Tonna, 12.

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GERMANY

▲ **LUBECK** — Heavyweights: Bernd August retained his German heavyweight crown, stopping Harry Friedel, five. Middleweights: Frank Wissenbach, Germany, TKO'd Yugoslav Josef Biberovic, eight.

HOLLAND

▲ **ROTTERDAM** — Junior welter. Heversteen beat Charles Restivo who was disqualified in round five.

▲ **ROTTERDAM** — European light heavyweight champion Rudi Koopmans, Holland, decisioned Italian, Enio Cometti, 12, to retain his crown. Dutchman Cor Eversteyn, 141, outscored Jean Michel Iger, France, 140, six. Roy Somer, Holland, 119¾, outscored Dominique Piedeleu, France, 117¼, eight. Shaun Chalcraft (GB), 175, outscored Frenchman Robert Amory, 178½, eight. Alex Blanchard, Holland, 160¼, kayoed American Mike McCoy, 159¼, two. Briton George Scott, 232, outscored Hennie Thoonen, Holland, 237, eight.

ITALY

▲ **ROME** — Light heavyweights: Pierpaolo Capezzone outscored Germano Apostoli, six. Light heavies: Andrea Sangaletti kayoed Antonio Saladino, two. Welters: Guido Galletti kayoed Giancarlo Marinelli, five. Welters: Salvatore Cascio decisioned Vincenz Bottigliero, eight.

▲ **NETTUNO** — Featherweights: Luciano Frasca outscored Vincenzo Di Bari, six.

▲ **CASERTA** — Flyweightes: Giolvanni Camputaro decisioned Mariano Garcia, 10.

▲ **FORTE VILLAGE** — Welterweights: Francesco Aresti decisioned Giovanni Maiorano, six.

▲ **MILAN** — Heavyweights: Lorenzo Zanon TKO'd Claman Parker, seven. Romeo Malgarini kayoed Domenico Scala, five. Light heavyweights: Tony Mundine outscored Johnny Wilburn, eight. Welters: Daniel Zappaterra kayoed Giovanni Lamusta, one. In a bout for the Italian junior lightweight title, Aristide Pizzo TKO'd Cosimo Lavino, six. Flyweights: Mario Bitetto decisioned Filippo Belverdere, six.

▲ **PISA** — Lightweights: Bruno Simili outscored Abass Macauley, eight.

▲ **PESARO** — In an Italian junior middleweight title fight, Luigi Minchillo knocked out Vincenzo Ungaro, six. Corrado Sortino TKO'd Mario Lorini, five. Junior welters: Eupremio Epifani TKO'd Angelo Zanetti, five.

▲ **SALERNO** — Ciro Seta outscored Ernesto Ros, eight.

▲ **CAGLIARI** — Junior welters: Francesco Aresti kayoed Luigi Dal Santo, three. Junior lights: Natale Ceredda drew his eight-rounder with Rosario Sanna. Lightweights: Antonio Puddu outscored Palmiro Masala, eight.

▲ **FIGLINE VALDARNO** — Junior welters: Gregorio Ciancaglione drew with Patrizio Burini, eight.

▲ **SAVONA** — Junior lightweights: Alfredo Raininger outscored Vincenzo Di Ruocco, eight. Lightweights: Giancarlo Usai outpointed Emiliano De Souza, 10.

▲ **PISTOIA** — Vittorio Conte beat Amar Olivo, six.

▲ **LUGO DI ROMANA** — Alfredo Mulas won the Italian featherweight title, halting champion Potito De Muro, nine. Lightweights: Lucio Cusma outscored Josia Da Silva, eight.

▲ **PIACENZ** — Middleweights: Aldo Buzzetti TKO'd Aldo Polesel, two. Gianni Molesini and Ernesto Ros drew, eight.

▲ **CAGLIARI** — Welterweights: Sergio D'Angelo drew with Antonio Stocchino, eight.

▲ **AGEROLA** — Flyweights: Giovanni Camputaro TKO'd Salvatore Laconi, four.

▲ **SASSARI** — Junior lightweights: Bruno De Montis outscored Carlo Frassinetti, eight.

SPAIN

▲ **METILLA** — Francisco Villapanda outscored champion Manuel Velazquez, 12, to win the Spanish lightweight title. Lights: Guillermo Fontini TKO'd Fernando Reinoso, seven.

▲ **SAN SEBASTIAN** — Junior middles: Andoni Amana outscored Jose Ramirez, eight. Light heavyweights: Peralta and Fausto Quinales drew eight. Featherweights: Manuel Masso outscored Nani Rodriguez, eight.

▲ **PRAVIA** — In a bout for the Spanish bantamweight title, Enrique Rodriguez Cal outpointed Raton Rodriguez, 12.

▲ **REUS** — Bantamweights: Martin Antich decisioned German Yeste, six.

▲ **ZARAGOZA** — Junior welters: Perico Fernandez kayoed Jesus Rodriguez de la Rosa, two. Fernando Sanchez decisioned Guillermo Frontini, eight.

▲ **MADRID** — Lightweights: Mohamed Jofre outscored Francisco Moya, six.

▲ **LA CORUNA** — Bantamweights: Scasino Ferreira knocked out Cristobal Crespi, three.

▲ **LEON** — Feathers: Roberto Castanon decisioned Hector Molina, eight.

▲ **LEON** — In a bout for the Spanish lightweight title. Francisco Leon outscored Manuel Velasquez, 10.

▲ **LA CORUNA** Heavyweights: Alfredo Evangelista outscored Tony Moore, eight. Lightweights: Hugo Carrizo decisioned Juan Carlos des Santos, eight.

▲ **BILBAO** — Heavyweights: Alfredo Evangelista TKO'd Jacob Tkchanchuing two. Ali Lukussa TKO'd Teo Vega, five. Featherweights: Nani Rodriguez drew his eight-rounder with Torito Gomez.

▲ **SALAMANCA** — Jose Hernandez won the Spanish junior middleweight title, outscoring champion Andoni Amana, 12.

▲ **AVILES** — Flyweights: Eniques Cal outscored Neil McLaughlin, eight. Welterweights: Jose Ramon Gomez Fouz outscored Jose Ramirez, eight. Featherweights: Vicho outscored Mohamed Jofre, six.

▲ **BARCELONA** — Bantamweights: Jose Pachecho stopped Jose Guerra, four.

▲ **ZARAGOZA** — Junior welterweights: Perico Fernandez TKO'd Giancarlo Barabotti, three Middleweights: Jorge Salas decisioned Jose Omedes, six.

▲ **LA CORUNA** — Heavyweights: Felipe Rodriguez outscored Tony Moore, eight. Bantamweights: Vincente Rodriguez TKO'd Raton Rodriguez, two. Middleweights: Scasino Ferreira TKO'd Antonio Molina, two. Lightweights: Hugo Carrizo TKO'd Antonio Reinosa, seven.

▲ **PAMPLONA** — Heavyweights: Alfredo Evangelista TKO'd Kelvin Cangston, three. Bantamweights: Mohamed Jofre outscored Garcia Velina, eight. Lights: Pedro Morales outpointed Mohamed Chino, eight.

▲ **ZAMORA** — Junior welters: Perico Fernandez TKO'd Manuel Duran, two.

▲ **LEON** — Welterweights: Jose Fernandez outscored Juan M. Domingo, six. Junior middleweights: Manuel Acedo kayoed Angel Pedraza, four.

▲ **LUGO** — Heavyweights: Alfredo Evangelista outscored Tony Moore, eight. Middleweights: Jose Luis Alvarez decisioned Inaki Gorostidi, eight.

▲ **SALAMANCA** — In a Spanish junior welterweight title fight, Antonio Guinaldo TKO'd Patrocinio Jiminez, nine. Junior middleweights: Andoni Amana TKO'd Patrocinio Jiminez, nine. Junior middleweights: Andoni Amana TKO'd Kid Liti, one.

▲ **BARCELONA** — Middleweights: Alfredo Naveiras outpointed Aldo Olivarez, eight. Featherweights: Manuel Masso outscored Angel Oliver, eight. Welterweights: Antonio Casado TKO'd Jesus Rodriguez de la Rosa, four.

▲ **MADRID** — Flyweights: Enriques Cal outscored German Yeste, eight. Junior welters: Jose Ramon Gomez Fouz beat Luciano Diaz, who was disqualified in round five.

▲ **PALMA DE MALLORCA** — Ramon Garcia Marichal won the Spanish junior light title, halting Isidoro Cabeza, 10. Feathers: Vicho outscored Serafin Dos Anjos, eight. Junior welters: Basilio Roman drew with Jose Garcia del Moral, eight.

▲ **VALLADOLID** — Carlos Hernandez won the European junior lightweight title, outscoring Rodolfo Sanchez, 12.

▲ **FUENGIROLA** — Lightweights: Jose Luis Heredia decisioned Hector Molina, eight.

▲ **LEON** — Featherweights: Roberto Castanon kayoed Helenio Ferreira, three. Middleweights: Scasino Ferreira TKO'd Iluminado Diez, four. Welterweights: Carlos Morales outscored Jose Ramirez, eight. Manuel Alcala kayoed Jose Fernandez Punales, three.

▲ **TERRASSA** — Lightweights: Francisco Leon TKO'd Serafin Dos Anjos, three.

JACK A. TREE

EUROPEAN RATINGS

HEAVYWEIGHTS
Championship: Vacant
1. Lorenzo Zanon (I)
2. Alfio Righetti (I)
3. John L. Gardner (GB)
4. Rudi Gauwe (B)
5. Alfredo Evengelista (S)
6. Al Syben (B)
7. Felipe Rodriquez (S)
8. Lucien Rodriguez (F)
9. Tommy Kiely (GB)
10. Tony Moore (GB)

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS
Champion: Rudi Koopmans
1. Mate Parlov (Y)
2. John Conteh (GB)
3. Hocine Tafer (F)
4. David Conteh (GB)
5. Bunny Johnson (GB)
6. Avenamar Peralta (S)
7. Ennio Cometti (I)
8. Dennis Andries (GB)
9. Christano Cavina (I)
10. Lino Lemma (I)

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Champion: Kevin Finnegan (GB)
1. Alan Minter (GB)
2. Gratien Tonna (F)
3. Tony Sibson (GB)
4. Frankie Lucas (GB)
5. Matteo Salvemini (I)
6. Frank Wissenbach (G)
7. George Steinherr (G)
8. Roy Gumbs (GB)
9. Gilbert Cohen (F)
10. Alfredo Naveiras (S)

JUNIOR MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Champion: Marijan Benes (Y)
1. Maurice Hope (GB)
2. Pat Thomas (GB)
3. Jose Hernandez (S)
4. Adoni Amana (S)
5. Jimmy Batten (GB)
6. Luigi Michillo (I)
7. Damiano Lassandro (I)
8. Claude Martin (F)
9. Andrie Huussen (H)
10. Steve Hopkin (GB)

WELTERWEIGHTS
Championship: Jorgen Hansen (D)
1. Dave Green (GB)
2. Hans Henrik Palm (D)
3. Kirkland Laing (GB)
4. Pierre Angelo Piras (I)
5. Alois Carmeliet (B)
6. Giovanni Molesini (I)
7. Louis Acaries (F)
8. Colin Jones (GB)
9. Carlos Morales (S)
10. Richard Rodriguez (S)

JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHTS
Champion: Jo Kimpuani (F)
1. Clinton McKenzie (GB)
2. Sylvester Mittee (GB)
3. Des Morrison (GB)
4. Colin Powers (GB)
5. Giuseppe Martinese (I)
6. Perico Fernandez (S)
7. Antonio Guinaldo (S)
8. Fernando Sanchez (S)
9. Winston Spencer (GB)
10. Christian Garcia (F)

LIGHTWEIGHTS
Championship: Vacant
1. Charlie Nash (GB)
2. Jim Watt (GB)
3. Ray Cattouse (GB)
4. Ken Buchanan (GB)
5. Francisco Leon (S)
6. Jose Louis Heredia (S)
7. Gioancarlo Usai (I)
8. Andre Holyk (F)
9. Manuel Velasquez (S)
10. Vincenzo Quero (I)

JUNIOR LIGHTWEIGHTS
Champion: Carlos Hernandez (S)
1. Rodolfo Sanchez (S)
2. Charles Jurietti (F)
3. Maurice Apeang (F)
4. Salvatore Liscapade (I)
5. Aristide Pizzo (I)
6. Isidor Cabeza (S)
7. Nino Jimenez (S)
8. Cosimo Lavino (I)
9. Manuel Alcala (S)
10. Biago Pierri (I)

FEATHERWEIGHTS
Champion: Roberto Castanon (S)
1. Pat Codwell (GB)
2. Dave Needham (GB)
3. Jimmy Flint (GB)
4. Manuel Masso (S)
5. Potito Di Muro (I)
6. Natale Gareddia (I)
7. Salvatore Meluzzo (F)
8. Ramon Marichal (S)
9. Les Pickett (GB)
10. Emilio Barcals (S)

BANTAMWEIGHTS
Champion: Juan Francico Rodriguez (S)
1. Johnny Owen (GB)
2. Vincente Rodriguez (S)
3. Luis De La Sagra (S)
4. John Feeney (GB)
5. Estaban Eguia (S)
6. Laurent Grimbert (F)
7. Valerio Nati (I)
8. Giuseppe Fossati (I)
9. Davey Lamour (GB)
10. Guy Caudron (F)

FLYWEIGHTS
Champion: Charlie Magri (GB)
1. Manuel Carrasco (S)
2. Sabatino DeFilippo (I)
3. Rodriguez Cal (S)
4. Sabatino DeFilippo (I)
5. Paolo Castrovilli (I)
6. Emilio Pireddu (I)
7. Mariano Garcia (S)
8. Mario Bitetto (I)
9. Jaime Lozano (S)
10. Antonio Galletta (I)

Legend: (B) Belgium; (D) Denmark; (F) Finland; (G) Germany; (GB) Great Britain; (H) Holland; (I) Italy; (L) Luxembourg; (N) Norway; (S) Spain; (Sd) Switzerland; (Sw) Sweden; (Y) Yugoslavia.

THE BRITISH ISLES

Royal Albert Hall, London — European flyweight champion Charlie Magri, 113¼, confirmed his rating as top contender for the world title by knocking out Aniceto Vargas of the Philippines, 110¾, in round three.

The final punch was a left hook that put Vargas through the ropes. Only a helping hand from a ringsider saved him from possible injury on television equipment on the press table just in front of me.

In any case, he still couldn't get back in time to beat the count.

British welter champ Kirkland Laing, Nottingham, beat late sub Salvo Nuciforo Falmouth, the bout being stopped in round six. By that time, Nuciforo, brave as he was, was still on his feet but taking punishment. Weights were not announced.

For me, the highlight of the evening was the victory of Sylvester Mittee, Bethnal Green, 140, over former light welter champ Colin Powers, Paddington, 140. This was an official eliminator for the British title held by Clinton McKenzie.

Mittee, taking part in only his ninth bout, decked his opponent in the opening round, and eventually stopped him in the seventh. Official verdict: "to save Powers

unnecessary punishment."

I had the pleasure of sitting beside Mittee the following night at the Annual Dinner of the British Boxing Writers' Club in London, and was impressed by the mature outlook of this young man. He must be one of the best prospects at any weight in the country, and believe it or not — he reads Shakespeare.

If a prediction is in order as far ahead as 12 months, I believe Mittee will be in close contention for the award for Best Young Boxer of The Year in 1980 by our Boxing Writers' Club.

The winner of this award for 1979 was Tony Sibson, who was presented with the Geoffrey Simpson Award at this Annual Dinner. On the Albert Hall bill the previous evening, he outpointed American James Waire, 162½, over 10 by 99½-96.

Heavyweights can always be relied upon to provide the thrills and spills, but it was quite something when Joe Awome, Golders Green, 216, and Manny Gabriel, 196, Wellingborough, both fell out of the ring locked together in round two.

Neither had gone out from a punch, so referee Paddy Sower rightly let them get back in and ordered "Box On".

After the "out of the ring" incident, Gabriel's confidence began to wane. He had obviously been the more shaken of the two. He did not appear to want to continue the end of the session, and, after only 15 seconds of round three, the bout was stopped.

In another heavyweight bout of ups and downs, former British amateur champion Andy Palmer, Liverpool, 215½, survived two knockdowns in the opening round to kayo Ron McClean, 235, in the following session.

Debutant Colin Derrick, Bethnal Green, 147½, impressed in beating Mike Clemow, Camborne, 147, the bout being stopped in round four. Clemow hadn't been off his feet and protested strongly.

▲ **Porchester Hall, London** — Joey Williams, Poplar, 177½, beat Stan Carnall, Liverpool, 177½, the referee stopping the fight halfway through the fifth round when Carnall had stopped hitting back.

Carnall was down in round four.

Alan Lamb, Lancaster, 142, defeated Dave Taylor, Liverpool, 142, the bout being halted in round three when Taylor's left eye was cut. It was Lamb's third win in a row, all inside schedule.

Taylor was decked in the opening session.

Tony Pearce, Notting Hill, 176¼, kayoed Wally Barnes, Battersea, 175½, in round two.

Wally Stocking, Epsom, 139, drew with Tyrrel Wilson, Newport, over six. Stocking was floored in round four.

Carl Daley, Brixton, 168, narrowly outscored Earl Edwards, Clapham, 169½, over six by 59-58½.

▲ **Anglo-American Sporting Club, Manchester** · Wayne Barker, Manchester, 156, kept his unbeaten record by drawing with substitute Terry Matthews, Swansea, 157, over eight.

Barker was decked in round two, but recovered well, although many thought Matthews deserved the referee's nod.

Debutant Dave Ramsden, Manchester, 134, beat Joey Gilbert, Leeds, 134¾, who retired at the end of round four when his left eye was shut.

Tom Jones, Liverpool, narrowly outscored Nigel Savory, Leeds, over six by 59-58½ in a light heavyweight contest.

In another close bout, Adey Allen, Leicester, 143, outpointed John Mount, Wisham, 141¾, over eight by 78½-78. Allen was down in round six.

▲ **World Sporting Club, London** — Colin Jones, Gorseinon, kayoed Billy Waith, Cardiff, in round six. Both weighed inside 150.

A controversial kayo, as Waith claimed the final punch was to the base of the spine. This followed his claim at the end of round four that Jones was hitting him in the kidneys.

However, the referee's opinion was that Waith had been

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BRITISH COMMONWEALTH RATINGS

HEAVYWEIGHTS
Champion
John L. Gardner (E)
1. Trevor Berbick (C)
2. Billy Aird (E)
3. Ngozika Ekwelum (N)
4. Tommy Kiely (E)
5. Les Stevens (E)
6. Tony Moore (E)
7. Steve Aczel (A)
8. Gordon Ferris (I)
9. Neville Meade (E)
10. Joe Awome (E)

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS
Champion
Lotte Mwale (Z)
1. John Conteh (E)
2. Mustapha Wasajja (U)
3. David Conteh (E)
4. Bunny Johnson (E)
5. Gary Summerhays (C)
6. Tony Mundine (A)
7. Ernie Barr (B)
8. Stan Bogovic (A)
9. Al Gattling (A)
10. Dennis Andries (E)

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Championship
Vacant
1. Alan Minter (E)
2. Kevin Finnegan (E)
3. Tony Sibson (E)
4. Fernand Marcotte (C)
5. Frankie Lucas (St. Vin.)
6. Scorpion Ofosu (G)
7. Monty Betham (NZ)
8. Wally Carr (A)
9. Roy Gumbs (E)
10. Al Korovou (A)

LIGHT MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Champion
Kenny Bristol (Gu)
1. Maurice Hope (E)
2. Rocky Mattioli (A)
3. Pat Thomas (St. Kitts)
4. Jimmy Batten (E)
5. Elisha Obed (B)
6. Steve Hopkin (E)
7. Prince Rodney (E)
8. Neil Pattel (A)
9. Phil Davies (A)
10. Herol Graham (E)

WELTERWEIGHTS
Champion
Clyde Gray (C)
1. Dave Green (E)
2. Chris Clarke (C)
3. Kirkland Laing (E)
4. Josef Nsubuga (U)
5. Sakarai Ve (Fiji)
6. Hector Thompson (A)
7. Eddie Marcelle (T)
8. Lachie Austin (A)
9. Steve Dennis (A)
10. Colin Jones (W)

LIGHT WELTERWEIGHTS
Champion
Obisia Nwankpa (N)
1. Lennox Blackmoore (Gu)
2. Jeff Malcolm (A)
3. Clinton McKenzie (E)
4. Des Morrison (E)
5. Frank Ropis (A)
6. Sylvester Mittee (St. Lucia)
7. Colin Power (E)
8. Andy Broome (A)
9. Fitzroy Giuseppe (T)
10. Joey Gibilisco (A)

LIGHTWEIGHTS
Champion
Hogan Jimoh (N)
1. Jim Watt (S)
2. Charlie Nash (I)
3. Claude Noel (T)
4. Ralph Racine (C)
5. Ray Cattouse (E)
6. Cornelius Boza-Edwards (U)
7. Nick Furlano (C)
8. Gaetan Hart (C)
9. John Muwunga (U)
10. Dave McCabe (S)

FEATHERWEIGHTS
Champion
Eddie Ndukwu (N)
1. Pat Cowdell (E)
2. Dave Needham (E)
3. Jimmy Flint (E)
4. Patrick Forde (Gu)
5. Les Pickett (W)
6. Brian Roberts (A)
7. Nick LoBianco (A)
8. Roger Henry (A)
9. Henry Saddler (G)
10. Vernon Penprase (E)

BANTAMWEIGHTS
Champion
Johnny Owen (W)
1. Paul Ferreri (A)
2. John Feeney (E)
3. Davy Larmour (I)
4. Dave Smith (E)
5. Jim Bowen (A)
6. Charlie Brown (A)
7. Patrick Burns (A)
8. Wayne Evans (E)
9. Glenn Walsh (A)
10. Neil McLaughlin (I)

FLYWEIGHTS
Championship
Vacant
1. Charlie Magri (E)
2. Pedro Solo (A)
3. Ray Amoo (N)
4. Stephen Muchoki (K)
5. John Hipwell (A)
6. Kelvin Smart (W)
7. Junior Thompson (A)
8. Roger Richens (A)
9. Garry Bick (A)
10. Dave George (E)

John Aba (Papua New Guinea) is the junior lightweight champion. Contenders: Kazeem Armah (N), Willie Tarika (Fiji), Big Jim West (A).

Legend: (An) Antigua; (A) Australia; (B) Bahamas; (C) Canada; (D) Dominica; (E) England; (Fiji) Fiji Islands; (G) Ghana; (Gu) Guyana; (In) India; (I) Ireland; (J) Jamaica; (K) Kenya; (M) Malta; (N) Nigeria; (NZ) New Zealand; (S) Scotland; (To) Tonga; (T) Trinidad; (U) Uganda; (W) Wales; (Z) Zambia.

ORIENT

CALLAGHAN-MATSUO
Japanese Middleweight Title

YOKOHAMA, JAPAN — Unbeaten James Callaghan, a Japanese-born Briton, won the Japanese national middleweight title by knocking out Tsutomu (Dynamite) Matsuo in 2:03 of the eighth round at Yokohama Cultural Gymnasium. It was only Jimmy's fourth pro bout.

Callaghan, 23 years old, made a fine display, cleverly outboxing the shorter Matsuo. The champion, 26, was a brutal swinger with 13 knockout victims in 15 wins against six defeats and three draws. Every time Matsuo threw a roundhouse right, Callaghan caught him with sharp counterpunches and piled up the points. Callaghan, however, took a right to the face in round six and hit the deck for the mandatory eight-count. James regained his feet and tossed more combinations — stronger than before.

In the fatal eighth, Jimmy sent a barrage of solid lefts and rights to Matsuo, who collapsed for the count. It was the first time a British national had won the Japanese title, and a record in that he won the crown in only his fourth bout. Jimmy weighed 159¼ to 154¾ for Matsuo.

Jimmy who? Callaghan was born in Yokohama on May 3, 1956, the son of an Englishman and a Japanese mother. He started learning how to box there at the age of six. When he was sixteen, Jimmy decided to live with his father in England, and left Japan. Callaghan fought as an amateur until he was graduated from Bootle Engineering College, registering 24 wins in 25 contests. He won the British amateur middleweight title in Liverpool and, at 21, returned to Yokohama to turn professional under the management of Tetsuro Kawai at the Yokohama Kyoei Club.

Callaghan made his professional debut by stopping Eiji Tanaka at 1:59 of the fifth round in Yokohama on November 7, 1978.

Jimmy is a classic upright stylist, with quick left jabs and straight rights. He still has to improve his defense, as was demonstrated by the wild swinging Matsuo.

Mamoru Ohba and Naomi Yagi drew, six, bantamweights. Katsuyuki Ohashi outpointed Shintaro Hirose, four, bantamweights. Kunio Taga outscored Sadaharu Muto, four, lightweights.

Attendance — 3,000.
Kyoei Kawai Promotions.

JAPAN

▲ TOKYO — Korakuen Hall — supports to Nakajima-Kim:

Taller, sharper Hitoshi Ohashi, 118, Nakajima's stablemate, demolished Rocky Sekiyama, 116, at 2:30 of the eighth round in the 10-round semi-final.

Toshiyuki Tanaka, 127¾, survived a knockdown and won a unanimous decision over Toshisuke Taira, 129, six.

turning into the punches, and there could be no doubting the power behind Jones' blows.

Waith posesses one of the best defenses of any British boxer, but he failed to throw enough punches. Jones, on the other hand, was attacking all the time.

In round four, Waith was down for the first time from a body blow; and, in round six, he went down again from a right to the body. Waith was obviously in great pain, and had only managed to get to his knees as the count was completed.

Colin's older brother, Ken Jones, 178½, outpointed Trevor Cattouse, Balham, 176, over eight by 79½-78½. Jones won by his superior aggression.

Barry Price, Crawley, 135½, outscored Charlie Brown, Barry, 136½, over eight by 79-78½, a narrow victory and an excellent scrap.

The highlight came in round seven, when Price went down from a left hook. But he gamely got up to contest the issue until the final bell, his earlier lead seeing him through.

Mickey Mapp, Eltham, 145½, outscored Kevin Walsh, Manchester, 142, over six by 59½-59. It was Mapp's fifth consecutive victory.

▲ Club Double Diamond, Caerphilly — Neville Meade, Swansea, 238, kept his Welsh heavyweight title by beating David Pearce, Newport, 201, the referee intervening in round two after Pearce had been down. It was the latter's first defeat.

Pearce had been regarded as potentially a fine prospect, but he had little opportunity of bringing his big punch into play against his more experienced opponent.

Meade, now 32, had not boxed for 12 months. He had been handicapped in training by lack of suitable sparring partners, but had too much know-how for the 20-year-old Pearce.

The opening round was devoid of incident, but Meade came in with two hefty right hands early in round two, and the writing was on the wall. Pearce was forced to hold on, and Meade caught him with more rights that put him down. The referee then stopped it with just 12 seconds of the round remaining.

Kevin Smart, Bedworth, 115½, kept his unbeaten record by easily outscoring Ian Murray, Manchester, 128, over six by 60-57½, not losing a round.

Dave Sullivan, Plymouth, 145, outpointed Jeff Aspell, Swansea, 144, over six by the closest margin 59-58½. A cracking contest that the fans loved.

Last minute withdrawals meant that only three of the six scheduled bouts could go on.

▲ Tiffanys Ballroom, Glasgow — Billy Straub, Motherwell, 118¼, gained a disputed points win over Bobby Breen, Fife, 12, scoreline 78½-78 after eight.

Straub was down briefly in round three, and Breen looked to have done enough to at least share the honors.

Danny McLoughlin, 177, beat Mick Fellingham, Gravesend, 178, the referee intervening in round two with Nick taking stick.

Gary Jones, Stirling, 177, confirmed a previous win by outpointing Nigel Savory, Leeds, 176½, over six by 60-57½, not losing a round.

AFRICA

SOUTH AFRICA

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE

▲ CAPE TOWN — Restaurant Hall, Cape Showgrounds — Bramley Whiteboy knocked Joshua Plaatjies to the canvas three times in the first round for a TKO in their junior welterweight bout. An overhand right did the initial damage, and Plaatjies never really recovered. His corner threw in the towel.

Four-rounders: Chris Whiteboy, Bramley's younger brother, outscored Thomas Tsotetsi, junior lightweights. David Mbonay outpointed Sazi Xamalashe, junior lights. Herbert (Chilliboy) Plaatjies defeated Monde Sibaca, featherweights. Winterton Kondile won a close one over Tertius Skalika, bantams. Rodney Botha outscored Patrick Majadu, lightweights. Matata Plaatjies and Mickey Klaas drew, bantamweights.

NATAL

▲ DURBAN — Kings Park Rugby Stadium — American Dwight Braxton knocked out Theunis Kok in the 10th and final round of their light heavyweight bout before a crowd of 5,000.

Big plans had been laid for Kok, but Braxton, fighting in the style of Joe Frazier, had too much know how for the highly touted South African. Kok showed gameness by lasting as long as he did, but Braxton's experience showed as he stormed relentlessly on to the attack. In the final round, Braxton caught Kok flush on the chin, and the latter had no chance of beating the count. The time was 0:21.

Doug Lumley, former middleweight champion, resumed his career as a light heavy after 14 months, but won handily in six rounds over "Champion" Mokone Malusi. Lumley was too fast for Malusi, and did not lose a round.

Themba "Blue Star" Buthelezi TKO'd Bertie Potgieter in the second round of their light heavy bout. Referee Eric Moolman stopped the fight with Potgieter trapped in a corner.

Nicholas Gumede decisioned Alfred Ndhlovu, four, junior welterweights. Solomon Khumalo kayoed John Dhlamini, two, light heavyweights. Gregory Clark kayoed Ness Roux, two, welters. Solomon Dladla and Willem van der Merwe drew, four, light heavies. Johnny Lutchamanna and Deon Labuschagne drew, six, junior welters.

ED CLARK

Sadaaki Saito, 122, outscored Yoshiteru Yukie, 120¾, four.

The card was presented by Yonekura Promotions and telecast by TV Asahi.

▲ NARA CITY — Kashiwara Gymnasium — Japanese national lightweight champion Kiyoshi (Battle Hawk) Kazama, 132, proved too strong and ringwise for Takeshi Mine, 133½, halting him at the end of the third round. It was Kazama's second defense since he took the vacant title.

The 30-year-old champion overwhelmed his rugged rival from the start, using stinging lefts to win the first two sessions. In the closing seconds of the third round, Battle Hawk unleashed a vicious left hook to the jaw of Mine, who went down on the seat of his trunks. Takeshi got up, but was unable to answer the bell for round four.

Kazama, a skillful puncher with a 16-5-4 record, including six kayoes, is reported to be world junior lightweight champion Samuel Serrano's next titular opponent. Whether or not Battle Hawk will be able to overcome Serrano's great advantage in reach is the big question.

Hiraku Tomonari, 130, kayoed African Royal Umeno, 129¾, in 1:08 of the third round in a semi-final 10. Tomonari won an upset 10-round decision over OPBF featherweight champion Royal Kobayashi last year.

Yoshitaka Hinenoya stopped Ichiro Izawa, three, junior welterweights. Gentleman Kano outscored Tanashi Asuka, four, junior lightweights. Kinji Kajita outpointed Shingo Tachibana, four, featherweights. Hiroshi Urakawa demolished Toshio Tanigawa in one, junior featherweights. Masahiro Hayashi outpointed Junji Shimada, four.

▲ TOKYO — Korakuen Hall - Southpaw Kazumasa Tamaki, 112, put on a fine last burst of effort to cop a unanimous decision over Koichi Maki, 111, 10 rounds, and win the latter's Japanese flyweight title. Tamaki, 25, had lost to Maki via eighth round TKO last August. In that fight, he was leading on all scorecards before a bad cut forced the stoppage.

Maki, 23, had successfully retained his national title four times. He's a speedy combination puncher. He and Tamaki exchanged fast rallies, but Maki looked dominant as the fight progressed. Tamaki, however, fought back hard — especially in the final round, when he battered the champ with relentless combos, almost dropping him in a neutral corner. Your reporter scored the bout 98-98, but the official verdict went to the perennial contender. Referee Morita, 100-95; judges Uchida and Kanaya, 98-97 and 99-97, respectively, all in Tamaki's favor.

Tamaki will become a good champ if he improves his power. He already has brilliant footwork. The win upped his record to 13-6-4 with five kayoes. Maki dropped to 21-10-3 with five knockouts.

Takeshi Ryu, 117¾, the JBC's seventh ranked bantamweight, overwhelmed Hiroyuki Tanaka, 118, a dangerous left hooker, dropping him twice and for the count at 2:00 of the second session in their scheduled 10-round semi-windup.

Ryu, now 9-3, was the Shinjin-o winner in 1979. He's tall, he's fast, and he's game. He also has a lantern jaw.

Unbeaten flyweight Goichi Oshi, 112, a 19-year-old ex-Shinjin-o winner with a 13-0-1 record (only three kayoes), didn't look sharp, but managed to win a majority decision (double 79-78 and 78-78) over durable Yoshinobu Sasaki, 111¾, eight.

Manabu Irei, 110¼, finished Kiyomi Sato, 109, in four. Isao Kimura, 105, and Takaaki Tomita, 108, drew, four. Takashi Suzuki, 116¾, kayoed Akira Shimzu, 117¾, three.

Attendance — 1,600.

Presented by Tanabe Promotions. Telecast by TBS-TV, Tokyo.

▲ TOKYO — Korakuen Hall — Unbeaten OPBF junior middleweight champion Tadashi Mihara, 155, won a dull unanimous decision over former Filipino national champion Alberto Cruz, 154¾, 10.

Mihara, 8-0 with as many knockouts, had to go the distance for the first time against Alberto's negative defensive strategy. There were no knockdowns, although Mihara, 24, attempted to score with his vaunted left jabs against the 33-year-old Filipino veteran. Mihara, standing 5' 10" and taller than Cruz by two inches, threw twice as many punches as Alberto did, but almost half of them missed their target. But Tadashi was the aggressor all the way and copped a shutout decision, as follows: referee Ugo and judge Sasaki, both 100-94, and judge Uchida, 100-95.

Mihara will require more experience before his talked of crack at WBC junior middleweight campion Maurice Hope.

The loss dropped Cruz to 31-7-1 with 15 stoppages. Short, hard hitting Minoru Sugiya, 146¼, stopped Shigeo Takagi, 146½, the JBC's second ranked welterweight, at 1:04 of the third round in a companion 10. Sugiya, a stablemate of Yoko Gushiken, swarmed over his taller rival, making good use of his weaving and left hooks. The winner is now 13-1-1 with nine kayoes. Takagi is now 7-3-2 with six knockouts.

Makoto Takuchi, 117½, kayoed Hiroya Kawamukai, 118, in one. Toru Yanagi, 111, outscored Teruo Igarashi, 111½, four. Yasushi Hashimoto, 117, won unanimous decision over Morinosuke Nakazawa, 118, four. Toshio Otsuka, 110½, stopped Yuji Shimizu, 111, in two. Yuji Ohta, 107½, outscored Makoto Fujishima, 106, four. Masato Mizoguchi, 108, and Isamu Machida, 105, drew, four.

Attendance — 1, 400.

The card was presented by Misako Promotions. Telecast by Fuji TV.

▲ TOKYO — Korakuen Hall — How many new champs have we seen in Japan this month — Nakajima, Callaghan, Tamaki, and . . . ! Ex-Olympian and tricky puncher Hitoshi Ishigaki, 118, was outjabbed by Japanese national bantamweight champion Terukano (Hurricane) Teru, 117¾, in the first half, but fought back hard to win the last three rounds convincingly and take the title by a hairline decision after 10 rounds.

The 26-year-old Ishigaki took the second round with his aggressive body bombardments. His loose defense, however, allowed Teru to score with stinging lefts, giving the defending champ the fourth, fifth, and sixth rounds by slight margins. Ishigaki, who had represented Japan in the 1976 Olympic Games, had compiled a 6-1 record since turning pro about two years before, cleverly changed his strategy. He fought outside and let his feet carry him to victory in the eighth, ninth, and 10th rounds by clear margins.

Ishigaki almost dropped Teru with a looping right midway in the final session, but he was too tired to follow up on his advantage. Teru was exhausted, too.

Ishigaki, a clubmate of Shigeo Nakajima and a graduate of Senshu University, is the fourth current champion out of the Yonekura Club. That club's achievements have garnered a lot of applause from Tokyo boxing fans.

Rough, unbeaten southpaw Gen Tosa, 130, the JBC's seventh ranked lightweight, scored an upset technical knockout over Gen Akutsu, 128½, at 2:02 of the eighth round in the scheduled 10-round semi-final. Tosa, now 8-0 with four kayoes, is a brutal infighter.

Lefty Noboru Ishimine, 124, won a unanimous decision over Masaru Yamamoto, 123½, six. Ishimine is piloted by ex-world champion Fighting Harada. Yamamoto is 7-3-2 with six kayoes.

Kenichi Yamamoto, 126, halted Masanao Tanaka, 128, in three. Tadao Yamane, 129¾, outscored Masaru Fuji, 128½, four.

Attendance — 2,000. The card was presented by Shin-Nippon Kimura Promotions and televised through Tokyo Channel 12.

▲ TOKYO — Korakuen Hall — Japanese junior welterweight champion Eiichi Fukumoto, 142, knocked out Gold Joe, 141¼, in 0:41 of the third round of their scheduled 10-round non-title bout.

Fukumoto,26 with an 11-2 (seven kayoes) record, chased Joe to a corner and dropped him with a wicked right to the jaw midway in the opening round. Joe was wobbly, but managed to survive the round.

Gold Joe won the second round with aggressive rallies. (Fukumoto is a poor defensive fighter.) The third round saw Joe nail Fukumoto to the ropes with forceful combos. It was at this point that Eiichi landed a beautiful left hook counter to the jaw. Joe went down flat, but managed to get up at nine. Referee Ken Morita, however, counted him out on his feet. Joe was unsteady on his feet and the decision was a wise one, well received by the crowd.

Masaharu Inami, 108½, won a majority decision over Puma Koya, also 108½, 10. Inami, from Okinawa, is 21 years old with a 10-1-1 (four kayoes) record. He doesn't have a punch, relying on sharp jabs for the most part. He won the first, third, and sixth rounds. Koya, a 24-year-old free swinger with a 16-20-2 (four kayoes) record, punched Inami back with roundhouse rights to take the fifth and seventh. Inami, who failed in a bid for Kazunori Tenryu's national title last August, must improve his defense.

Tall Katsuyuki Ohashi, 118 and 7-1 with no kayoes, won a unanimous decision over Hirohisa Iino, 117½, six. Tsutomu Watanabe, 128¼, outscored Susumu Asari, 128¼, a poor Ali stylist, four. Toshio Komatsuzaki, 140, and Teruo Okuaki, 139¼, drew, four. Tomitomo Iizuka, 117¾, and Sadanori Ozaki, 118½, drew, four.

Attendance — 1,500. The show was co-promoted by Kyoei Kawaii and Ishimaru Promotions.

▲ Notes . . . According to the Nielsen figures, the Yoko Gushiken- Yong-Hyun Kim WBA junior flyweight title bout drew a 45.2% share of the audience. This may indicate Gushiken's great popularity in Japan. (How good were the programs on the other channels?)

KOREA

▲SEOUL — Hard hitting Chong-Pal Park, 156, retained his OPBF middleweight title by demolishing ex-Japanese champ Katsuo Esashi, 160, at 1:17 of the third round in a scheduled 12-rounder. Park is now 11-1 with 11 knockouts.

▲SEOUL — Munhwa Stadium — Quick Lee Yidano, 135, regained the Korean lightweight title with a unanimous decision over Ki-Hoon Kwak, 134½, 10.

Dee-Whan Lee, 124¾, won the Korean national featherweight title with a unanimous decision over up-and-coming puncher Yang Il, 127, 10. The title had been left vacant by Sok-Tae Yun. Yang, the loser, won the Novice King tournament in 1979, and had continued with a string of wins.

Chi-Bok Kim, 111½, who'd been kayoed by Tito Abella last year, returned to ring warfare, stopping Olds Calmeri, 111, in the ninth round.

Koran junior middleweight champion Yong-Taek Kim, 154¼, won a unanimous decision over Sang-Ho Lee, also 154¼, in a 10-round non-title bout.

It was a Korean Boxing Promotions card.

▲ KONGJUU CITY - Hyo-Song Kim, 132¼, the KBC's second ranked junior lightweight, won a unanimous decision over Young-Jin Cho, 132¼, 10.

This was another Korean Boxing Promotions program.

▲ PUSAN — Kudok Stadium — semi-final to the Park-Espadas world flyweight title bout: Mexican Juan Errera, 111½, Espadas' sparring partner, halted former Korean champion Hak-Yong Kim, 115¼, in the fifth.

The card was presented by Hanmin Promotions.

▲ SEOUL — Munhwa Stadium — Former Japanese featherweight champion Shuzo Yoshida, 127¾, ran out of gas, went down in the 10th and final round, was declared a kayo loser. The winner was Sok-Kyu Park, 129, whose victory upped him to the number three slot in the KBC's 130-pound ratings.

Wongjin Promotions.

▲BUYO CITY — Korean lightweight champion Tae-Jin Moon, 128½, outpointed Soheang Lee, 132¾, in a 10-round non-title bout.

Korean Boxing Promotions.

PHILIPPINES

▲ DAVAO CITY — Nilo Acid, 128¾, won the Filipino junior lightweight title with a unanimous decision over Arman Bangoyan, 128¼, 12. Bangoyan had been champ since December, 1978.

Filipino bantamweight champion Ronaldo Sumalis, 120, won a unanimous decision over Rudy Garcia, also 120, in a 10-round non-title bout. Sumalis had won the title from Billy Abato on September 29.

Jaime Sanama, 121, won unanimous decision over Ric Ramos, 120¼, 10.

The promoter was Felipe Alvaro.

▲ QUEZON CITY — Araneta Collseum — Supports to Guzman-Lee OPBF welterweight title bout: Al Cordero, 138½,

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ORIENTAL & PACIFIC RATINGS
BY THE ORIENTAL & PACIFIC BOXING FEDERATION
(AS OF FEBRUARY 2, 1980)

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Champion
Chong-Pal Park (K)
1. Dynamite Matsuo (J)
2. Byun-Grae Yuh (K)
3. Rudy Siregar (I)
4. Wally Carr (A)
5. James Callahan (J)
6. Ceasar Sasaki (J)
7. Phil Davis (A)
8. Katsuo Esahi (J)
9. Torkano Marcos (A)
10. Cassius Naito (J)

LIGHTWEIGHTS
Champion
Yung-Ho Oh (K)
1. Lee Yidano (K)
2. Manny Ysrael (P)
3. Battle Hawk Kazama (J)
4. Jenrob Muangsurin (T)
5. Barry Michael (A)
6. Ki-Hoon Kwak (K)
7. Lito Pena (P)
8. Vechayam Senaphitak (T)
9. Mitsuo Ohashi (J)
10. Nak-Yung Choi (K)

BANTAMWEIGHTS
Champion
Eijiro Murata (J)
1. Ronald Sumalis (P)
2. Myung-Gan Mun (K)
3. Hurricane Tenryu (J)
4. Venice Borkorsor (P)
5. Sutan Rambing (I)
6. Paul Ferreri (A)
7. Billy Abato (P)
8. Yuji Oka (J)
9. Sang-Bong Lee (K)
10. Duen-e-san Luklongjun (T)

JUNIOR MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Champion
Tadashi Mihara (J)
1. Acquilano Nicolas, Jr. (P)
2. Michihiro Horihata (J)
3. Rocky Joe (I)
4. Yong-Taek Kim (K)
5. Wally Carr (A)
6. Jung-Shik Kim (K)
7. Kenji Shibata (J)
8. Phil Davies (A)
9. Ramon Dionisio (P)
10. Naohito Suzuki (J)

JUNIOR LIGHTWEIGHTS
Champion
Ryu Fukida (J)
1. Arman Bangoyan (P)
2. Tae-Jin Mun (K)
3. Johnny Manggi (I)
4. Chung-Il Choi (K)
5. Larry Valesini (A)
6. Johnny Sato (P)
7. Hyo-Song Kim (K)
8. Glenn Howard (A)
9. Sok-Yu Park (K)
10. Yoshitaka Ikehara (J)

JUNIOR BANTAMWEIGHTS
Championship
Vacant
1. Yung-Shik Kim (K)
2. Shoji Oguma (J)
3. Little Aguilar (P)
4. Yung-Hwan Kim (K)
5. Danilo Inocian (P)
6. Jiro Takada (J)
7. Il-Song Choi (K)
8. Allan Jardenil (P)
9. John Hipwell (A)
10. No Listing

WELTERWEIGHTS
Champion
Dan De Guzman (P)
1. Chung-Jae Hwang (K)
2. Kunphol Sakornpitak (T)
3. Thomas Americo (I)
4. Steve Dennis (A)
5. Fred Paster (P)
6. Mitsuo Kushikino (J)
7. Satanfa S. Pratip (T)
8. Jae-Hyung Yuh (K)
9. Eddie Buttons (A)
10. Chong-Dae Chang (K)

FEATHERWEIGHTS
Champion
Royal Kobayashi (J)
1. Dorn Sornsakdisith (T)
2. Tae-Hwan Lee (K)
3. Nakprajan Kiatkamchai (T)
4. Gunawan Komara (I)
5. Paul Ferreri (A)
6. Sok-Tae Yun (K)
7. Tenyu Maruki (J)
8. Dommy Marolena (P)
9. Yang Il (K)
10. Syuzo Yoshida (J)

FLYWEIGHTS
Champion
Hong-Soo Yang (K)
1. Koichi Maki (J)
2. Sok-Chul Bae (K)
3. Solo Pedro (A)
4. Dan Pisalchai (T)
5. Kap-Chul Shin (K)
6. Frank Cedeno (P)
7. Riki Igarashi (J)
8. Flash Jagdon (P)
9. Sangtong Sithumrong (T)
10. Nobuyuki Watanabe (J)

JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHTS
Champion
Sang-Mo Koo (K)
1. Petchyam Petcharoy (T)
2. Eiichi Fukumoto (J)
3. Chong-Ho Kim (K)
4. Kwang-Min Kim (K)
5. Masahiro Yokai (J)
6. Thom Singthanongsakdi (T)
7. Al Cordero (P)
8. Jeff Malcolm (A)
9. Dong-Bok Lee (K)
10. Heung-Sok Yuh (K)

JUNIOR FEATHERWEIGHTS
Champion
Soo-Hyun Chung (K)
1. Ric Diamale (P)
2. Hiroyuki Iwamoto (J)
3. Morkasakdi Muangsurin (T)
4. Chong-Wo Baek (K)
5. Brian Roberts (A)
6. Rudy Patalinhug (P)
7. Sang-Yun Cha (K)
8. Mitsuo Shima (J)
9. Somkiat Sukothai (T)
10. Kanekatsu Daito (J)

JUNIOR FLYWEIGHTS
Champion
Yong-Hyun Kim (K)
1. Sung-Nam Kim (K)
2. Kazunori Tenryu (J)
3. Chungcherng Borkorsor (T)
4. Junior Thompson (A)
5. Ver Libradilla (P)
6. Tito Abella (P)
7. Jung-Il Han (K)
8. Wonchai S. Pengipis (T)
9. Ric Barimbad (P)
10. Guraman Ueda (J)

Legend: (A) Australia; (I) Indonesia; (J) Japan; (K) Korea; (P) Philippines; (T) Thailand.
Note: The Oriental & Pacific Boxing Federation does not rate boxers currently rated by world boxing organizations.

the Filipino junior welter champ, pounded out a unanimous decision over Willie Makitoki, 141¼, in a 10-round non-title bout. Makitoti, who had beaten Celso Esmero in his last fight, was no match for the aggressive Cordero.

Edward Heneral, 140¼, the Filipino Games and Amusements Board's second ranked junior welterweight, won a unanimous decision over David Bernales, 139¾, 10.

Cesar Amazan, 119, TKO'd Rocky Constantino, 115½, in the seventh. Amazan is ranked fifth by the GAB.

Oscar Barola, 125½, and Eddie Ballraran, 128, fought to a tech draw in the first 10-rounder.

The promoter was Paciencia Hitosis.

▲ **ANGELS CITY** — Al Sicat, 118, won a unanimous decision over Flash Gapasin, 117, 10.

Veteran welter Erning Marin, 145, and Rocky Anobling, 147, drew, 10.

▲ **CAG. DE ORO CITY** — Former national bantamweight champion Billy Abato, 120, won a unanimous decision over Eddie Miral, 122, 10. This was Abato's first bout since he lost his crown to Ronald Sumalis.

Nacias Francisco, 122, won unanimous decision over Rene Sedayon, also 122, 10.

Nardito Adrayan, 132, won unanimous decision over former champion Fred "Bruce Lee" Basa, 128.

▲ **GEN. SANTOS CITY** — Danilo Inocian, 120, TKO'd former WBA flyweight champion Bernabe Villacampo, 122, in the fifth round of a scheduled 10-rounder. Villacampo's career seems to be at end.

Andy Balaba, 111, copped a unanimous decision over Little Carupo, also 111, 10.

The promoter was Victorino Pinto.

▲ **BAGUIO CITY** — Melchor Degsi, 113, the GAB's second ranked flyweight, won unanimous decision over Rene Busayong, also 111, 10.

▲ **MANILA — MARIKINA** — Brigildo Canada, 112, won unanimous decision over Rodrigo Saonoy, also 112, 10. Garcia usually fights as a junior flyweight.

▲ **GEN. SANTOS CITY** — Ver Libradilla, 111, and Ben Aldequer, 110½, fought to a tech draw in their 10-round bout.

Hard hitting Dario Melida, 136, TKO's Hermie Villanueva, 135, in the fourth round of the semi-final 10.

Fel Aporto, 115, won unanimous decision over Jun Padinit, 114, 10.

Victoriano Pinto, promoter.

▲ **MANILA, MANDALUYONG** — Del Contado, 128, won unanimous decision over Henry Barcelano, 126¼, 10.

Manny Sacay, 117, outscored Ruben Arevalo, 118½, 10.

▲ **SOUTH COTABATO** — Danilo Inocian, 113, won unanimous decision over Cris Espinosa, 110. 10.

▲ **MANILA — Rizal Memorial Coliseum** — Manaseh Base, 108½, won unanimous decision over Cesar (Kid) Navarosa, 111, 10.

▲ **GEN. SANTOS CITY** — Fred Ebon, 117, the GAB's second ranked bantamweight, won a split decision over Renato Paulino, 117, 10.

Bill Abrogar, 119, won unanimous decision over Raffy Saulong, also 119, 10.

Noe Canino, 122, TKO'd Rey Naduma, Jr., also 122, in the eighth round of their scheduled 10-rounder.

THAILAND

▲ **SURIN — Surin Stadium** — Thai Boxing Commission featherweight champion Dejvarin Hollywood lost his crown. Nugprachun Kiatkumjye knocked him out in the fourth round. (Surin is about 500 kilometers from Bangkok.)

▲ **BANGKOK — Rajadamnern Stadium** · Chukthep Chuvatana 108, won the vacant TBC junior flyweight title, beating Pornchai Sakdiphonthong, also 108, 10.

▲ **BANGKOK — Rajadamnern Stadium** — Srinil Sithjular, 132, an overweight favorite, wasn't sharp. He dropped a decision to Pliannoi Thongtew, 130, six. This was a return bout.

▲ **BANGKOK — Rajadamnern Stadium** · Komlek S. Tanikul, 112, ranked third by the TBC, proved too ringwise for Ruangmanee Lookmahanak, 115, winning a unanimous decision, six.

▲ **BANGKOK — Lumpinee Stadium** · Hard hitting Chanok U. Yutathanakorn, 126, pounded out a unanimous decision over Phrae Lookpetchploy, also 126, six.

▲ **BANGKOK — Lumpinee Stadium** — Southpaw Monsayarm H. Mahachai, 112, outscored ex-amateur national champion Suvan Silpaya, also 112, six. Mahachai has been building a winning streak since his kayo loss to Yoko Gushiken.

The fighters exchanged knockdowns in the fourth round, but the veteran fought hard in the last two sessions to win the verdict.

▲ **BANGKOK — Lumpinee Stadium** — Dedkad Kiatbunyong, 126, the TBC's third ranked junior featherweight, won unanimous decision over Pharsurin Vorsuthipan, also 126, six.

▲ **BANGKOK — Rajadamnern Stadium** — Saipha S. Phayathai, 118, outscored veteran flyweight Reungnoi Donjadedee, also 118, six.

▲ **BANGKOK — Rajadamnern Stadium** — Rathanachai Punvith, 110, survived a fourth round knockdown and battered Monsaneh Sukhothai, also 110, a brother of Thamonchit Sukhothai, to win a close but unanimous decision, six.

JOE Y. KOIZUMI

PAN PACIFIC

AUSTRALIA

NEW SOUTH WALES

▲ REVESBY — Workers Club — Australian bantamweight and featherweight champion Paul Ferreri turned in the finest performance of his career in soundly outpointing Big Jim West over 15 to win Big Jim's Australian junior-lightweight crown. A capacity crowd of 1,400 thrilled at Ferreri's craft and marvelled at West's courage, and when the final bell rang, ringsiders showered the ring with notes and coins.

Official scores were 150-143 by referee Trevor Christian, 148-138 by judge John McDougall, and 150-117 by judge Russ Menadue. Unofficially, I carded 150-123, as did another unofficial but licensed judge, Don Marks, who was seated on the opposite side of the ring.

Ferreri was magnificent. This was his 73rd contest, yet his finest performance. It was his 61st victory against five draws and seven defeats. Only once has he been stopped. That was in a WBC bantam title tilt against Carlos Zarate in August, 1976. Zarate halted him in the 12th round, but it was a cut eye which brought the stoppage. He could not deck Ferreri. Indeed, no one has ever sat him down for even a count of one.

With his win, Paul Ferreri becomes only the third champion in history to hold three Australian titles simultaneously. The others were Billy Grime in 1927, and Dave Sands, who became triple champion in 1950.

If he wishes, Ferreri can add another title, the junior-feather which is held by Brian Roberts, whom Ferreri has beaten six times. In fact, if he wants to chase the lightweight crown, I believe he could win that from Barry Michael.

West fought in his usual manner: walk up and punch, Henry Armstrong style. Tireless, with great recuperative powers, he is called Big Jim because of the size of his heart and the enormous motor inside him that enables him to keep on coming.

Ferreri is a brainy boxer, a southpaw who is as cool as ice under any circumstances, and he exercised these traits throughout the 15 rounds. Even when under pressure, he remained cool, rode out the attack, turned West into position and hit him almost at will. When he stood toe to toe with Big Jim, Ferreri usually landed more in the rally. When West bobbed and weaved, with hands held high and close togehter near his face, Paul still managed to score to the head, making holes where they did not exist.

In the seventh stanza, West grabbed Ferreri's right arm but Paul immediately pumped in punch after punch with his left. It was shades of Jack Carroll, great Australian welter of the 1930s.

West changed gear at the end of the ninth round but it was not "gears" of a car; it was the "gear" he was wearing! His gold trunks had become wet and soggy, the waistband had broken, so Jim stripped them off in his corner and donned a pair of blue trunks.

The change of gear did not change the course of the fight. Tough as West is, and Ferreri not being a dynamite puncher, continual receipt of leather on head and body does weaken the recipient. West looked distinctly distressed in the 13th and almost went down after an exchange of punches. But that amazing motor inside him brought him out fast in the 14th and he took the fight to Ferreri with renewed effort. A last-ditch stand it may have been, but Big Jim fought with vigor as though it was the first round. Ferreri smothered. West was warned for hitting on the back of the neck, but this was the only warning in the bout and the hitting was not done deliberately; it was borne of desperation. Ferreri moved around. West landed two solid punches to the face but Ferreri quickly responded. It was an exciting round, and even as I saw it.

West was aggressive at the start of the last heat, but a beautiful one-two by Ferreri dropped West flat on his back. Sensation! In 67 prior fights against top-class opposition, West had been dropped only twice, each time to just one knee. Never had he been on his back. Never had he been stopped. He still has not been stoppd but when he rose at seven he was shaken. Ferreri punched him to the ropes. West was ragged but he hung on in there, smothering, hitting back at times — and he heard the final bell while still on his feet.

Each man scaled 129½. It was Ferreri's heaviest ever. He can make bantamweight, and in the bantamweight division he should be rated in the world top ten. At featherweight, he *still* should be in the world top 10. How about it, *Ring* raters?

Larry Valesini, who lost his Australian junior-lightweight title to Big Jim West four months ago, was on hand and announced his retirement.

▲ KINGSFORD — South Sydney Junior Leagues Club, Jim Caru, 161, halted Ivan Terry, 160, in the third round. Caru dropped Terry in the second round and again in the third, whereupon referee Dal Conway rescued Terry.

▲ BROOKVALE — Manly-Warringah Leagues Club, Tim Frankic, who boxes these days as Tim Tim, halted Buddy Nixon in the sixth. Nixon just lowered his hands, looked at referee Dick Kerr as much as to say, "I've had it," and Dick crowned Tim. Nixon scaled 147¾, Tim very light at 146⅔. Usually he's junior-middle. The bout was scheduled for eight.

▲ New South Wales State junior welterweight champion Dave Agnew was found dead in a friend's flat recently. His death was not due to boxing. He was only 24.

Another who died recently was Aub Roberts who went off suddenly of a heart attack, aged 41. Aub had 65 fights from 1957 to 1964, from featherweight up to welter. Never a champion, he did fight main events against some good boys and had some good wins.

RAY MITCHELL

VETERAN BOXERS' BEAT

VETERAN BOXING ASSOCIATIONS AND RINGS

Each month *Ring* magazine will, as a service to its readers, provide a partial listing of the addresses of the various veteran boxer organizations and Rings so that the ex-boxer may contact them directly in order to enjoy their comradeship.

IVBA, Ring 76.
of Syracuse, N.Y. and Onondago County Inc. (ISA)

President:	John Antonacci. Tel: 463-6718
1st V.P.	Tony "Curly" Paris
Secretary:	Louis Mangino 236 Medford Road Syracuse, N.Y. Tel: 454-4085
Meetings held at	John Venditti Post 1 Italian American War Veterans Hall 5001 Danforth Street, Syracuse, N.Y. Phone: 471-9353

First Thursday of each month.

VBA, Ring 107
of Providence, Rhode Island (USA)

President:	Larry Bolvin
1st V.P.	Domenic De Ciantis
2nd V.P.	Joe Gomes
Secretary:	Al Costa 142 Cote Avenue, Woonsocket, R.I. 02895 Tel: 401-766-7485
Meetings at	Fox Point Boys Club 90 Ives Street, Providence, R.I. 02906

First Sunday of each month. 10 a.m.

Welsh Ex-Boxers Association (Wales-Great Britain)

President:	Glen Moody EM.
Chairman:	Cyril Gallie
1st V.P.	Tom Smith
Secretary:	Sid Worgan
Contact	The Bear Hotel Llantrisant, Mid-Glamorgan. Wales.
Tel:	Llantrisant 222271
Meetings:	1st Wednesday each month.

Veteran Boxer's Social Club of Kearny. (N.J) USA.

President:	Cosmo Liachi
V.P.:	Harold Rafferty, Sr.
Sec-Treas:	Lou Centi, Sr.
Meetings	43 New Lawn Avenue, Kearny, New Jersey.

2nd Tuesday of each Month. 8 pm.

Although this column usually deals with old-time professionals, I recently received an inquiry as to the whereabouts of that brilliant amateur middleweight star, Bruce Wells, who had 388 recorded amateur contests. Here is a list of some of his successes in the ring: schoolboy champion of Britain; junior champion of Britain (twice); five-time Royal Air Force champion; four-time Army-Navy-Air Force champion; European amateur champion; two-time amateur champion of Britain; Britania Shield champion; Gold Star champion—and a host of other titles. Bruce is now the advertising executive for "Sports and Showbiz," a publication in London. Contact: 21 Beak Street, London, W 1 England . . .

Former WBC lightweight champion Rodolfo Gonzalez now operates a contracting company that cleans and prepares office buildings for occupancy in Los Angeles . . . Tommy Loughran, former light heavyweight champion of the world, is now a resident of the Hollydaysburg Veterans Home, Altoona, Pennsylvania. Tommy, who has problems with his health, would like to hear from his many friends. Drop the champ a line . . . Mario Centi is the new president of the New Jersey Boxing Hall of Fame. Mario boxed from 1934 until 1945, compiling an amateur record of 71 wins and 7 losses and a pro record of 56-2. Mario lost to the great Sugar Ray Robinson in the Golden Gloves championships in the finals in March, 1939. Contact: 120 Orchard Drive, Clifton, New Jersey 07012 . . .

Lou Bogash, Jr., who referees pro and amateur boxing shows in Connecticut, has established a trophy for the best Bridgeport boxer in the State AAU finals in memory of his late father, veteran boxer Lou Bogash. Bogash (Sr.) fought a draw with Jack Britton for the welter title. He was also recognized in 32 states as the middleweight champion . . . "K.O." Phil Kaplan, born April 19, 1902, is a native of Newark, N.J. Managed by the late Bill Duffy, Kaplan fought as a 160-pounder, but the majority of his opponents were middleweights and even light heavyweights. From 1919 until 1929, Phil had 125 bouts, winning 69 by knockout and also winning the moniker "K.O." Kaplan is a member of VBA Ring of New York and is also a member of the New Jersey Hall of Fame. Now a retired insurance agent, he resides at 219 West 81st Street, New York City 10024 . . .

Many veteran boxers query this column in regard to their records in *The Ring Record Book and Encyclopedia*. This is often the fault of the former boxer, his advisors and/or management. Corrections, if any, must be accompanied by proof of a newspaper article or affadavit . . . Veteran boxers who cannot obtain *Ring* Magazine in their locality may contact the editor, Bert R. Sugar, and provide information regarding the local newsstands or bookstores. Failing this, subscribe to *Ring* and get the Veteran Boxers News every month!

The newly elected president of the Washington D.C. Boxing Hall of Fame is James E. Evans, who took over the gavel from former heavyweight contender Marty Gallagher. Bill Bresnahan will continue as secretary and treasurer. Any former boxing person in the Washington D.C. area who wishes to join up with this great veteran boxer group contact Bill Bresnahan, 10111 Phoebe Lane, Adelphi, Md. 20783 . . . Former great Canadian champion Sammy Luftspring is doing a super job with his dinner-disco club in Toronto . . . Tony Unitas, chairman of the Canadian Boxing Hall of Fame, deserves a special vote of thanks for the great things he is doing by helping ex-boxers as well as giving recognition to those boxing personalities who would otherwise be forgotten in that great Commonwealth of Canada. Tony can be reached at The Toronto Newsboys Athletic Club, 470 Queen Street East, Toronto M5V 2B2 . . .

HARRY WARREN

Worldwide fight results

HEAVYWEIGHTS
Michael Dokes decisioned Lucien Rodriquez, 10
Lynn Ball beat Vernon Johnston, 10
Pinklon Thomas stopped Jerry Williams, 6
Bob Stallings iced Jerry McIntyre, 1
Scott Frank halted C. J. Bar Brown, 2
Willie Shannon knocked out Jimmy Ingram, 3
Randy Mack iced Mike Rogers, 1
Stan McDermott stopped Joe Awome, 3
James Tillis halted Ron Stander, 7
Paul Telesca knocked out Christian McCrudden, 1
Ali Haakim halted Keith Kelly, 5
David Bird knocked out Mike Ruiz, 4
Rochelle Norris drew with Johnny Warr, 6
Larry Alexander stopped Jerry Thompkins, 2

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS
Michael Spinks stopped Ramon Ronquillo, 6
Henry Hearns decisioned Mike Clark, 10
Henry Lee Burkey stopped Jimmy McAuley, 4
Rodell Dupree, beat Clinton Cochrane, 8
Danny Lawford and Chris Lawson drew, 8
Steve Lewin stopped Joey Williams, 4
W. C. Honeycutt halted John Maschek, 1
Dave Bradley halted Stanley Scott, 2
Roddy MacDonald stopped James Constantino, 4
Steve Shilaita iced Dan Murphy, 1
Mike Fisher knocked out Clarence Carpenter, 2
Jim McNally decisioned Jose Pagan Rivera, 8
Tony Mesoraca beat Harry Fryer, 6
Lee Royster decisioned Luke Capuano, 8
Eddie Davis beat Willie taylor, 8
Jerry Martin stopped Billy Douglas, 10

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Marvin Hagler knocked out Loucif Hamani, 2
Marcos Geraldo stopped John LoCicero, 10
Mickey Goodwin kayoed Leo Saenz, 10
Wilford Scypion beat Jerome Jackson, 8
Ernie Singletary decisioned Cameron Adams, 10
Roy Gumbs beat Frankie Lucas, 10
Eddie Burke beat Eddie Smith, 8
Dwight Davison stopped Jamie Thomas, 6
Duane Thomas halted Lamont Hopkins, 3
Fred Spry stopped John Griffin, 2
Elisha Obed decisioned Willie Featherstone, 10
Eddie Melo stopped Nat King, 3
Jimmy Gradson halted Jimmy Henry, 4
Danny Long knock ed out Dan Staehle, 4
Dom DiMarzo stopped Don Bickford, 5
Mickey Mapp decisioned Jeff Lee, 8
Manuel Torres halted Marcus Dorsey, 4
Kevin Finnegan outscored Gratien Tonna, 12
(Won Vacant European Title)

JUNIOR MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Steve Delgado beat Nino Gonzalez, 10
Rodrigo Hernandez decisioned Gary Giron, 10
Kirkland Laing stopped Colin Ward, 5
Danny Jones beat Larry McCall, 6
Thomas LaRusso stopped Lee Grant, 3
Mark Mainero decisioned David Ortiz, 4
Jorge Santana beat Jaime Rodriguez, 4

WELTERWEIGHTS
Thomas Hearns kayoed Angel Espada, 4
(Won USBA Title)
Roberto Duran knocked out Wellington Wheatley, 6
Pete Ranzany stopped Wilson Bell, 7
Johnny Gant halted Larry Moore, 3
Scott LaValey beat Ken Fusco, 6
Nicky Furlano stopped Chuck Spicer, 3
Sean Manion halted Pat Maloney, 7
Ralph Twinning stopped Simmie Black, 3
Raymond Gonzales defeated Silverio Martinez, 8

JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHTS
Saoul Mamby knocked out Sang-Hyun Kim, 14
(Won WBC Title)
Jeff Passero decisioned Lou Daniels, 8
Eddie Copeland beat Tommy Wright, 8
Dave Taylor halted John Mount, 4
Clinton McKenzie beat Roger Guest, 8
Winston Spencer decisioned Chris Sanigar, 8
John Morgan beat Johnny Copeland, 10
Jack Morrell stopped Mark Mello, 3
Jimmy Blevins halted Johnny Copeland, 7
Sal Dragone stopped Hassan Muhammad, 3
Billy Costello beat Kato Ali, 6
Alejandro Contreras iced Ramon Enriquez, 1

LIGHTWEIGHTS
Hilmer Kenty halted Ernesto Espana, (Won WBA Title)
Howard Davis, Jr. decisioned Vilomar Fernandez, 12
Andy Ganigan halted Roberto Vasquez, 7 (Retained NABF Title)
Aaron Pryor iced Juan Garcia, 1
Kerry Collins, beat Lance Williams, 8
Eddie Murry beat Billy Moreno, 6
Manuel DeLaRosa decisioned Felix Perez, 8
Martin Parham decisioned Jose Matos, 6
Ralph Racine stopped Pedro Acosta, 5
Al Ford decisioned Allan Clarke, 10

JUNIOR LIGHTWEIGHTS
Gerardo Pena halted Roberto Garcia, 8
Lionel Harney beat Jaime Nava, 10
Jimmy Brown decisioned Gerry O'Neill, 8
Jose Caba knocked out Gilbert Garza, 10
Tom Brown stopped Ralph Bracetty, 3
Johnny Contgreras halted Reynaldo Alvarez, 2

FEATHERWEIGHTS
Rocky Lockridge stopped Fel Clemente, 7
Jose Nieto kayoed Salvatore Ramirez, 2
Pat Cowdell stopped Jimmy Flint, 11
Dennis Quimayousie beat Gilbert Garza, 10
Rueben Castillo stopped Edwin Alarcon, 6
Juan (Kid) Meza halted Ruben Moreno, 6

BANTAMWEIGHTS
Lupe Pintor stopped Alberto Sandoval, 12 (Retained WBC Title)
Willie Jensen and Sergio Reyes fought to a no contest
Johnny Carter stopped Arden Peralta

FLYWEIGHTS
Chan-Hee Park outpointed Arnel Arrozal, 15
(Retained World Title)
Tae-Shik Kim kayoed Luis Ibarra, 2
(Won WBA Title)
Mark Pacheco decisioned Mario Cerda, 10
Joey Olivo beat Amado Ursua, 12
Raul Valdez beat Raul Pacheco, 10
Javier Alvarez stopped Pedro Valdez, 2
Juan Castellanos halted Cecilio Cabrera, 4

Amateur ratings

from *The Amateur Boxer*

HEAVYWEIGHT
1-Tony Tubbs, Santa Monica
2-Marvis Frazier, Philadelphia
3-Mitch Green, New York City
4-Jimmy Clark, Coatesville, Pa.
5-David Bey, Germantown, Pa.
6-Woody Clark, Ft. Bragg, N.C.
7-Philip Brown, New Orleans
8-Rufus Hadley, Marines
9-Alfonzo Ratliff, Chicago
10-Ted Brown, Pittsburgh
Tyrone Biggs, Philadelphia

178 LBS.
1-Tony Tucker, Grand Rapids
2-Andre McCoy, New Bedford, Mass.
3-Lee Roy Murphy, Chicago
4-Elmer Martin, Navy
5-Jay Strickland, Dallas
6-Alex DeLucia Jr., Portland, Ore.
7-Walter Harris, San Francisco
8-Roger Kirpatrick, Columbia, S.C.
9-James Jones, Ft. Stewart, Ga.
10-Pete Corraiz Jr., Tucson
Porfirio Llanes, New York City

165 LBS.
1-Jeff McCracken, Santa Monica
2-Antonio Ayala, San Antonio
3-Lamont Kirkland, Omaha
4-Randy Smith, Chicago
5-Jesse Valdez, San Diego
6-Monte Oswald, Bay City, Mich.
7-Jack Padia, Penngrove, Calif.
8-Bill Burns, Albuquerque
9-Kilismasi Schwenke, Salt Lake City
10-Larry Hoshaw, Central City, Neb.

156 LBS.
1-Jeff Stoudemire, Santa Monica
2-James Shuler, Philadelphia
3-Alex Ramos, Bronx, N.Y.
4-Alfred Mayes, St. Louis
5-Michael Grogan, Atlanta
6-Chuck Robinson, Santa Monica
7-Roosevelt Green, Santa Monica
8-James Rayford, Navy
9-Jody Wingfield, Baltimore
10-Chris Reid, Silver Lake, N.J.

147 LBS.
1-Ed Green, Ft. Bragg, N.C.
2-Donald Curry, Fort Worth
3-Davey Moore, New York City
4-Milton McCrory, Detroit
5-Randy Jenkins, Philadelphia
6-Jeff Lemair, Rapid City, S.D.
7-Bobby Joe Young, Steubenville, Ohio
8-Robert Sawyer, Washington, D.C.
9-Ronnie Shields, Galena Park, Tex.
10-Roger McCane, Tacoma
Sean Pruitt, Columbus, Ga.

139 LBS.
1-Lemuel Steeples, St. Louis
2-Johnny Bumphus, Nashville
3-Byron Lindsay, National City, Calif.
4-Darrell Chambers, Detroit
5-Larry Tatman, Harahan, La.
6-Derek Hoyt, Everett, Wash.
7-Kelvin Burton, Santa Monica
8-Alfred Aguayo, Stockton, Calif.
9-Ronnie Romero, Salt Lake City
10-Dennis Armstrong, Santa Monica

132 LBS.
1-Davey Armstrong, Santa Monica
2-Robin Blake, Levelland, Tex.
3-Pat Jefferson, Rapid City, S.D.
4-Robert Hines, Philadelphia
5-Anthony Fletcher, Philadelphia
6-Melvin Paul, New Orleans
7-Kelvin Andreasen, Salt Lake City
8-Jimmie Paul, Detroit
9-Rudy Fuentez, Milwaukee
10-Ray Johnson, New York City

125 LBS.
1-Bernard Taylor, Charlotte, N.C.
2-Roland Cooley, Philadelphia
3-Daniel Avery, Santa Monica
4-Mike Felde, Missoula, Mont.
5-Ben Rodriguez, Omaha
6-Arnie Wells, Davison, Mich.
7-Billy White, Ozark, Ark.
8-Steve Pardoza, Hollister, Calif.
9-Pat Duran, Wichita Falls, Tex.
10-Eiichi Jumawan, Wahiawa, Hawaii
Dino Ramirez, LaPuente, Calif.

119 LBS.
1-Jackie Beard, Jackson, Tenn.
2-Kenneth Baysmore, Washington, D.C.
3-Steve Cruz, Fort Worth
4-Myron Taylor, Philadelphia
5-Ernie Chavez, Santa Monica
6-Joe Johnson, Detroit
7-Steve Hindi, Albuquerque
8-Vincent Christian, Philadelphia
9-Rey Ordonio, Fairfield, Calif.
10-Willie Sanders, Washington, D.C.
Richard Savage, Lafayette, La.

112 LBS.
1-Jerome Coffee, Nashville
2-Harold Petty, St. Louis
3-Hurley Snead, Detroit
4-Nathan Mattos, Hilo, Hawaii
5-Sonny Long, Santa Monica
6-Amos Salazar, Albuquerque
7-Tyrone Stewart, Ft. Lewis, Wash.
8-George Pimentel, New York City
9-James Cullins, Bladensburg, Md.
10-Louis Curtis, Washington, D.C.
Tony Montoya Jr., Salt Lake City

106 LBS.
1-Richard Sandoval, Pomona, Calif.
2-Israel Acosta, Milwaukee
3-Mike Caruthers, Ft. Bragg, N.C.
4-Ronald Byrd, Flint, Mich.
5-Manuel Soto, Salt Lake City
6-Gilbert Castillo, Lubbock, Tex.
7-Robert Shannon, Edmonds, Wash.
8-Lonnie Young, Philadelphia
9-Jeff Whaley, Santa Monica
10-Miguel Rosario, New York City

BOXER OF THE MONTH: Former Marine middleweight Jeff McCracken who has been scoring impressive victories since he joined the Muhammad Ali Boxing Club in Santa Monica.

RED ALL OVER

BY RED SMITH

The buzzer sounded a 10-second warning before the fifteenth round, and Joe Louis, world champion, straightened on his stool, flattening his stomach with a long, deep breath. He stared out into the Garden crowd owlishly, grotesque and a little ludicrous with one eye wide and the other beaten almost shut by the punches of Jersey Joe Walcott, the ten-to-one nobody.

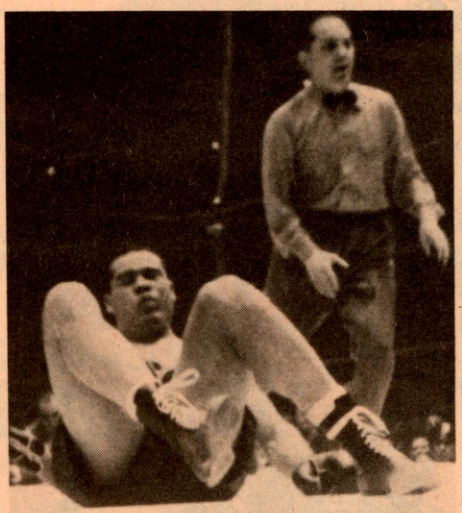
The title Louis had owned for ten and a half years was up for grabs now. It was out there in mid-ring, waiting for the better man to take it. Or so, at least, it was in this book, for the score here showed seven rounds for each man with the Eagan-system points exactly even.

For several rounds the crowd had been roaring ceaselessly, almost as loudly between rounds as during them. Eighteen thousand-odd howling and jabbering, and you knew what they were thinking. They had come and paid their money on the wild, forlorn chance that they might see the impossible happen.

Already the implausible had come to pass before their eyes. They had seen Walcott, the squat and humorless and luckless butt of a hundred bad jokes, punch with Louis, box with him, and twice knock him sprawling. They had seen a chunky old family man take the best punches of one who has been called the greatest puncher of all time. (Or so they believed, not knowing Louis had fought nine of the 14 rounds with a damaged right hand.) They had seen Walcott, the obscure, win round after round, and some of the others were so close that many considered Walcott already so far ahead that only a knockout could save Louis. What they had seen already was far beyond belief, so it was easy for them to believe just a little bit more and imagine they could see the championship moving across the ring.

The bell rang and Louis was up and shuffling forward. He was in a hurry. He and Walcott touched gloves briefly. Then the champion went after his man—and his title.

Louis landed a jab. And another. Walcott jabbed back once and fled. Louis crowded Walcott, who backed into a



THE DAY JOE LOUIS SUDDENLY BECAME AN OLD MAN

corner, and the roar of the crowd swelled expectantly, foreseeing sudden destruction. But Walcott ducked away, unhit, and circled warily beyond arm's reach. There was a small, sluggish flow of blood from Louis's nose, which had started bleeding in the eleventh round.

It was plain what Walcott's purpose and instructions were. His handlers, having watched the fight with a strict and natural partiality, had assured him that he needed only to escape a knockout now and the title would surely be his. So Jersey Joe fled.

As he ran he flicked feathery lefts into the champion's face, little back-handed pit-pats that came in pairs. One, two. Pit-pat. One, two.

Now Walcott was in full flight, and the crowd was booing him. He ducked and danced and ran. He was caught and hit; he clinched and held; he ran again.

Louis drew near and jabbed twice. Louis jabbed twice again. Louis landed two more jabs as the bell rang.

It seemed a long time before Harry Balogh, the voice of purest brass, got the official ballots and stood in mid-ring, scowling over them. A regiment of cops had formed a hollow square on the ring apron and were arguing with strays who tried to climb between the ropes. Handlers clotted up in both corners, and it was difficult to see the fighters.

Louis, though, moved a half-step out in front of his gang and stood there, not looking Walcott's way, but staring straight across the ring, out into the hall, as Balogh gave his melodramatic best.

The first vote was for the champion. There came a howl and then a great rumble of boos, surely the first Louis ever heard directed his way. Not a flicker of expression crossed his face.

The second ballot went to Walcott. Cheers from the gallery. No sign from Louis.

The third and last was for Louis. One handler yelled and slapped his shoulder. There was nothing in Joe's bruised and furrowed face but inexpressible weariness. He looked, suddenly, like a small boy about to cry.

Somebody lifted Louis's hand, and he went out quickly. Boos followed him. For the first time it was possible to see Walcott.

Dan Florio, Jersey Joe's trainer, led him out toward mid-ring and lifted his hand. Felix Bocchicchio, one of Walcott's proprietors, clapped hands ardently, leading the crowd in applause. Walcott smiled, and the customers cheered. This touching tableau dissolved once, was put together again for pictures, and once again Bocchicchio led the applause, like the stooge in a radio studio.

So Jersey Joe, whom they called the great dark father of mediocrity, almost became the heavyweight champion of the world. In the opinion of many, not including this onlooker, he did win the title and was robbed.

That version doesn't go down here, but it was desperately close. Not even in his first match with Billy Conn had Louis been so near the brink. The man who pushed him to the crumbling edge did a good job — a smart and cool and skillful job. Perpetually moving, shifting, sidling crabwise, he kept the champion off balance and joggled his aim. When Louis jabbed, Walcott countered solidly with a looping right that he crossed over the left. Now and then he hooked hard with a left.

He did, unquestionably, make Louis look old and slow. For the first time ever the champion's age showed in public. But Walcott was older still.

Miami's Fifth Street Gym

WHERE FIGHTERS–AND COMEBACKS–GET THEIR START

The tourists who stay at the big luxury hotels like the Doral, the Fontainebleu, the Diplomat and the other super expensive hostelries lining the beach on the long strip of sand that is Miami Beach seldom go down to its southern tip.

BY TEX MAULE

When they do, it is to visit the dog track or eat the most succulent stone crabs in the world at Stone Crab Joe's restaurant. They used to stop off, every now and then, to watch Muhammad Ali work out — at the Fifth Street Gym; but he had not trained

Miami's Fifth Street Gym

WHERE FIGHTERS—AND COMEBACKS—GET THEIR START

there in a long time. Not 'til recently.

The gym itself does not constitute a tourist attraction. It is hot and dirty and decaying and late in a summer afternoon, it smells faintly of chicken soup.

Ali was only one of six world champions who trained here under the aegis of Angelo Dundee. The other five are now gone, too.

But the scruffy old Fifth Street Gym is not dead. It is still run by Angelo and his brother Chris, who promotes fights in Miami Beach and who promoted the first Ali-Liston fight in which Muhammad won the championship of the world.

And, if any of the tourists stop off on their way to the dogs or the crabs, they can see the new breed training on the same worn floor and in the same tattered ring where Ali and the other champions worked. They have a long row to hoe, but with Angelo Dundee training them, they are taking off from a proven launching pad.

Lee Canalito is a very large young man who might have played professional football had he not been hobbled by an old knee injury after his sophomore year at the University of Houston.

He has been an actor (featured in Sylvester Stallone's *Paradise Alley*), a boxer and a roofer. He lives with his parents in Houston, Tex., and he has had eight professional fights, all of which he has won, seven by knockouts.

Canalito is a polite, handsome man with dark curly hair, a spectacular physique — which makes his six-five, 247-pound body look trim — and a gentle, thoughtful nature. He does not smoke or drink and he calls older people "sir" and "ma'am" and opens doors for ladies.

Steve Gregory is a mild young man who parts his hair in the middle, sports a droopy brown moustache, and wants to be junior middleweight champion of the world before he establishes his own business cleaning bricks. He is just as polite as Canalito.

He lives in Columbus, Ohio, with his widowed mother and a brother and he is undefeated in 19 professional fights, with two draws. At five-nine, 154 pounds, he is an anomaly in the fight game — too big for a welter, too small for a middleweight. That is why he fights in one of the 20 divisions created to provide more titles for TV.

After welterweight titlist Sugar Ray Leonard, Canalito and Gregory are the two top prospects in Dundee's stable. Angelo thinks both of them are potential champions; since he has trained six world champions, his opinion bears weight.

Like Ali, all of Dundee's champions have received their instructions in how to hook off the jab, slip a punch, and throw the right cross with maximum success and minimum danger in the tatty confines of the Fifth Street Gym.

Not long ago, Canalito and Gregory climbed the worn steps leading up to the gym; the linoleum has been scuffed away and the stairs are slowly succumbing to wear and termites. At the entrance to the short flight, a faded sign carries the names of some of Dundee's famous charges. The only names legible now, ironically, are those of Florentino Fernandez, a big hitter and a bad boxer who never won a championship, and Gomeo Brennan, another big hitter with a lamentable tendency toward being hit in the head, who never won a championship, either.

The names of Ali, welterweight champion Luis Rodriguez, light heavyweight champion Willie Pastrano and the rest of Dundee's title holders have long since faded away under the fierce Miami sun. No new names have been written in.

By early afternoon, when the fighters reached the gym, it was very hot. The gym is on the second floor of a ramshackle building, over the Miami Beach Drug Store and Howie's Bar & Liquor Store. There is no third floor. The sun bakes the flat tin roof and the fighters began to sweat as they took off their street clothes.

The floor is a weathered grey, leached by 30 years of sweat, pickled in salt water. There are numerous square patches of plywood in varying sizes replacing floor boards eaten away by countless generations of rapacious termites. Canalito, when he began skipping rope, had to be careful to find a solid spot on the floor.

"Here we got gourmet termites," Angelo said cheerfully, the round, sunburned face split in a wide grin. "They don't like modern things like plywood. That ain't good enough for them. Them suckers don't like anything but antique wood — like in my desk."

Dundee is a small man, chubby, neatly dressed, with warm brown eyes partially hidden behind metal-frame square glasses. He used to wear horn rims, but, with the round face, the horn rims made him look like an owl.

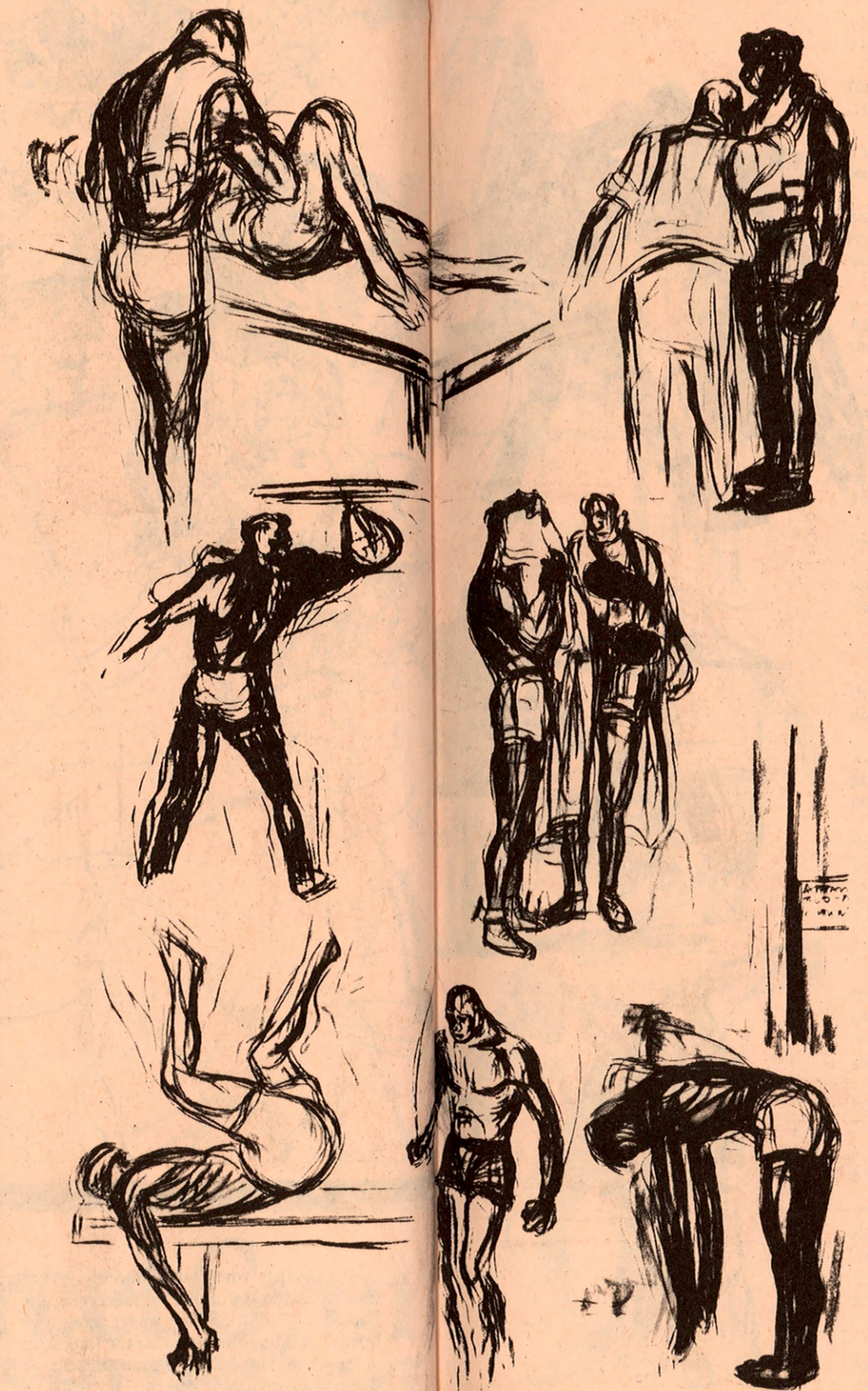
He walked over to the cheap desk in a corner of the gym. There was nothing on it but a telephone, consecrated to the exclusive use of Angelo and his brother Chris. There is a battered telephone booth in another corner. For a long time, it was the office of small managers, but now it is used to store an aluminum ladder. The telephone company took out the phone, which had developed severe indigestion from too many slugs.

Angelo glanced at Canalito and Gregory, who were beginning to loosen up, then looked down at his desk.

"Want to see them suckers at work?" he asked. He did not mean the fighters. He found a loose edge on the veneer covering the cheap desk and ripped it up. Beneath, the thin lines of termite trails squirmed across the pine base.

"Eat anything but plywood," Angelo said proudly. "See them patches in the floor. Never take a bite out of them."

He walked over to the ring and as he crossed the floor, a bell rang. The 20-odd young fighters in the gym went into action, some punching the heavy bags, some shadow boxing, some skipping rope, some hitting the speed bag. The bell rings at three and one minute intervals, marking the afternoon off into rounds and rest periods.



"Same ring been here for 29 years," Angelo said. Another of his promising young fighters was shadow boxing in the ring. He is a very young light heavyweight named Jimmy Salerno and he moves with the awkward grace of a Great Dane puppy. He was destroying an imaginary opponent, punching the air with authority.

The ring trembled slightly as he moved and Angelo pointed to the supports, lined with the tracery of termite trails.

"Every now and then we put in new wood," he said. "But it don't take them suckers long to chew 'em up."

On the Fifth Street side of the gym, lending an incongruous air of elegance to the scene, is a triple row of red plush upholstered theatre seats. They were rescued from the Miami Jai Alai Fronton by Angelo when it was refurbished. This is Row E, which cost Angelo 50 dollars for haulage. Behind Row E, the wall is covered with faded framed photographs, brown with age.

Ali is there many times, along with Jack Dempsey, Gene Tunney, Carmen Basilio, Luis Rodriguez and Kid Chocolate and his manager, Moe Fleischer.

Moe Fleischer, 78, is also present in person. Once he ran three fight clubs in the New York area, staging three fight nights a week. He is short, fat and balding, but in the picture with Kid Chocolate, he is a young man with a full head of black hair.

One picture is of the 1950 meeting of the Boxing Writers of America, a dining room full of staidly dressed middle-aged men staring up at the camera. Angelo and Moe are sitting at the same table, their faces twisted by the wide angle camera.

"He's gone," Moe said, pointing to a blurry man at the table. "Heart attack."

Angelo considered for a moment.

"And he ain't with us no more," he said, pointing. "He was a very nice man. And him. And him."

Moe is now managing Elijah Obed, a Bahamian junior middleweight who showed some promise until he discovered the pleasures of wine and women. Moe has never forgotten Kid Chocolate.

"Rocks in both hands," he said, looking at a dim picture of him and the Kid. "I remember, first time I had him in New York, he used to cross himself when the bell rang and this guy he was fighting come across the ring, hit him right on the chin when he finished crossing himself. The Kid went down like he been hit by lightning and I lean in the ring and break some smelling salts and push them under his nose and the referee hollers 'Moe, what you doing?' I told him something was in the ring, it was the cotton from the smelling salts, could trip somebody. Then the Kid gets up and knocks the other guy out and then he was the featherweight and the junior lightweight champion of the world and I never seen another one like him in 78 years I been in this business."

The bell rang and all the young ones stopped to rest and Moe and Angelo turned away from the past.

Now in the ring, another one of Angelo's cubs, an 18-year-old middleweight named Pete Tremeterra, was boxing with a stocky red head. Pete moved stylishly and when he saw Angelo watching, he threw a flurry of punches, most of them wide and off target, but strong.

"The new breed," Angelo said. He looked around the old gym. The 20-odd fighters dancing to the music of the bell were all white, all young.

"We don't get the kids who got to fight to live any more," Angelo said. "I don't know why. I think maybe it's television. They are fighting for glory now, not to get what to eat."

He moved to the corner of the ring near Washington Avenue and tipped the ash from a long Cuban cigar into a washtub half full of dirty water, ignoring a crudely lettered sign on the wall.

It read: "Do not throw tape and other junk in the water bucket. Order of Sully." Sully Emmett is a cricket-sized 82-year-old who has been in boxing all of his life, in one way or another. Now he sits at the rickety table at the door of the Fifth Street Gym, gumming a cigar in defiance of his own "No Smoking, this means you," signs and collecting 50 cents from fighters and spectators if they have 50 cents.

Canalito, the big heavyweight, was hitting the heavy bag, banging the left hand in straight and hard, hooking with the right, grunting with each punch, his body glistening with sweat and the bag shivering with the force of each blow.

"He's a good one," Angelo said. "Ain't time enough yet to tell just how good, but he listens and he works and he has all the equipment to win the heavyweight championship of the world if he has a little luck."

Canalito spent nine months in Miami Beach, studying with Angelo. He went back home to Houston because he was homesick. His father, a retired grocer, induced Angelo to take him on. Angelo does not take on fighters lightly, since he has hundreds asking him to train them.

"Look," he said, watching Canalito move with grace and speed, very light and fast for such a big man. "He's a good kid and I liked his daddy and I like the guy in Houston who told me he was a good one, but if he comes here and he don't show me nothin', I got lots of fighters who are good kids *and* they got something. So I don't take them unless I think they are special."

Canalito had just passed an early test for Angelo, after winning his first six fights. He had beaten an elderly trial horse named Charley Polite, making Charley quit after a barrage of punches. Canalito would like

PORTFOLIO By MAURICE FREED

very much to be the heavyweight champion of the world and he is willing to make the sacrifices necessary. But he has other ambitions.

"Professional football was my first ambition," he said earlier, sitting in one of the folding chairs in the cubicle Muhammad Ali used to dress in. A red carpet was put down here for Ali and is still there, torn and dirty. This is still the prestige place to dress; the other fighters make do with the beat up locker room at the end of the gym.

"My knee began to swell after every game in my sophomore year at Houston," Canalito went on. "But I was still picked the most valuable player on defense in three games."

"I knew I could not go on in football and I then took up boxing, although I am not really a fighter. And therefore . . ." He speaks precisely and carefully and sometimes adds a phrase that is meaningless.

"I broke my hand in an amateur tournament in Louisiana and I decided then that I might as well fight as a professional and get money for getting hurt. My mother and my father have been very supportive and my father found me a manager in Houston who has managed many professional athletes and he got me in with Angelo. And therefore . . ."

Gregory, unlike Canalito, has always wanted to be a boxer, starting at age 12.

"Mr. Dundee came to see me in a fight in Columbus," he said, sitting on the only other chair in the Ali cubicle. "I'm fighting a big, long-arm middleweight six rounds. First couple of rounds I'm out there waiting and trying to make something happen. But everything is happening to me. I got hit a shot just before the end of the second round, right on the chin and the whole world went black, not just this guy's face. That's all I could see and I thought 'Wowie! I hurt!' I made it back to the corner and I wasn't sure I could go on and then I look up and there is Mr. Dundee right there in my corner, so I had to go on.

"He told me just what to do, get inside this guy who punches wide, hit straight with the left hand, crowd him. So I did and I nearly knocked him out with a left hook and I won. My brother told me I didn't look like the same fighter from the third round on."

Canalito listened and wrapped his hands, very carefully. There is a lump just behind the right forefinger on the back of his hand where he broke it as an amateur.

"Angelo is great between rounds," Canalito said. "Sometimes he gets a little excited during a round. I had Charlie Polite in trouble on the ropes and I was hitting him with good body punches and coming up to the head and he wouldn't go down. I could hear Angelo yelling at me from the corner and I wanted to understand what he was saying so I could do it, but there was too much noise. I asked him when the round was over and what he was hollering was 'Kill the sucker!' "

"Sucker," Gregory said softly. "That's one of Mr. Dundee's words. Last fight I had, which was here in Miami Beach, was with an old-timer from the Bahamas and the referee was some amateur they picked up when the regular guy got sick.

"This old guy has got me in the corner, hitting me with his elbows and the laces and the top of his head and the referee isn't doing anything to stop him. He cut me over the right eye with his elbow, then when I tried to spin out of the corner, the referee got in my way and I had to turn back and this guy's looking me right in the eye and he ducked his head and butted me and cut me over the left eye."

He felt his eyebrows gently with the tip of his forefinger. There are no scar lines there.

"Now I'm trying to keep my back to the referee so he won't see how bad I'm bleeding and Mr. Dundee is halfway through the ropes and I look down at him and he hollers 'Kick him! Kick the sucker!'. I didn't want to do that because I didn't want to be disqualified but I was afraid not to. So I get the old guy in a corner, miss with my left behind his neck, and get my body between him and the referee and knee him as hard as I can. I heard him grunt and the crowd *applauded*. When I get back to the corner, Mr. Dundee was calm and he closed up the cuts and he said I won the fight, but they called it a draw."

They went out into the gym to work and the bell rang and Canalito hit a small speed bag, the big hands and arms moving very quickly. Gregory shadow boxed. He is a compact man, everything tight and close, the punches thrown in narrow, little, vicious arcs. Dundee watched them approvingly.

"I don't mess with their natural style," he said. "Take Ali — you could have changed everything about him if you was to try to make him fight the way most fighters do. But the way he fought was good for him. On'y time I ever told him to change was in the Doug Jones fight, when Jones was hitting him in the head with hooks.

"I told him to hold his hands up and he did and he got clobbered and I told him to go back to his own way."

Salerno, the tall, skinny young light heavy, had come down out of the ring and was shadow boxing on the rickety floor. He is one of the very young lions; he says he is six-seven, but he looks more like six-four and weighs a legitimate 177. He has enormous hands and feet and he will grow into a big heavyweight.

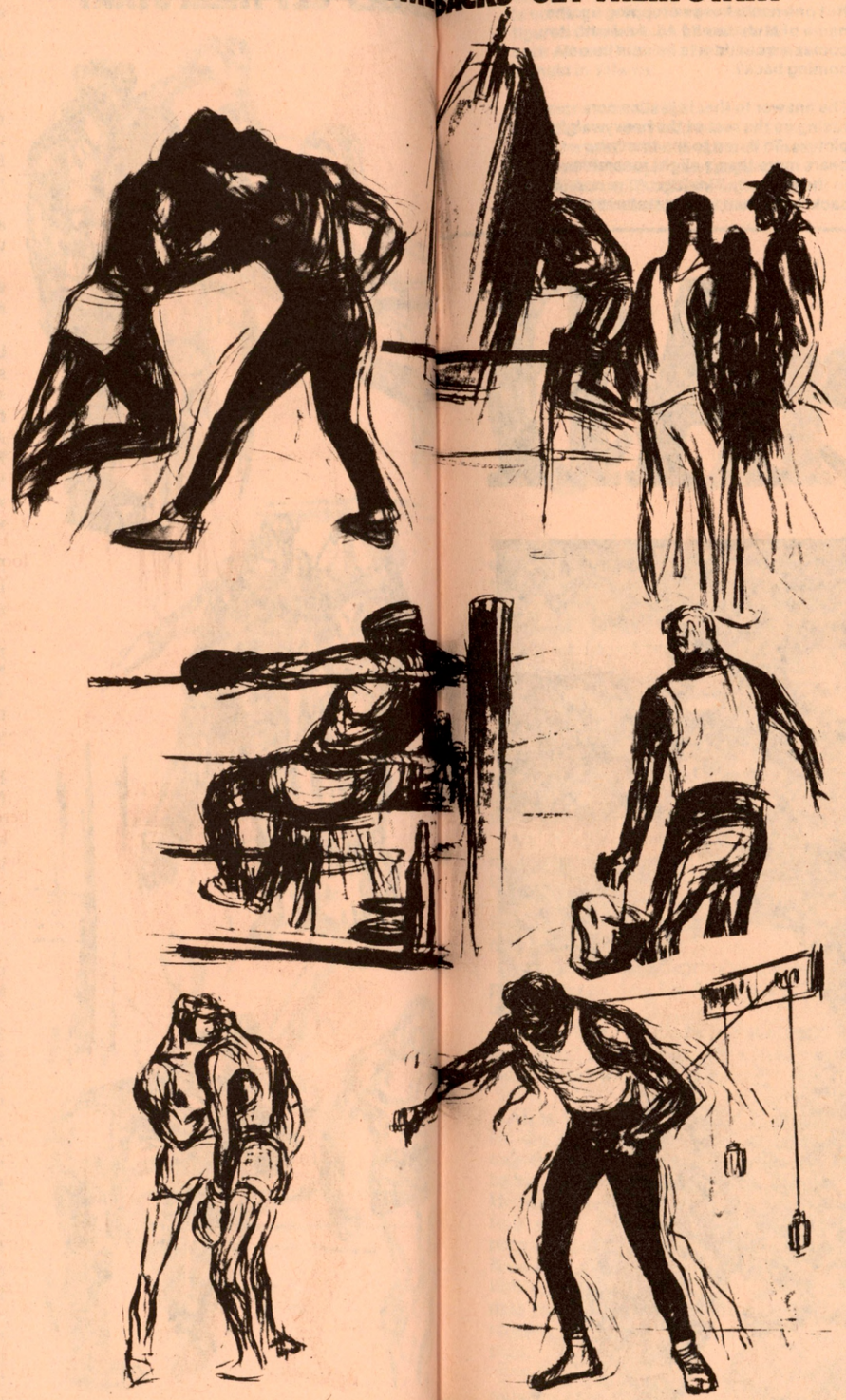
Now he was working in front of a floor-length mirror, watching himself with satisfaction. He is a handsome boy; he looks like a big distance runner, the body almost emaciated with wide, boy shoulders, slim legs and arms.

He was moving sideways and Angelo stopped him.

"Bring your feet witcha," he said, demonstrating. "Try it again."

Miami's Fifth Street Gym

WHERE FIGHTERS—AND COMEBACKS—GET THEIR START



Salerno stepped sideways again, with his right foot, moved the left only a little way and tapped the floor with his left toe.

"That ain't the way," Dundee said. "Bring your feet witcha! All the way, full step."

He demonstrated again, moving with surprising grace, and Salerno watched and tried again.

He swayed to the right, shifting his right foot, tapped the floor with his left toe and Angelo exploded.

"What's the matter witcha?" he yelled. "You a bleeping ballet dancer? Take your feet *witcha!*"

The bell rang and the fighters stopped moving and Angelo mopped the sweat from the face and upper body of Canalito with a dirty towel.

"Hey," he said, waving the towel. "This is how you can tell the managers in a gym. All of 'em got a towel over their shoulders."

A fat, middle-aged man with tousled black hair, sleepy eyes and a sad face shuffled across the floor toward him. He wore a flowered sport shirt draped over nondescript slacks and on his feet were dirty red canvas shoes. In one hand he held a long yellow flashlight.

He stopped in front of Angelo and looked at him mournfully.

"Is water come down in my place," he said, not in anger. "Is come down through the ceiling."

Angelo looked at him in surprise, the mild brown eyes opened wide.

"Must be the pipes," he said. "Pipes in this building got to be a hunnerd years old."

"Not the pipes," the fat man said. He waved the big flashlight. "I look at de pipes and it ain't de pipes. Is come from up here."

He motioned toward the locker room at the back of the gym, past the two speed bags and the wall of old fight posters. The locker room was beginning to fill with fighters who had finished for the day.

"You wanna check?"

"Sure," Angelo said.

The locker room had a gaping hole in the ceiling, ancient lockers blotched with rust along one wall, dilapidated wooden benches and two rusty stall showers. It smelled faintly of chicken soup.

The shower stalls were flooded, the water running over onto a drying area in front, floored with broken tile. A young Cuban boy probed at the drains with a plumber's friend, to no effect.

"Is this water," the fat man said sadly. He was from Howie's Bar & Liquor Store downstairs. "Two times before is come down in my place, one time from hot water heater, one time from de hole up dere, when de rains come. You gonna fix?"

"I'm gonna fix," Angelo said.

Tremeterra, the young middleweight, had come in for a shower. He won 110 of 115 fights as an amateur, and he is a very sharp prospect. He had won his first three pro fights. He wiped himself off with a sodden grey towel and surveyed the tatty locker room in mock dismay.

"Me, I come from a *very* upper middle class family," he said. "I don't need this."

He turned to Salerno, the young, unbeaten light heavy.

"You seen my house, Jimmy," he said. "Marble floors, a pool and everything. Tell 'em."

Tremeterro is a diminished version of Salerno, with the same taut body, wide, bony shoulders and arms beginning to swell with muscle and the same kind of lean, handsome face.

"It's nice," Salerno said, with no enthusiasm. "You know what a philatelist is?"

"It's a stamp collector," he said. "That's what *my* father is. He sells rare stamps and coins. A coin collector is a numismatist. I don't have to fight either, but I like to. In about a year, a year-and-a-half, you're gonna see me beat Leon Spinks for the heavyweight championship."

"Hey,' Tremeterra said. "Spinks ain't even the champion. One of these days there's gonna be a story about the kid from the very upper middle class family who beat Duran and Palomino."

Angelo took one of his hands and opened it. He has very big hands.

"You ain't gonna beat *them*," he said. "You gonna be bigger than that."

"Forget him," Salerno said. "Look at me. I never been knocked down. Never been cut either. Great fighters don't look like fighters because they don't get hit."

He looked at himself in the cracked mirror on the wall, the face smooth and young and unmarked.

"I'm gonna shock the boxing world," he said and looked around with questioning eyes, hoping for affirmation. Like Tremeterra, he is confident in the ring, unsure out of it and he looks for help.

"If you was in your right mind, you would be dangerous," said Moe Fleischer, who has seen a thousand young and hopeful fighters start out and has only seen one Kid Chocolate. "That's Ali's line."

In the prestige room, with the tattered red-figured carpet on the floor, Canalito and Gregory sponged themselves with alcohol in lieu of a shower.

"Mr. Dundee says an alcohol rub is better than a shower," Gregory said.

The gym was almost empty as Canalito and Gregory left. Angelo asked them what they were going to do.

"Run four or five miles," Canalito said. "We didn't work very hard."

They walked by the old board with the names of Fernandez and Brennan still faintly legible and they could just hear the sound of the bell in the gym. No one was there to answer it but Sully and Angelo.

"The new breed," Angelo said, watching them go. "That's where the new champions are coming from."

He has four potential champions. ■

IS HE REALLY SERIOUS - DOES ANYONE CARE?

The Ali

In literature, it was "The Picture of Dorian Gray" that suddenly became old. In boxing, it is the heavyweight picture.

With Earnie Shavers on his literal "last legs" after his upset loss to journeyman Bernardo Mercado and Leon Spinks' comeback derailed by his almost-loss to "Animal" Lopez, the heavyweight division is in a state of chaos. And worse. Today's top 10 bears no resemblance to the top 10 of a year ago when names like Jimmy Young, Ron Lyle, Earnie Shavers, Ken Norton, Ossie Ocasio and Alfredo Evangelista graced the contenders's list.

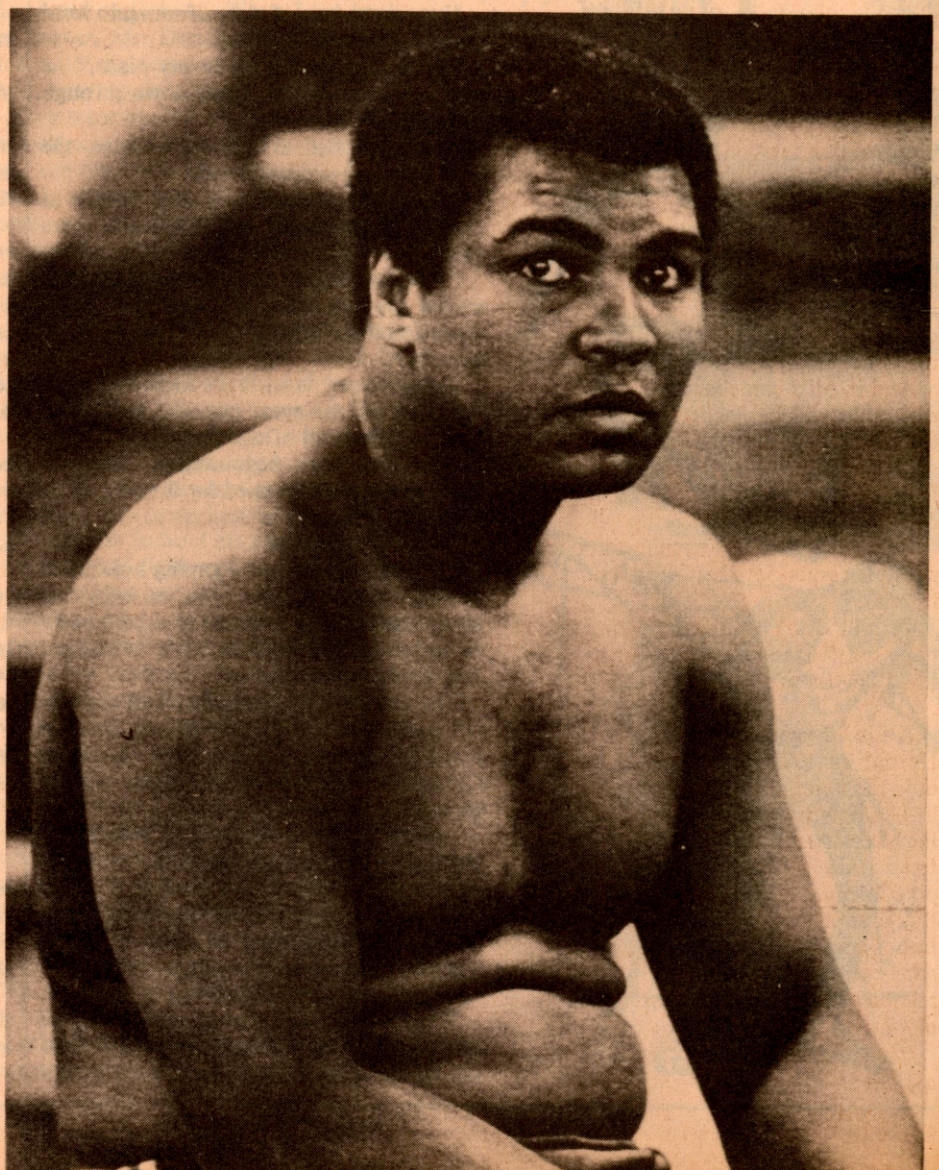
But one name keeps cropping up: the name of Muhammad Ali. And with it comes a question: Is he or is he not coming back?

The answer to that is just as confusing as the rest of the heavyweight picture. To listen to the man who bears more than a slight resemblance to the Michelin Tire logo, "I'm comin' back." But then he adds, almost as an

SHORTLY AFTER MUHAMMAD ALI announced his retirement last June, he was asked to select his most important fight. "The most important," the once and always champ replied, "was the second Spinks fight. Winning the title for the third time. Ending my career as a winner."

But now Muhammad Ali is talking a comeback. Now he is risking ending his career as a loser. Muhammad Ali has not perspired strenuously in 19 months, not since the 1978 night in the Superdome when he recaptured the world heavyweight cham-

By DAVE ANDERSON



afterthought, "I don't wanna embarrass nobody."

The putative promoter of an Ali comeback fight, Bob Arum, insists Ali is coming back and has mentioned figures bordering on $7 million for both Ali and Tate for a fight in June to be held in Taiwan.

The moneymen in Taiwan — whomsoever they may be — have not come forward with that kind of bread; and now two major newspapers in Taipei, the capital of Taiwan, have expressed their dismay at holding a fight on their island, saying that such a fight would be "a demonstration of savages."

To add further to the turmoil swirling around a proposed Ali comeback, the WBA's president, Rodrigo Sanchez, has called for Ali — currently not rated in that association's top ten — to fight a warmup bout, or at least an exhibition, against one of their top ten before he is sanctioned for a title fight.

And Ali, 18 months out of the ring, has already had his lip split in one of his first sparring sessions, trying to get in shape for a fight against Scott LeDoux, or Tate, or somebody; to be held in Taiwan, or St. Paul, or somewhere; for Bob Arum or his own promotional outfit, Muhammad Ali Sports Promotions, or someone.

And you think the heavyweight division wasn't confusing enough? Stay tuned to this station for the next confusing news on Ali's comeback. It should make the pronunciamentos of the Ayatollah look clear by comparisons to those of the Muhammadtollah.

Bert R. Sugar

Comeback

pionship that Leon Spinks had borrowed earlier that year. After that fight his longtime trainer, Angelo Dundee, was asked if Muhammad Ali would retire now that he had the title for a record third time.

"I think he will retire," Angelo Dundee said.

"But won't he make a comeback sooner or later?"

"I don't think so," the trainer said. "I don't think he wants to climb that mountain again. To be in good shape, he's got to climb that mountain like he did for Spinks this time."

And if Ali's comeback materializes, that mountain will be harder for him to climb than ever before.

"The older you are, the longer it takes," Dundee says. "He would need six months of hard training."

That would make September the earliest possible target date for Ali's return, if Ali listens.

"I still don't think he'll come back, I hope not," Dundee says, "but if he wants me, I'll work with him again."

Ali is 38 years old now, soft and slow. He did not train at all last year. He had only the two Spinks fights the year before; he had only two fights the year before that. He has not registered a knockout in nearly four years, since May 25, 1976, against poor Richard Dunn of England in Munich. But as soon as Ali mentioned a comeback, Bob Arum quickly mentioned June as the date for a title bout with John Tate, the reigning World Boxing Association champion.

"It is Ali's position," Bob Arum was quoted as having said, "that the legitimate title in the one held by Tate, the W.B.A. title, because it was his. That's the one he abdicated."

Don King reports that Ali has signed a new contract with his manager, Jabir (formerly Herbert) Muhammad, who is now shopping for a comeback fight that will assure the once and always camp of at least $6 million. Ali apparently needs the money. Not that he's broke. But to live the way he's accustomed to, he needs a big payday.

Perhaps equally important for his ego, he also needs a big stage, especially after his recent African fiasco as a diplomat trying to drum up support for the American boycott of the Moscow Olympics.

Most boxing people, of course, wish that Muhammad Ali would remain retired, for his sake. Perhaps the most knowledgeable of those is Dr. Ferdie Pacheco, his longtime boxing physician.

"Ali should not try to come back, absolutely not," Dr. Pacheco says. "At his age, with the wear and tear he's had as a fighter, even when he's trying to get back into shape, all the organs that have been abused will have to work harder — his heart, lungs, kidneys, liver. I've always had a great deal of trepidation about any boxer who stayed beyond his time, Archie Moore or Sugar Ray Robinson, for example, but for someone who has been in with such brutal punchers as Joe Frazier and George Foreman, there's no way for him to escape the attrition that his body has undergone."

Not that Dr. Pacheco expects Ali to listen. Ali did not listen in 1977 to his suggestion that Ali retire.

"Ali," he said then, "is now at the dangerous point where his heart and mind are no longer in it. It's just a payday."

Dr. Pacheco worked Ali's corner in the champion's next fight, a desperate 15-round decision over Earnie Shavers, but then the Miami physician was dismissed from the entourage. Ali did not agree that he should retire at that time. Significantly, he lost the title to Spinks in his next fight.

"But if Ali insists on coming back now," Dr. Pacheco says, "he would need three months of hard training to be ready for some hard exhibitions or a tuneup fight, not for someone like Holmes or Tate or even a strong contender. If he were to start training now, he should not have an important fight until September at the earliest. But again, let me repeat that the man should not make a comeback. I can't believe the callousness of the people around him who would aid and abet him in a comeback."

Like many boxing old-timers, Dr. Pacheco remembers when Joe Louis made a comeback against the young Rocky Marciano.

"The bottom line indelibly in my mind," Dr. Pacheco says, "is Marciano knocking Joe Louis through the ropes that night."

Although some boxing people wonder if Ali could pass a commission physical, Dr. Pacheco acknowledges "there aren't enough definitive medical proofs" to flunk him. But as a respected physician who toured the world with the once and always champ for 15 years, Dr. Pacheco knows him. More important, he knows boxing.

"Even Muhammad Ali is human and subject to the laws of nature," Dr. Ferdie Pacheco says. "And when you're talking about boxing, you're always talking about life and death." ■

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WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

THE SAN DIEGO COLISEUM—A NOISY ARENA QUIETLY CLOSES ITS DOORS

By WAYNE LOCKWOOD

Irish Spud Murphy was not the best fighter to appear on the marquee of the Coliseum, San Diego's aged but intimate boxing arena at 15th and E.

There had been thousands before him . . . most more talented, some world champions. But Murphy was unique. He was the last.

When Murphy's main event appearance against Dave Madrid ended, 55 years of San Diego sports history will end with it.

"There'll only be one word on the marquee tomorrow," said Danny Milsap. "Closed."

Milsap was the last promoter to struggle against the forces which have come to bear against the Coliseum and other small boxing clubs—television, urban decay, television, declining interest in the sport, especially at the local level, and, of course, television.

He struggled valiantly, fighting a rearguard action. But he lost.

"Danny is a good man. He did as good a job as anybody could do under the circumstances, but it was just a losing proposition," feels Jerry Navarro, president of Jerome's Furniture Co. Navarro's father, Vincent, owns the building.

"We sort of carried him for a couple of years. There hasn't really been a lease. We finally decided it was time to face the future, one way or another.

"We talked to Danny about putting a large sum of money into the building, really fixing it up. He wasn't in a position to do that. I can understand that. And I'm not sure it would have made any difference anyway.

"Time had kind of passed it by. It's just not nice enough to compete with Padre baseball, Charger football and all the other things that are going on in town."

So the building was padlocked, just another old, tired structure in an area of the city whose time has passed. "It's even too far from the Gaslamp District," Navarro notes.

As a boxing arena, the Coliseum generated eight cents a square foot income. As, say, a furniture warehouse, it would produce 25 cents a square foot.

It's just going to sit for the next couple of months," said Navarro. "I'm sure we'll be getting a few calls. It's not a dead issue if someone is interested in coming in and doing something dramatic with it. But I don't realistically expect that to happen."

So, just a month beyond its 55th birthday, the Coliseum probably will cease to exist for the purpose it was so suitably created when Calvin Coolidge was President.

It survived a world war, Prohibition, The Depression and a fire (in 1934). It spanned the development of San Diego from a sleepy little backwater to a major metropolitan area.

But time, changing social conditions and television finally caught up with it.

"Even now, we can fill the place when we have a good card," notes Milsap. "People say, 'It's in a bad area,' and all that. But they still come when we have something they want to see."

Alas, this occurs too infrequently.

"There are just not enough fighters and too many promoters, of which I am probably one," Milsap assesses. "The key to any successful fight club is good local boxers. We just don't have enough of them anymore."

But the Coliseum had them once. Boy, did it have them.

In its time, this building played host to three world champions—Chalky Wright, Manuel Ortiz and Archie Moore. Four, if you count Ken Norton, who held half the heavyweight championship for a short time.

Scores of North American and other assorted champions shed sweat and blood in the Coliseum ring. People such as Joe Louis fought exhibitions there.

But the strength of its appeal, from the very first, lay with the large number of popular San Diego and Southern California fighters who performed there, week in and week out.

So let us not bid adieu to the Coliseum without paying respect to the memory of those who made it such a popular place. Goodbye to Johnny (The Bandit) Romero, Long Tom Hawkins and Lee Ramage.

So long to the Hogue twins and Eddie Murdock. It was nice knowing you, Swede Berglund, Ad Ruiz, Cowboy Charlie Cobb, Irish Bob Murphy and all the rest.

You made this place what it was, which was a great deal for a very long time.

From the moment it opened, on Nov. 28, 1924, the Coliseum played to packed houses.

Through the '20s, '30 and early '40s, they came from miles around to fill the 3,320 wooden opera chairs and bleacher seats for the weekly Friday night cards. (There was wrestling every Tuesday, as well).

"In those days, it was packed every week, from the ring to the rafters" recalls Emmett Ledwith, a manager of the era who would bring such popular fighters as Newsboy Brown to town for a nice payday.

"If you weren't in line by 6 o'clock, you were out of luck. It was always sold out by 7:30. Those were the days, all right."

Those were the days even for preliminary fighters like Kid Jerome, Jerome O'Connor, a young man who eventually hung up his gloves and set about siring one of San Diego's prominent political families. The city lost a possible champion and gained a future councilwoman.

Those were the days for the Hogue brothers, Shorty (whose real name was Willis) and Big Boy (Willard). How good were these identical twins from Jacumba?

Well, at 15, they lied about their age and began fighting, and beating, men in their 20s. Shorty won the national Golden Gloves middleweight championship and Big Boy the light heavyweight championship, although they both weighed 160 pounds.

Then they got serious. Shorty beat Archie Moore twice, the second time at the start of an incredible stretch of 1941 in which he fought three times in the space of 16 days and won all three fights. Archie, it seems, was just a tuneup.

Moore finally beat Shorty in the third try and wisely avoided him thereafter. There are easier ways to become a champion.

"They could have made a mint, even in those days," believes Fred Kinne, editor of the Evening Tribune, who covered the Hogues when they fought in the Imperial Valley.

"But they weren't handled too well. Shorty fought way too often. They just used him up. It was a real waste."

Those were the days for Long Tom Hawkins, a 6-6 black fighter of enormous popularity hereabouts. He was a regular at the Coliseum.

Hawkins, who eventually became a minister, had the talent to be a successful fighter, but not the scruples.

"When Primo Carnera was making his tour (which turned out to be a series of setup fights to build Carnera into a heavyweight contender), they offerd Tom $7,500 to fight him in Los Angeles," recalls Nelson Fisher, retired turf editor of The San Diego Union, who then covered boxing for the San Diego Sun. "That was big money in those days."

Of course, the unspoken understanding was that he would lose. Tom wouldn't take it. He said, 'I'll fight him for nothing. But I won't deliberately lose to him.' "

Hawkins' popularity led to, and fed off, that of Curley Morgan the ring announcer and perhaps the Coliseum's most popular figure over the years.

Four decades before John DeMott gave us, "Number 11, Enzo Herrrnandezzz," Morgan would introduce Hawkins in a fashion which came to be his trademark.

Lifting a leg and raising a finger to the skies, Morgan would intone, "And in this corner, Looong Toooom Hawkins," all the while tracing the six feet, six inches of Hawkins' height. The crowd would explode.

Quite likely the most talented local fighter ever at the Coliseum was Ramage, developed at San Diego High and the San Diego A.C. Ramage, a classic boxer, outpointed Louis in each of the first seven rounds of their 1934 title fight in Chicago, according to The Associated Press, before Louis disabled his right arm with a hook (it later was discovered to be broken) and eventually knocked Ramage out. Louis still maintains Ramage was the best boxer he ever fought.

Boxing was a lively sport in the Coliseum's early days, sometimes a participant sport.

When welterwieght champion Jackie Fields came to town for a tuneup fight before facing Young Corbett, he suffered the indignity of being outpointed by Murdock, a local slapper with a noteable lack of punch.

This so enraged Fields' manager, Jack Kearns, that he leaped into the ring to dispute the decision. In so doing, he stepped on the arm of the Evening Tribune reporter covering the fight, who brandished a knife in retaliation. Meanwhile, the sports editor of The San Diego Union followed Kearns into the ring to join the argument. Ah, the days of participatory journalism.

When it opened, to the music of a 12-piece band, the Coliseum was a showplace. Open house was held for a month beforehand so that the public could ogle opera chairs imported all the way from Chicago and other newfangled conveniences.

The Coliseum Athletic Club, it was called then. It was operated by Frank C. Higgins and Tommy Landis, who conceived the project while serving together at Camp Lewis during World War I.

"Fans who have not seen the new arena will certainly open their eyes when they get a peep at it," judged The San Diego Union.

THE LIST OF THOSE WHO PERISHED IN AMERICA'S GREATEST TEAM DISASTER, MARCH 14, 1980.

KELVIN ANDERSON
HEAVYWEIGHT
Hartford, Conn. Aged 19.

JOE BLAND
TEAM MANAGER
High Point, N.C.

BERNIE CALLAGHAN
REFEREE AND JUDGE
Carlisle, Pa.

ELLIOTT CHAVEZ
LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHT
Fort Bragg, N.C. Aged 27.

TYRONE CLAYTON
106 POUNDS
Philadelphia, Pa. Aged 20

WALTER HARRIS
HEAVYWEIGHT
San Francisco Aged 21.

BYRON LINDSEY
126 POUNDS
San Diego, Cal. Aged 20.

ANDRE McCOY
175 POUNDS
New Bedford, Mass. Aged 18.

PAUL PALOMINO
147 POUNDS
Los Angeles, Cal. Aged 18.

BYRON PAYTON
156 POUNDS
Troop, Tex. Aged 17.

GEORGE PIMENTEL
112 POUNDS
Queens, N.Y. Aged 19.

JOHN RADISON
REFEREE
St. Louis, Mo.

CHUCK ROBINSON
156 POUNDS
Port Townsend, Wash. Aged 18.

Y.R. (Junior) ROBLES
ASSISTANT COACH
San Diego Aged 40.

DAVID RODRIGUEZ
106 POUNDS
Los Angeles, Cal. Aged 17.

STEVE SMIEGEL
INTERPRETER
Boca Raton, Fla.

LEMUEL STEEPLES
140 POUNDS
St. Louis, Mo. Aged 23.

JEROME STEWART
119 POUNDS
Norfolk, Va. Aged 21.

DR. RAY WESSON
TEAM PHYSICIAN
Biloxi, Miss.

LONNIE YOUNG
132 POUNDS
Philadelphia, Pa. Aged 21.

TOM (SARGE) JOHNSON
COACH
Indianapolis, Ind. Aged 57.

A few months before the tragic airplane crash that took his life, Tom (Sarge) Johnson was lecturing at an AAU-sanctioned boxing clinic in a spotless suburban Philadelphia gym called the Montgomery County Boys Club. It was a snowbound Sunday morning, and as the highways leading to the rural amateur camp turned into something resembling white jello, the expected turnout evaporated to cocktail party-size.

Tom Johnson didn't get flustered with the lack of students; a small audience for his performance was fine with him. Row upon row of empty folding chairs surrounded him, but the cherubic US International Boxing Coach entered center stage (in this case, center ring) and began to preach the love of his life to the 25 or so students of the sport in front of him.

Granted, there weren't many people around to disrupt him anyway, but once Tom Johnson started his animated, nonstop lecture routine, the gym fell suddenly silent. The only sound was Johnson's authoritative voice, breaking down the fight game to its barest fundamentals. Once the basics are down pat, Tom Johnson figured, you could build from there.

"Cripes," one ringside observer (an overweight amateur ref) whispered to anyone in the gym who would listen. "This guy's like a boxing genius."

That he was. His friends — literally thousands of fighters, trainers and officials around the world — called him Sarge, a surname that clung to him since his days in the US Army. Sarge Johnson: it had a nice ring to it, and it stood for excellence in the sparsely-populated field of accomplished boxing tutors.

Mainly, Sarge Johnson was considered the dean of amateur coaches because he kept his young fighters alert and receptive at all times. "When I was in the army teaching military science classes," he used to confide with a laugh, "nobody fell asleep. I come prepared." Sarge would hoist a huge bound volume he'd written, his Master Book. "This is known as Tom Johnson's Bible. They don't call me the technician of boxing for nothing."

He didn't hang that fancy-sounding title upon himself. Somewhere along the way in his life — his career — he'd earned it. Most probably, somebody tagged him boxing's technician after his greatest personal triumph:

In the 1976 Summer Olympics, Sarge Johnson teamed with another pugilistic Einstein, Pat Nappy, and turned the United States boxing team into the story of the Montreal Olympiad. Johnson, acting as full-time coach, part time father, utilized his back-to-basics style on a youthful, talented squad. Some of the fighters — like the brothers Spinks — were confused ghetto kids, looking for some kind of direction. Johnson and Nappy gave it to them, and the US team piled up an incredible 36 victories in 41 Olympic bouts.

Of course, his official coaching duties continued until March 14, when the tragedy struck. Coach Johnson accompanied the US National team on a trip to Warsaw, Poland for what promised to be a series of competitive televised bouts. The amateur world wept when it learned that the Polish Airlines jet, carrying 87 passengers, smashed through the earthen wall of an ancient fortress and exploded in the courtyard. Twenty-two American boxers, officials and coaches, including Tom Johnson, perished in the crash.

Jimmy Clark, the veteran heavyweight out of Coatesville, Pa., spent that day in a daze. Clark, the 24-year-old who dropped a controversial split-decision to Cuban master Teofilo Stevenson a few months back, was expected to be on board that airplane. He'd driven through a Philadelphia snowstorm the day before, trying to catch a New York-bound jet to meet the team. He missed it, and it wound up saving his life.

At dusk, not quite twelve hours after he'd learned of the crash, Jimmy Clark sat somberly in his parents' home and talked quietly about Sarge Johnson. "He was a really close friend and confidant of mine," the massive heavyweight said sadly.

"He'll always be remembered by me," Jimmy Clark assured. "I loved that man."

By JIM SWAN, JR.

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